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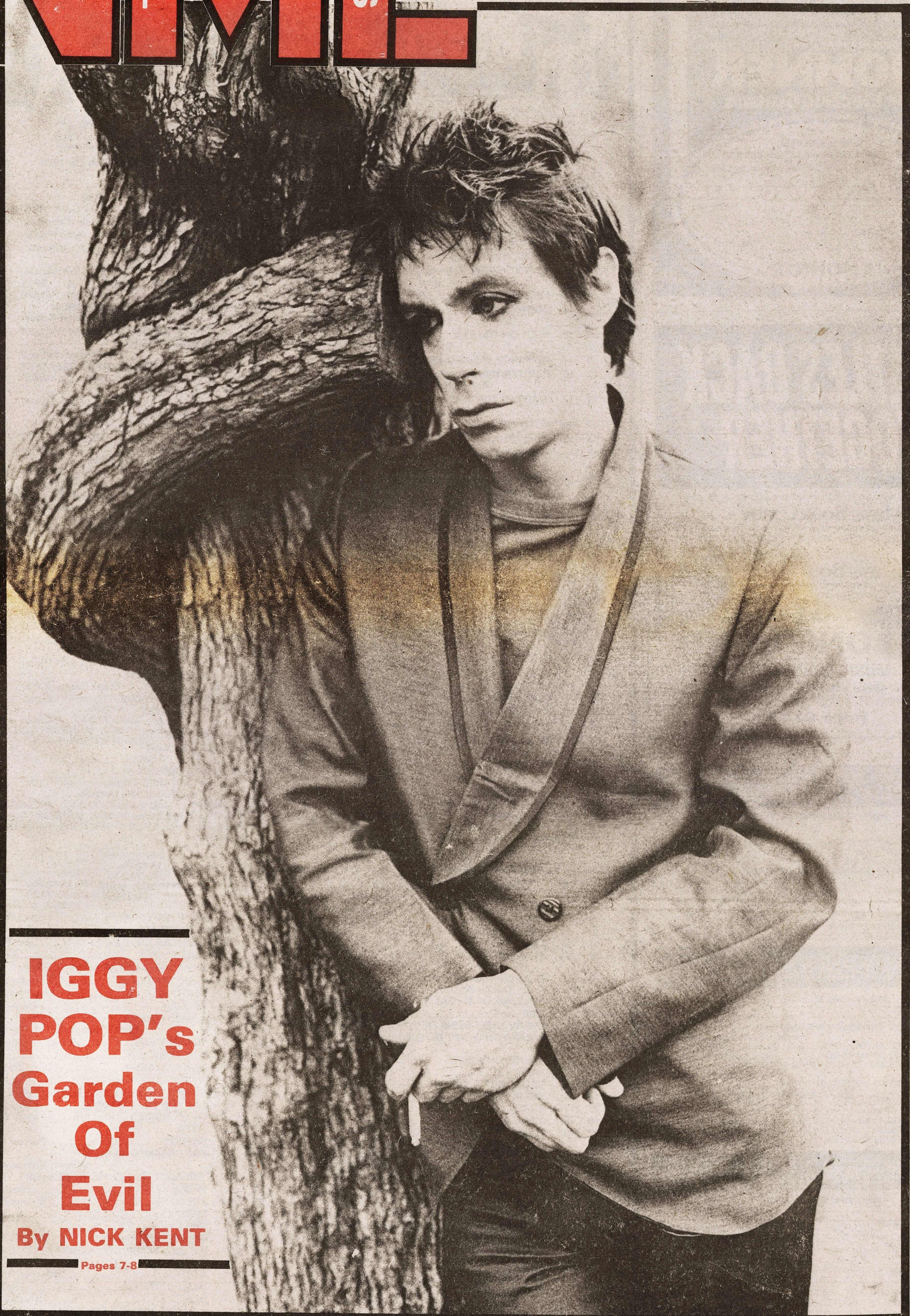
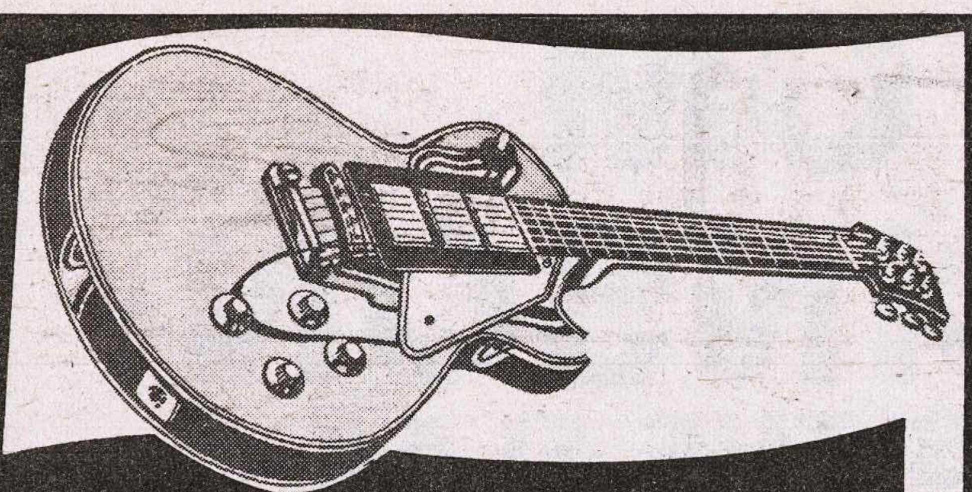
NEW MUSICAL EXPRESS

TOM ROBINSON
FACES THE FLAK
Pages 30-32



IGGY POP's Garden Of Evil
By NICK KENT
Pages 7-8

Iggy out of his tree again/Pic: PENNIE SMITH



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FIVE YEARS AGO

Week ending March 26, 1974

Last	This Week	Title	Artist
1	1	BILLY DON'T BE A HERO	Paper Lace (Bus Stop)
4	2	THE MOST BEAUTIFUL GIRL	Charlie Rich (CBS)
2	3	THE AIR THAT I BREATHE	Hollies (Polydor)
7	4	I GET A LITTLE SENTIMENTAL OVER YOU	New Seekers (Polydor)
18	5	EMMA	Hot Chocolate (Rak)
6	6	JET	Paul McCartney & Wings (Apple)
21	7	SEASON IN THE SUN	Terry Jacks (Bell)
5	8	YOU'RE SIXTEEN	Ringo Starr (Apple)
17	9	SEVEN SEAS OF RHYE	Queen (EMI)
8	10	REMEMBER (SHA-LA-LA-LA)	Bay City Rollers (Bell)

TEN YEARS AGO

Week ending March 26, 1969

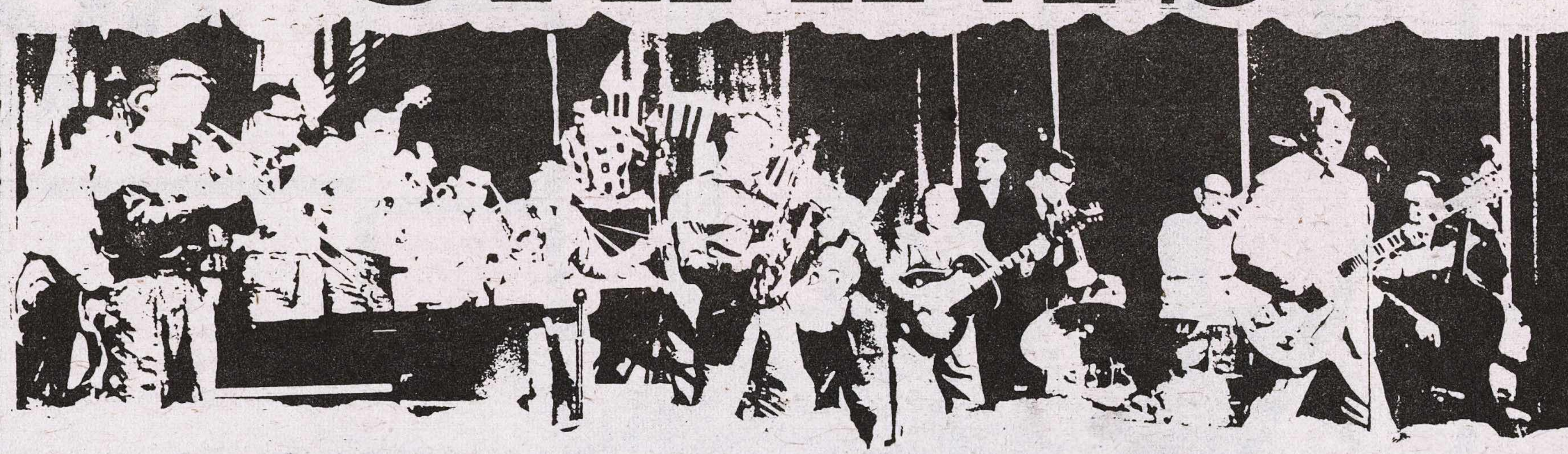
Last	This Week	Title	Artist
2	1	I HEARD IT THROUGH THE GRAPEVINE	Marvin Gaye (Tamla Motown)
1	2	WHERE DO YOU GO TO	Peter Sarstedt (United Artists)
6	3	GENTLE ON MY MIND	Dean Martin (Reprise)
3	4	SURROUND YOURSELF WITH SORROW	Cilla Black (Parlophone)
4	5	THE WAY IT USED TO BE	Engelbert Humperdinck (Decca)
10	6	SORRY SUZANNE	Hollies (Parlophone)
8	7	FIRST OF MAY	Bee Gees (Polydor)
5	8	WHICHITA LINEMAN	Glen Campbell (Ember)
7	9	MONSIEUR DUPONT	Sandie Shaw (Pye)
10	10	GAMES PEOPLE PLAY	Joe South (Capitol)

15 YEARS AGO

Week ending March 27, 1964

Last	This Week	Title	Artist
—	1	CAN'T BUY ME LOVE	Beatles (Parlophone)
1	2	LITTLE CHILDREN	Billy J. Kramer (Parlophone)
5	3	JUST ONE LOOK	Hollies (Parlophone)
3	4	NOT FADE AWAY	Rolling Stones (Decca)
11	5	I BELIEVE	Bachelors (Decca)
4	6	BITS AND PIECES	Dave Clark Five (Columbia)
7	7	I LOVE YOU BECAUSE	Jim Reeves (RCA)
2	8	ANYONE WHO HAD A HEART	Cilla Black (Parlophone)
10	8	THAT GIRL BELONGS TO YESTERDAY	Gene Pitney (United Artists)
13	10	TELL ME WHEN	Applejacks (Decca)

CHARTS



SINGLES

Week ending March 24, 1979

This Week	Last Week	Title	Artist (Label)	Weeks in chart	Highest position
1	(3)	I WILL SURVIVE	Gloria Gaynor (Polydor)	7	1
2	(1)	OLIVER'S ARMY	Elvis Costello (Radar)	6	1
3	(2)	TRAGEDY	Bee Gees (RSO)	5	1
4	(3)	LUCKY NUMBER	Lene Lovich (Stiff)	4	3
5	(5)	CAN YOU FEEL THE FORCE	Real Thing (Pye)	4	5
6	(9)	I WANT YOUR LOVE	Chic (Atlantic)	4	6
7	(6)	SOMETHING ELSE	Sex Pistols (Virgin)	3	6
8	(10)	KEEP ON DANCIN'	Gary's Gang (CBS)	4	8
9	(11)	CONTACT	Edwin Starr (20th Century)	7	4
10	(6)	PAINTER MAN	Boney M (Atlantic/Hansa)	3	6
11	(17)	WAITING FOR AN ALIBI	Thin Lizzy (Vertigo)	2	11
12	(28)	HOLD THE LINE	Toto (CBS)	4	12
13	(13)	INTO THE VALLEY	Skids (Virgin)	4	13
13	(—)	IN THE NAVY	Village People (Mercury)	1	13
15	(8)	HEART OF GLASS	Blondie (Chrysalis)	9	1
16	(12)	GET DOWN	Gene Chandler (20th Century)	7	9
17	(16)	MONEY IN MY POCKET	Dennis Brown (Atlantic)	3	16
18	(—)	STRANGE TOWN	Jam (Polydor)	1	18
19	(30)	SULTANS OF SWING	Dire Straits (Vertigo)	2	19
20	(29)	TURN THE MUSIC UP	Players Association (Vanguard)	2	20
21	(19)	YOU BET YOUR LOVE	Herbie Hancock (CBS)	5	19
22	(25)	FOREVER IN BLUE JEANS	Neil Diamond (CBS)	2	22
23	(14)	GET IT	Darts (Magnet)	5	14
24	(—)	JUST WHAT I NEEDED	Cars (Elektra)	2	24
25	(15)	CHIQUITITA	Abba (Epic)	7	1
26	(21)	CLOG DANCE	Violinski (Jet)	2	21
27	(18)	DON'T STOP ME NOW	Queen (EMI)	4	18
28	(20)	SOUND OF THE SUBURBS	Members (Virgin)	6	13
29	(—)	EVERBODY'S HAPPY NOWADAYS	Buzzcocks (United Artists)	1	29
30	(—)	DISCO NIGHTS	G.Q. (Arista)	1	30

BUBBLING UNDER . . .
WOW — Kate Bush (EMI); BULLY FOR YOU — Tom Robinson Band (EMI); OVERKILL — Motorhead (Bronze); BRIGHT EYES — Art Garfunkel (CBS).

ALBUMS

Week ending March 24, 1979

This Week	Last Week	Title	Artist (Label)	Weeks in chart	Highest position
1	(2)	SPIRITS HAVING FLOWN	Bee Gees (RSO)	7	1
2	(1)	PARALLEL LINES	Blondie (Chrysalis)	23	1
3	(4)	ARMED FORCES	Elvis Costello (Radar)	10	2
4	(5)	C'EST CHIC	Chic (Atlantic)	7	4
5	(3)	MANILOW MAGIC	Barry Manilow (Arista)	3	3
6	(10)	THE GREAT ROCK 'N' ROLL SWINDLE	Sex Pistols (Virgin)	3	6
7	(7)	MARTY ROBBINS COLLECTION	Marty Robbins (Lotus)	6	5
8	(18)	DIRE STRAITS	Dire Straits (Vertigo)	3	8
9	(22)	20 GREATEST HITS	Three Degrees (Epic)	4	9
10	(—)	BARBRA STREISAND'S GREATEST HITS VOL 2	(CBS)	1	10
11	(12)	LIVE (X CERT)	Stranglers (United Artists)	2	11
12	(6)	THANK YOU VERY MUCH	Cliff Richard & The Shadows (EMI)	5	5
13	(8)	THE BEST OF EARTH WIND AND FIRE VOL 1	(CBS)	11	5
13	(15)	NEW BOOTS & PANTIES	Ian Dury & The Blockheads (Stiff)	44	5
15	(17)	EQUINOXE	Jean Michel Jarre (Polydor)	13	6
16	(11)	52nd STREET	Billy Joel (CBS)	9	11
17	(—)	DESOLATION ANGELS	Bad Company (Swansong)	1	17
18	(27)	TURN TO THE MUSIC	Players Association (Vanguard)	3	18
19	(—)	SCARED TO DANCE	Skids (Virgin)	1	19
20	(24)	THE INCREDIBLE SHRINKING DICKIES	Dickies (A & M)	5	19
21	(—)	STATELESS	Lene Lovich (Stiff)	1	21
22	(20)	OUT OF THE BLUE	Electric Light Orchestra (Jet)	63	3
23	(16)	BAT OUT OF HELL	Meat Loaf (Epic)	28	6
24	(9)	BLONDES HAVE MORE FUN	Rod Stewart (Riva)	16	2
25	(—)	SHEIK YERBOUTI	Frank Zappa (CBS)	1	25
26	(23)	AT THE BUDOKAN	Cheap Trick (Epic)	2	23
27	(—)	FEEL NO FRET	Average White Band (RCA)	1	27
28	(—)	TRB TWO	Tom Robinson Band (EMI)	1	28
29	(—)	NIGHTFLIGHT TO VENUS	Boney M (Atlantic/Hansa)	32	1
30	(26)	INFLAMMABLE MATERIAL	Stiff Little Fingers (Rough Trade)	3	26

BUBBLING UNDER . . .
LOOK SHARP — Joe Jackson (A&M); BREAKFAST IN AMERICA — Supertramp (A&M); MANIFESTO — Roxy Music (Phonogram); EVEN SERPENTS SHINE — The Only Ones (CBS).

U.S. SINGLES

Week ending March 24, 1979

This Week	Last Week	Title	Artist
1	(1)	TRAGEDY	Bee Gees
2	(2)	DO YA THINK I'M SEXY	Rod Stewart
3	(6)	WHAT A FOOL BELIEVES	Doobie Brothers
4	(3)	I WILL SURVIVE	Gloria Gaynor
5	(5)	SHAKE YOUR GROOVE THING	Peaches and Herb
6	(4)	HEAVEN KNOWS	Donna Summer with Brooklyn Dreams
7	(8)	SULTANS OF SWING	Dire Straits
8	(7)	FIRE	Pointer Sisters
9	(12)	EVERY TIME I THINK OF YOU	The Babys
10	(11)	WHAT YOU WON'T DO FOR LOVE	Bobby Caldwell
11	(18)	KNOCK ON WOOD	Ami Stewart
12	(14)	LADY	Little River Band
13	(16)	MUSIC BOX DANCER	Frank Mills
14	(15)	BIG SHOT	Billy Joel
15	(17)	CRAZY LOVE	Poco
16	(9)	Y.M.C.A.	Village People
17	(19)	I DON'T KNOW IF IT'S RIGHT	Evelyn "Champagne" King
18	(21)	I JUST FALL IN LOVE AGAIN	Anne Murray
19	(23)	STUMBLIN' IN	Suzi Quatro/Chris Norman
20	(10)	DON'T CRY OUT LOUD	Melissa Manchester
21	(26)	HEART OF GLASS	Blondie
22	(24)	FOREVER IN BLUE JEANS	Neil Diamond
23	(13)	A LITTLE MORE LOVE	Olivia Newton-John
24	(28)	LIVIN' IT UP (FRIDAY NIGHT)	Bell & James
25	(—)	I WANT YOUR LOVE	Chic
26	(29)	PRECIOUS LOVE	Bob Welch
27	(30)	MAYBE I'M A FOOL	Eddie Money
28	(20)	LE FREAK	Chic
29	(—)	HE'S THE GREATEST DANCER	Sister Sledge
30	(—)	BUSTIN' LOOSE	Chuck Brown & The Soul Searchers

Courtesy "CASH BOX"

U.S. ALBUMS

Week ending March 24, 1979

This Week	Last Week	Title	Artist
1	(1)	SPIRITS HAVING FLOWN	Bee Gees
2	(2)	MINUTE BY MINUTE	Doobie Brothers
3	(4)	DIRE STRAITS	
4	(3)	BLONDES HAVE MORE FUN	Rod Stewart
5	(5)	52nd STREET	Billy Joel
6	(6)	BRIEFCASE FULL OF BLUES	Blues Brothers
7	(8)	LOVE TRACKS	Gloria Gaynor
8	(11)	2 HOT!	Peaches & Herb
9	(7)	CRUISIN'	Village People
10	(10)	ARMED FORCES	Elvis Costello & The Attractions
11	(9)	TOTALLY HOT	Olivia Newton-John
12	(12)	C'EST CHIC	Chic
13	(13)	LIVE AND MORE	Donna Summer
14	(18)	AT THE BUDOKAN	Cheap Trick
15	(15)	BUSTIN' OUT OF L SEVEN	Rick James
16	(14)	LIFE FOR THE TAKING	Eddie Money
17	(—)	LIVIN' INSIDE YOUR LOVE	George Benson
18	(12)	TOTO	
19	(17)	ENERGY	Pointer Sisters
20	(—)	ENLIGHTENED ROGUES	Allman Brothers Band
21	(20)	THE BEST OF EARTH, WIND & FIRE VOL. 1	
22	(—)	THREE HEARTS	Bob Welch
23	(23)	THE GAMBLER	Kenny Rogers
24	(27)	LEGEND	Poco
25	(25)	THE CARS	
26	(—)	GEORGE HARRISON	
27	(22)	BARBRA STREISAND'S GREATEST HITS VOL. 2	
28	(19)	GOLD	Jefferson Starship
29	(30)	HEAD FIRST	The Babys
30	(—)	DESTINY	The Jacksons

Courtesy "CASH BOX"

HERE COME THE TUBES!

FEE WAYBILL (Pic: Nando Valverde)

THE TUBES return to Britain in May for a major 17-date concert tour, including a string of seven successive nights at London's Hammersmith Odeon.

Their itinerary comprises Glasgow Apollo (May 11), Edinburgh Odeon (12), Newcastle City Hall (13), Liverpool Empire (15), Manchester Apollo (17), Birmingham Odeon (18), Bristol Colston Hall (19), London Hammersmith Odeon (21-27 inclusive), Leicester DeMontfort Hall (29), Southampton Gaumont (30) and Brighton Conference Centre (31).

There are two performances each night (7 and 9.30 pm) at Newcastle, Manchester, Birmingham and Bristol. And it's understood there's a good chance of at least one more concert being slotted into the band's schedule.

Promoters are Straight Music, who announce that tickets are on sale now priced £4, £3 and £2 — except Hammersmith, where they are £4.50, £3.50 and £2.50.

The seven-member group will be presenting their brand new stage show in this country for the first time. Apparently their act doesn't feature as many dancers as before, as they are now keen to put greater emphasis on their music. But a spokesman commented: "There will certainly be some dancers, and you can bet the band will have a few tricks up their sleeve!"

The Tubes' last UK tour, a year ago, came to an early and abrupt end — when, soon after the start, Fee Waybill fell off stage at Oxford New Theatre and broke his leg. All the remaining dates, including a week at Hammersmith, had to be cancelled. They returned for a one-off appearance at Knebworth in the summer.

Their new album 'Remote Control', a concept loosely based upon American TV, is out this week on the A&M label. It's followed on March 30 by a single titled 'Prime Time'.

THE TUBES at Knebworth last year

DOMINO AND HANCOCK IN LONDON FESTIVAL?

FATS DOMINO, Herbie Hancock, B.B. King, Muddy Waters and Carmen McRae are among names provisionally set for a six-day festival to be staged at Alexandra Palace in North London in the summer. The event is the Capital Jazz Festival, and it takes place from July 17 to 22. The idea is for all concerts to be presented in the Palace grounds but, in the event of bad weather, they can be transferred indoors. Well-known jazzmen appearing include Woody Herman, George Shearing, Lionel Hampton and Dizzy Gillespie. But according to their respective record companies, several of the names announced are still subject to confirmation.

Punishment dates, single

PUNISHMENT Of Luxury have their new single 'Jellyfish' released by United Artists on April 13 — the seven-inch version is pressed in clear vinyl, is in a picture bag and has 'Engine Of Excess' as the B-side; the limited edition 12-incher, also in a picture sleeve, has an additional track called 'Excess Bleeding Heart'. The band will be going out on a full nationwide tour in April and May to promote the single, but beforehand they play nine selected dates at Norwich Boogie House (tomorrow, Friday), London Woolwich Thames Polytechnic (Saturday), Portsmouth Polytechnic (March 26), London Camden Music Machine (27), Leeds Fan Club (28), Retford Porterhouse (30), Lincoln Technical College (31), Cromer West Runton Pavilion (April 6) and Middlesbrough Rock Garden (7).

AEROSMITH OFF

AEROSMITH have cancelled their spring European tour, scheduled to begin in France next month. As reported last week, it was to have included a one-off London concert at the Hammersmith Odeon on May 20. They say that recording commitments will prevent them coming over at this time. It's not yet known if their visit is being re-arranged for later in the year.

JOAN JETS IN

AMID widespread rumours (now apparently justified) that The Runaways have finally broken up, their leader Joan Jett has arrived in London to start work on a single with Steve Jones and Paul Cook of The Sex Pistols. It's her version of Lesley Gore's 1964 hit 'You Don't Own Me'. She may extend her visit in order to record an album, once the single is finished. As far as the other Runaways are concerned, Laurie McAllister has definitely left the group, while Sandy West and Lita Ford are currently doing session work in the States — so the future outlook for the band is not bright.

Nugent concerts are on

TED NUGENT's British visit in May, forecast by NME last week, has now been confirmed officially. He'll be playing two performances with his new band at London Hammersmith Odeon on Wednesday, May 9, as the climax of his European tour which starts next month. It seems unlikely that he'll be playing any other dates in this country. Tickets for the Hammersmith gigs are on sale now priced £4, £3 and £2.

NEWS DESK

DAMNATION!

They're back on the road

THE DAMNED set out next week on their first full tour since their re-formation, and their itinerary includes a major London show at the the Lyceum. Dates so far confirmed are Blackpool Norbreck Castle (March 29), Hull College of Education (30), Croydon Greyhound (April 1), Rayleigh Crocs (4), Great Yarmouth Stars & Stripes (5), Manchester The Factory (7), London Strand Lyceum (8), Brimingham Barbarella's (10), Torquay 400 Club (11), Cardiff Grannies (12), Liverpool Eric's (14) and High Wycombe Town Hall (18).

Several more dates are still being set — including gigs in Newcastle, Sheffield and Brighton — and these will be announced next week, together with details of the band's new single for release in mid-April.

STOP PRESS

TOM WAITS flies in to play a one-off concert at the London Palladium on April 21.

Makeshift band for Toyah's first outing

TOYAH — the band fronted by Toyah Wilcox, who recently signed with Safari Records — begin their first-ever tour next week, opening and closing in London. They've just lost two of their members, with bassist John Miller and drummer Dennis Andress leaving, so they'll be using guest musicians for the first few gigs until they find permanent replacements. Several more dates have still to be finalised, but those confirmed so far are:

London Camden Dingwalls (March 27), Rayleigh Crocs (28), Leeds Fan Club (April 12), Manchester Russell Club (13), Liverpool Eric's (14), Edinburgh Tiffany's (16), Sheffield Limit Club (17), York Pop Club (18), Birmingham Barbarella's (19), Cromer West Runton Pavilion (20) and London Camden Music Machine (21).

Re-vamped Rezillos in spring comeback

— AND SIMPLE MINDS KEEP SCOTLAND'S FLAG FLYING

THE REZILLOS, arguably Scotland's leading new-wave outfit until their shock decision to split last autumn, are poised to re-emerge in a new guise. The band's two singers, Fay Fife and Euguene Reynolds, are in the process of launching a new group — and they have already co-opted the services of guitarist Hi-Fi Harris (who used to be with The Rezillos at the outset) and a couple of girl back-up vocalists.

They are still seeking a bassist and a drummer, but meanwhile they've been experimenting with some new material in Edinburgh studios, with both Fay and Eugene contributing instrumentally as well as vocally. It's understood that their eventual aim is to establish their own label, recording other acts as well as their own.

It isn't yet clear if they will retain the name of The Rezillos, though they're using it at the moment — but either way, they plan to resume live engagements in the late spring. And as an epitaph to the original band, their farewell live album is planned for release through WEA next month.

SIMPLE MINDS, the Scottish band whose debut album is due out on Zoom Records (distributed by Arista), have a double cause for celebration this week — they've landed the studio spot in 'Old Grey Whistle Test' on BBC-2 next Tuesday (27), and they've been booked to support Magazine in their British tour starting on April 16. Prior to this, they have five gigs in their own right at Dumfries Technical College (April 5), Leeds Fforde Green Hotel (6), Newbridge Memorial Hall (8), Dawlish Grand Hotel (11) and Burton 76 Club (13).

● Next week's 'Whistle Test' will be a special show in that, besides Simple Minds, over half the show will be devoted to Bruce Springsteen — who was filmed in Newhaven, Connecticut, late last summer.

ZEN DIES

Tragedy of The Bishops axeman

ZENON DE FLEUR — The Bishops' rhythm and slide guitarist who, as reported last week, was badly injured in a road accident earlier this month — died in hospital at the weekend. The tragedy was unexpected as, at one point, he had been taken off the critical list. A series of benefit gigs, to pay for his funeral, is now being arranged by his many friends and associates in the business.

The Bishops expect to carry on, and will probably undertake their projected May tour, as de Fleur expressed a wish for them to do so before he died. The band completed their third album shortly before his accident, and this will be released in the near future.

SIX BANDS IN LONDON GALA

SIX BANDS will take part in Rock Against Racism's gala show at London Alexandra Palace on April 14, the climax of their current Militant Entertainment tour. But RAR say that, for contractual reasons, they can't announce the bill. Despite this, tickets priced £1.70 go on sale from tomorrow at Small Wonder (Walthamstow), Rough Trade (Notting Hill), Ace Records (Islington) and Honky Tonk (Kentish Town). Admission on the day will be £1.95.

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THUR. 5th APR. - LIVERPOOL EMPIRE
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SUN. 8th APR. - LEICESTER DE MONTFORT HALL
MON. 9th APR. - HANLEY VICTORIA HALL
TUE. 10th APR. - BRISTOL COLSTON HALL
WED. 11th APR. - MANCHESTER FREE TRADE HALL
THUR. 12th APR. - BRADFORD ST. GEORGES HALL
FRI. 13th APR. - LONDON LYCEUM

Ticket Prices are £2.50, £2.00, £1.50 everywhere except ST. ALBAN'S, CAMBRIDGE, AYLESBURY and HANLEY where all tickets are £2.00, LONDON all tickets are £2.50.

TICKETS AVAILABLE AT ALL VENUES NOW

Record News

SINGLES SALES SOAR IN 1978 DISCO BOOM

SALES OF singles soared dramatically in 1978, according to figures just released by the British Phonographic Industry. The total number bought in the UK throughout last year was almost 88 million, and that's 41 per cent more than in 1977 — a jump which can be attributed to the boom in disco music.

For the first time in several years, there were more singles sold than albums, which totalled 85 million (four per cent more than 1977) — although, of course, the LP revenue was appreciably higher. The BPI claims that many more albums would have been sold, if it had not been for home taping.

Cassette sales increased by more than ten per cent, to complete a very satisfactory year for the industry, in which it earned £247 million. This is a rise of 27 per cent over 1977 although, allowing for price increases, it represents a nett increase of six per cent. In any case, these figures show that the record business has now confidently hauled itself out of the depression of the mid-'70s.

● **Cher** has her first release on the Casablanca Label (distributed by Pye) set for March 30 — it's a single titled 'Take Me Home'. It's taken from her album of the same name, which follows on April 6.

Burnel, Stranglers discs

JEAN JACQUES BURNEL has a single released by United Artists to coincide with his upcoming tour — titled 'Freddie Laker (Concorde & Eurobus)', it's due out on April 13. The track is taken from his solo album 'Euroman Cometh', now issued on April 6, one week later than originally planned. The B-side of the single, which comes in a picture bag, is a new song inspired by a Shelley poem and called 'Ozymandias'.

U-A have also decided to reissue The Stranglers' single 'Peaches' which originally came out in May, 1977. It was initially in a limited edition picture sleeve, which has long since been withdrawn, and has subsequently only been available in a plain white bag. Now a print by fashion photographer James Wedge has been adapted for a new sleeve, and the disc is being remarketed.

Anchor's up

ANCHOR RECORDS are to close down. This follows the news that MCA has purchased ABC Records from the American Braodcasting Company, and intends to combine operations of both companies — rather than continuing ABC (whose British subsidiary is Anchor) as an autonomous unit. This means that the ABC catalogue will henceforth be issued through MCA, though it's understood that many of the acts on the label — including Steely Dan and Don Williams — are at present considering whether to seek new outlets.

● **Precious Little** (above) has the distinction of getting her debut single banned by the BBC in advance of its release, and on the strength of its title alone! Formerly a singer and dancer with Reflections and The Young Generation, she's recorded a reggae disco single called 'Ain't Got No Balls', which DJM Records issue tomorrow (Friday).

Who single

THE WHO have a three-track single issued through Polydor next week, described by the band's spokesman as a "taster" for their upcoming film 'the Kids Are Alright'. A-side is 'Long Live Rock', and the coupling features a re-recorded version of 'I'm The Face' (the first song the band ever recorded) and John Entwistle's 'My Wife'.

● Cashing in on Blondie's current success, Capitol are reissuing the solitary album by **Wind In The Willows,** the band with whom Debbie Harry sang several years ago at the outset of her career. It should be available in mid-spring.

● Several concerts in the upcoming American tour by **Yes,** starting next month, are to be recorded with a view to releasing a live album in the early autumn. The band's only previous live set was the triple 'Yessongs' six years ago.

● **Gino & The Sharks** are to record a live album at London West Hampstead Moonlight Club next Wednesday (28). They'll be cutting 14 tracks for the LP, which will be issued on their own RPM label, and negotiations are well advanced for distribution by a major outlet.

● **Nazareth** - currently on a six-week U.S. tour, to be followed by concerts in Japan — have a new single issued by Mountain in their absence. Titled 'Whatever You Want Babe', and coupled with their stage favourite 'Telegram', it comes out tomorrow (Friday).

CBS SIGN REGULARS

THE REGULARS, formerly known as Reggae Regular, have signed a long-term worldwide deal with CBS — and their debut album 'Victim' is scheduled for May release, to be preceded by a single next month. The reggae band, formed nearly three years ago, will be going on tour shortly — the first confirmed date is Slough Langley College on March 31. They comprise Allan 'Kingpin' King (lead vocals), Errol 'Sly Jnr' Francis (drums), George 'Grab and Flee' Clarke (keyboards), Patrick 'Chiki' Donnegan (rhythm guitar and vocals), Tony 'Benjamon' Rookwood (vocals), Trevor 'Seal' Salmon (bass) and Norman 'Junior' Ebanks (lead guitar).

Complete Holly

THE SIX-RECORD boxed set of 'The Complete Buddy Holly' is issued by MCA this weekend. It contains every known recording Holly made — as a soloist, with The Crickets and with Bob Montgomery — plus radio and TV interviews, and a couple of live performances. It comes with a 60-page illustrated scrapbook, and costs £14.99.

Pistols' new one

THE SEX PISTOLS' next single comprises two tracks from their film and soundtrack album 'The Great Rock'n'Roll Swindle' — they are 'Silly Thing' and 'Who Killed Bambi?'. It's marketed in a picture bag, and is scheduled for March 30 release by Virgin.

● **The Invaders** have their debut single issued on Jimmy Pursey's JP Productions label (distributed by Polydor) on April 20. Title is 'Girls In Action'.

● **Penetration's** next single, for release by Virgin on April 20, is 'Danger Signs'. It will be available in both seven and 12-inch form, coupled with 'Stone Heroes' — plus an extra track on the 12-inch called 'Vision'. The same label issues a new **Kevin Coyne** single this weekend titled 'I'll Go Too', and it's pressed in green vinyl.

● **Wings'** first single to feature their new line-up is 'Goodnight Tonight'/'Daytime Nightime Suffering', both Paul McCartney compositions, and it's out on Parlophone this weekend. Their new album, now almost completed, is planned for late spring release.

● **Bill Nelson's Red Noise** have their EMI single 'Revolt Into Style' issued on March 30, with the first 25,000 copies in a special picture bag. The B-side is a live version of 'Out Of Touch', recorded at Leicester De Montfort Hall earlier this month.

● Hot on the heels of their hit album 'Cruisin'. **Village People** have their follow-up LP released by Mercury on March 30. Title is 'Go West'.

● Capricorn Records issue a batch of six new albums this month. They include 'On The Edge' by **Sea Level,**'Enlightened Rogues' by **The Allman Brothers,** 'Night Of The Living Dregs' by **Dixie Dregs,** 'I Reserve The Right' by **Stillwater** and 'The Dream Never Dies' by **The Cooper Brothers.** The sixth LP is a compilation titled 'Hotels, Motels & Roadshows' featuring the previous five acts, plus **Marshall Tucker, Bonnie Bramlett** and others.

● **Blue** have their new album 'Fools Party' released by Rocket this weekend. It consists of 12 new songs, all written by the band and mainly by lead singer Hugh Nicholson. Elton John assisted Blue in the production.

● **Willy Barrett** has a solo single titled 'Let's Play Schools' issued by Polydor on March 30. It's his first since his partnership with John Otway was dissolved last year.

● London-based independent Cherry Red have signed a three-year deal to distribute Bristol-based Heartbeat Records. First release, out this week, is a 12-inch four-track single by Bristol band **Glaxo Babies.**

● **The Jolt** are nearing completion of an EP called 'Maybe Tonight', planned for April release by Polydor. They've been working with producer Kenny Denton and arranger **Lou Clarke.**

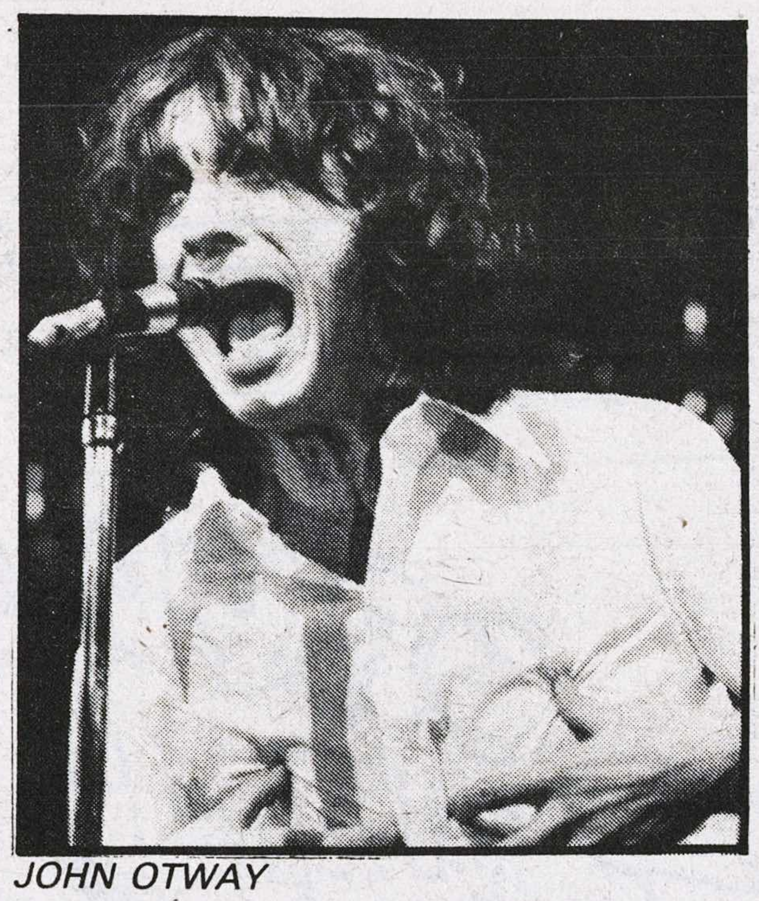
BIG TOUR INCLUDES RAINBOW

Otway on the way

JOHN OTWAY is to undertake a major British tour, starting next month and running into May, climaxed by a big London show at the Rainbow Theatre. Otway, whose new single 'Frightened And Scared' is issued by Polydor this weekend, will be backed by his regular band — but support acts have yet to be announced.

Confirmed dates are Bath Pavilion (April 20), Manchester The Factory (21), Halesowen Tiffany's (23), Bristol Locarno (24), Plymouth Woods Centre (25), Exeter Routes (26), Hatfield Polytechnic (27), Nottingham Trent Polytechnic (May 2), Birmingham Barbarella's (3), Retford Porterhouse (4), Leicester University (5), Newcastle University (8), Sheffield Polytechnic (9), Liverpool Eric's (11) and London Rainbow (12).

Another five or six dates are still being finalised, and details are expected next week. Meanwhile, tickets for the Rainbow concert go on sale tomorrow (Friday) priced £3, £2.50, £2 and £1.50.

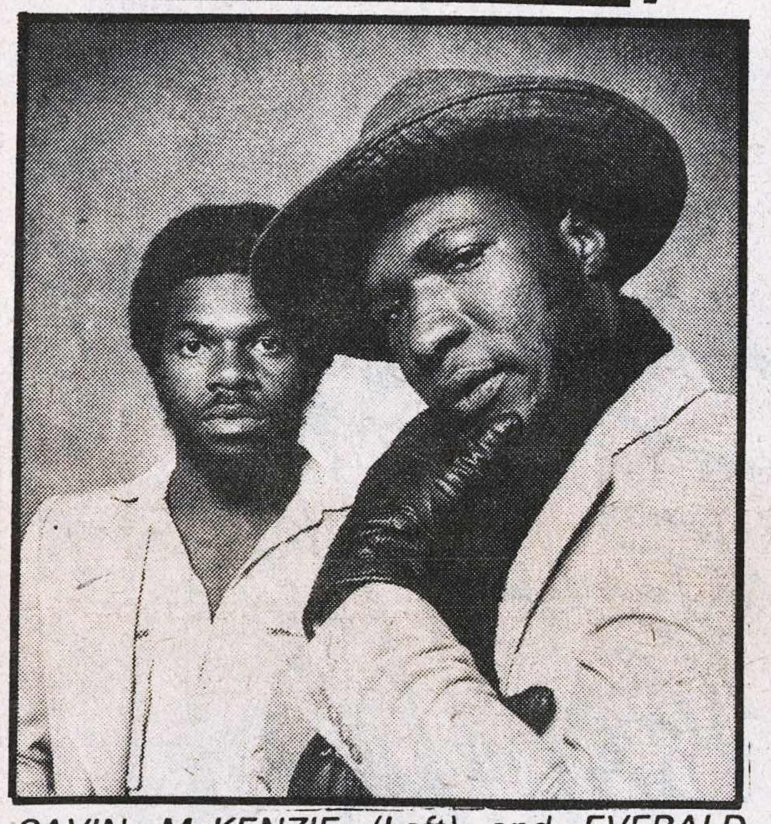


JOHN OTWAY

Les Gray solo tour

LES GRAY, the former Mud lead singer, begins his first solo tour in May. He'll be concentrating mainly on the college circuit, but a full-scale concert tour follows in August. He'll be backed by The 'Ooligans, a band formed from the nucleus of The Cruisers. He's currently rehearsing his stage show and recording material for his debut album. Next month he guests in Jack Good's new series of 'Oh Boy!' concerts, reported last week.

Inner Circle to stay



CAVIN McKENZIE (Left) and EVERALD 'BLACK SPY' JAHSON of Inner Circle

INNER CIRCLE, who recently toured here with the Average Whites, have confirmed another seven headlining dates in their own right — at Walsall Town Hall (this Saturday), Edinburgh Tiffany's (March 26), Glasgow City Hall (27), Sheffield Polytechnic (28), Bradford Textile Hall (29), Newcastle Polytechnic (30) and Leicester University (31). The reggae band now plan to stay on in Britain, and work here for most of the summer.

Eruption + Stylistics

ERUPTION, the German-based disco group who had a smash hit last year with 'I Can't Stand The Rain', play their first-ever live date in this country when they appear as special guests of The Stylistics at the London Palladium on Sunday, May 29. And two more dates have been added to the previously reported Stylistics tour — at Bournemouth Winter Gardens (May 14) and Liverpool Empire (18).

EXTRA DATES BY:

Kate, Rush, Judas, Tina

KATE BUSH has added two more concerts to her upcoming debut tour, besides the extra two nights at the London Palladium reported last week. They are at Birmingham Hippodrome (April 5) and Manchester Apollo (11). In both cases she is also appearing at those venues the previous evening, but the original dates have completely sold out. In view of the heavy demand, it's possible that still more dates may be added.

RUSH have now sold out all 18 of their British concerts in April and May, reported five weeks ago. These include three at London Hammersmith Odeon (May 4-6) and, in view of exceptionally heavy demand, they've now added a fourth night at the venue on May 7 — but that is also already sold out, on the strength of applications carried over from the previous three!

JUDAS PRIEST, currently playing a series of major dates across America, have added another three dates to their previously-reported British tour opening in Glasgow on May 12. The extra shows are at Derby Assembly Rooms (May 14), Oxford New Theatre (19) and Preston Guildhall (22), and tickets for all three shows are now on sale at the box-offices.

TINA TURNER, Currently touring Britain, has slotted in another appearance at London Hammersmith Odeon. She played there last Friday but, due to heavy demand, she has agreed to return there on Friday March 30. This is in addition to the charity concert she is topping at London's Apollo Theatre, Shaftesbury Avenue, this Sunday (25). Another new date for Tina is at Poole Arts Centre on March 29.

TRB new drummer

TOM ROBINSON BAND'S new drummer is London session musician Charlie Morgan, who took over the stool just in time for their tour which opened this week. After Dolphin Taylor's departure late last year, Preston Hayman sat in for the 'TRB Two' album, but he wasn't available to tour, as he's now joined Kate Bush's band. By coincidence, Morgan has previously worked on sessions with Kate. He joins TRB for their British and US tours, but is not necessarily a permanent member.

Gowan back in Health

NATIONAL HEALTH have been re-joined by founder member Alan Gowan on electric piano and synthesisers, joining Phil Miller (guitar), John Greaves (bass and vocals) and Pip Pyle (drums). They've spent the winter writing and rehearsing together, and begin a European tour next weekend. After a major London one-off on May 5, they leave for their first U.S. tour — returning in the summer to record a new album, to be followed by a British tour in the autumn.

Vangelis one-off gig

VANGELIS makes one of his rare concert appearances next month, when he headlines at London Drury Lane Theatre Royal on Sunday, April 22. It's strictly a one-off, and tickets are now on sale priced £3.50, £2.50 and £2. Promoter is John Martin of the Derek Block Office, who are also lining up one or two concerts by Jose Feliciano in May — details to follow shortly.

Son Seals off again

SON SEALS BAND have postponed their British tour yet again. They were due to gig here this month, as compensation for the cancellation of their 1978 tour, but their visit is now being re-arranged for May. It seems they are wary about possible adverse weather conditions in Britain, their paranoia evidently stemming from the train crash in which they were involved last autumn in Scandinavia.

Dire Straits to tour

DIRE STRAITS — currently riding high in the U.S. charts with their single 'Sultans Of Swing' and album 'Dire Straights', both of which also entered the NME charts this month — are planning a major British tour in June. It will coincide with the release of their second album 'Communique', which they've just finished recording in Nassau with producers Jerry Wexler and Barry Beckett.

Natalie Cole due in

NATALIE COLE flies into Britain next month, at the outset of a major European tour, to play two London concerts — at Drury Lane Theatre Royal on Thursday and Friday, April 26 and 27. Tickets are on sale now, and prices range from £2 to £5. To coincide with her visit, Capitol will be releasing her new album 'I Love You So' — and that's preceded this weekend by a single taken from the LP, titled 'Stand By'.

Second rock weekend

ANOTHER International Rock'n'Roll Weekender is to be held at Great Yarmouth Caister Holiday Centre later in the year, following the success of the first three-day event earlier this month, which attracted a capacity 3,000 attendance. The second festival is set for November 16-18, and among British bands so far booked are Matchbox, Crazy Cavan, The Shades, Flying Saucers and Freddie 'Fingers' Lee. At least one big-name U.S. act will be announced later.

The end of the news

- **CULTURE** have made a late switch in the venue for their Birmingham show tomorrow (Friday). It's now at the Regale Social Centre instead of Bingley Hall.
- **NICK VAN EEDE**, rapidly becoming the most in-demand support act in the business, has joined the David Essex tour which opened at the weekend.
- **MANU DIBANGO**, the Afro disco artist, plays two British dates next month — at Brighton Top Rank (April 6) and London Hammersmith Odeon (7).
- **JOHN MILES** has added another date to his upcoming tour — at Lancaster University on April 30. His Aberdeen gig on April 7 is switched from the Music Hall to the Capitol.
- **CROCS** in Rayleigh (Essex) has Wednesday night rock gigs featuring Toyah (March 28), The Damned (April 4), Lew Lewis (11), The Softies (18), The Records (25), The Doll (May 2) and Wayne County (9).
- **PATRIK FITZGERALD** has been added as special guest star to The Buzzcocks' concert at London Hammersmith Odeon on Saturday, March 31.
- **MAGAZINE** have added another date to their extensive British tour, reported last week. It's at Edinburgh Clouds on April 20.
- **DIONNE WARWICKE** has been booked to play a week at Manchester's Golden Garter theatre-restaurant from June 18. It's not yet known if she'll be doing any other dates during her visit.
- **THE INVADERS** are to play a benefit concert in aid of Leukaemia sufferers at Brighouse Civic Hall on Thursday, March 29.
- **DR FEELGOOD** undertake a seven-date Irish tour starting next Tuesday, including a concert at Belfast Ulster Hall on Friday, March 30.

Players Association: UK visit

PLAYERS ASSOCIATION, who've burst into the limelight this month with the chart entries of both their album 'Turn To The Music' and single 'Turn The Music Up', come to Britain next month for their debut tour of this country. The highlight of their itinerary is a concert at London Hammersmith Odeon on April 19, when they're supported by Light Of The World — and tickets are on sale now priced £3.50, £3, £2.50 and £2.

The tour is promoted by Mark Howes, and other confirmed dates are Salford Variety Centre (April 15), Blackpool Tiffany's (16), Brighton Top Rank (17), Dunstable California (21), Middlesbrough Madison's (23), Newcastle Madison's (24), Sheffield Top Rank (25), Portsmouth Locarno (26), Slough Community Centre (27) and Stroud Leisure Centre (28).

DANNY WEISS and CHRIS HILLS of Players Association

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... I mean you might think I'm a boring old fart but I'm really into Anthony Phillips his new album "Sides" is incredibly amazing he used to be in Genesis years ago didn't he really he's a bit like Mike Oldfield but "Sides" is this incredible amazing rock thing you can listen to hundreds of times not like some of that headbanging stuff not that "Sides" is hard to listen to I mean it's very accessible he's a multi-instrumentalist plays everything brilliantly went back to music college he's got one of the Super-polychronalic SK14 synthesisers amazing you ought to do yourself a favour and buy this album it's got a limited edition free collectors album of his early works "Private Parts and Pieces" are you going to see Lizzy at Hammersmith blah blah blah...

ARISTA

DR IGGY AND MR POP

James Osterburg wrestles with his twin, wallowing in corruption for the good of all our souls.

"SO LET US start with one average, stupid, representative case: Johnny Yen the Other Half, errand boy from the death trauma — Now look I'm going to say it once and going to say it slow — *Death in orgasm is their unsanitary Venusian gimmick is the whole birth/death cycle of action* — You got it — Now do you understand who Johnny Yen is? The Boy-Girl Other Half Stripease God of Frustration — Errand boy from the death trauma — His immortality depends on the mortality of others . . .

"All right back to the case of Johnny Yen. Write back to the streets, Johnny . . . Write out of the sewers of Venus to neon streets of Saturn — Alternatively Johnny Yen can be written back to a greenfish boy — There are always alternative solutions Nothing is true— Everything is permitted.

"No hassan — sabbah — we want flesh — we want power — we want junk — we want power."

Chapter — "operation rewrite" — a segment from "The Ticket That Exploded". William Burroughs, 1962.

"I'm heavy as a horse,
Ah, but everything is spinnin'
An' if I use a gun,
Then I sure to go to prison,
I'm stubborn as a mule,
*And **nobody** breaks **my** rules,*
*'Cepting' **nothing** comes my way,*
I've got a hard-assed pair of shoulders.
I've got a love you can't imagine,
Yeah and what I've got I double,
I swear I'm keeping out of trouble,

*I'm looking for **one new value**,*
*Lookin' for just **one new value**,*
Ah but nothing comes my way."
('New Value'— composed by Iggy Pop — James Osterburg Music)

JOHNNY YEN, one of William Burroughs' many errand boys of the Death Trauma, ate hot justice in '62 and remained a museum piece for the literati to guzzle on until 1976, when Iggy Pop, a young artist who during his dissolute past had pretty much emulated poor Johnny's wretched vocation/malaise, chose to smash down the glass-case that held Johnny Yen's average, stupid, tortured being, drain the embalming fluid and allow Johnny his second shot at immortality.

Iggy didn't change a thing about Johnny's previous predicament — he just used him for a walk-on part in an autobiographical work he created entitled 'Lust For Life'.

Burroughs' imagery was reverently left unsullied as Johnny Yen returned, brandishing his usual shoulder bag pack full of liquor and drugs, the snuff movies he'd stolen from that hard-nosed bunch of Mexicans last seen peddling every sleazy vice imaginable in Orson Welles' classic *Touch Of Evil,* and who were last believed to have set up a borderline motel where they were selling some placebo linctus disguised as the much-touted undercover legit cure for cancer.

Anyway Johnny, fresh out of the mausoleum, still knows all his old tricks — the striptease weaze, you name it. But his resurrector has been busy with those alternative solutions, and even though he still wants flesh and power, he's conquered the desire for junk to a point where one minute thread of lint would be just as preferable to a gram of Thailand Sweetheart Grade A in his book.

In fact Johnny Yen could just as easily have been Johnny Thunders back in '75 when he ran into his old buddy Iggy Pop at CBGB's and spent three damned, sweaty, hellish days trying to get his old shooting partner to break his spirit and join him round the back at the Mainliners Club.

But Iggy stood firm — this time out there were going to be no pin-point eyes on this boy's features, no more smacked-back rituals, no return to the bogus camaraderie of the elite of users.

Three days he stood his ground until Thunders finally collapsed, relented, tears swelling in his eyes. Iggy Pop had proved that he was not Johnny Yen, that he was nobody's errand boy, that he'd dug and dug until he'd located the very roots of his addiction, yanked them out, and set out to discover the most brutal posivitism, the ferocious strength that only real ex-junkies who want to take their metabolic/spiritual/artistic rennaissance to the blinding limits of human endurance, to strip away skin like snakes, can achieve.

'The Idiot': 'Lust For Life': 'New Values' — a triumvirate of works that at least in the first two cases, have yet to be fully appreciated by the critical masses. If they were to be placed in a boxed set, the title would have to be Triumph Of Willi.

THE FIRST interview is taking place. Iggy is getting very expansive about certain subjects close to his heart. The subject itself concerns amorality and corruption. The blanket statement for all this is made with a measured sense of its own controversy.

"I", declares the indefatigable Pop, "am *totally* into *corruption*".

Iggy leaves it all behind

Occupational Therapist: NICK KENT
Senior staff nurse: PENNIE SMITH

Ironically amidst a barrage of vicarious statements made to break up this claim, an incident with Nico is recalled which ends up paralleling the Johnny Thunders saga.

"It all stems from Nico actually" — Nico and Iggy became 'An item' (for want of a better term) in the early, early Stooges days.

"She was the one who took me when I was a skinny, little, naive brat and taught me how to eat pussy and all about the best French wines and German champagnes. Anyway, one day she said to me (adopted doomy German tone), 'Jimmy you have zee one big problem' — I was just a little lad for chrissakes, but anyway I was game — 'you are not full of zee *poison!* Zis is not correct. Zis is not right. How can you perform when you are not full of the *poison?* Me, I will help you just enough to fill you with *zee* poison but otherwise you have nothing! We do not want to see a person on the stage, no, no,no, we want to see a performance, and zee poison is the essence of the performer.'

"And she'd do things — like, I'd go away for a few days and come back looking healthy and she'd scream, 'Jimmy, what are you doing to yourself? You are ugly. Don't you know you are only good skinny. Skinny

■ *Continues over page*

■ From previous page

RETURN OF THE IG

as a rail.' And Danny Fields (current Ramones manager, but publicist / manager / nursemaid for Elektra-period Stooges) was always fussing about my hair in his usual faggy way, and it had reached a point where my hair had become so long and curly it pretty much totally hid my face.

"Anyway, Danny said something about me having my hair 'bangs' cut and Nico freaked completely again and screamed 'But Danny, Jimmy's face is not meant to be seen' (laughs). And she immediately grabbed this wine glass and smashed it against the table which made everybody run away except me cos I knew her little games and wasn't afraid anyway, and she turned to me and said 'Good Jimmy, now we are rid of them' and she proceeded to carve the most incredible sketch of me somewhat in the style of Cocteau, with maybe two cubic inches of my face showing.

"And she summoned everybody back and pointed to this sketch and said — 'Now zis is Jimmy's face. And if you could see it, it would be a drag!' And I thought, 'Right on, Nico!' (Laughter)".

Teacher and pupil, however, were to come to a suitably severe volte face when, in the year of the 'Idiot', Nico, the former ice queen now in her middle '40s, a pale narcotic shadow of her former beauty, desperately tried to contact Iggy (or David Bowie) in order to help her somehow regenerate her then stagnant career as well as commune with a former kindred spirit of sorts.

"It was in Paris and . . . oh forget the state she was in . . . she wanted desperately to get in touch with me, maybe with Bowie more, but I'd suffice, and she had me followed, had radio monitors scanning my every move, taxi drivers were bribed — just everything.

"Anyway when she found me I just rejected her immediately. I just said, 'You're not good enough for me to expend time and energy on anymore'. And the first thing she said" — Iggy's eyes snake into a 'Hell-hath-no-fury-like-a-woman-scorned' viciousness in order to enhance the theatrics — "was (words spat out venomously) was 'Jimmy you are strong'. And she got that look that Deutsches have when they're about to bite into a pig.

"She got the vampirism in her eyes, but she wasn't going to be defeated outright, or so she thought, because her next number was to slyly offer me a snort of heroin. Anyway she laid out a line, figuring that heroin would get me into her little *web* and just as the enticing line came close to my nostril, I blew if off the mirror all over the floor, got up and said, 'So long baby, nyah, nyah fooled you'. And that's the last I've seen of Nico since."

"I tell you all the bitches — all these women — want me now because they can sense that strength in me, and they want it so-o bad. But they're not gonna get me uh, huh — only on my terms, and my terms are simply phoning 'em up, telling them to be at such and such a place and such and such a time, in good physical condition, to be fucked and then leave, goddamit.

"Because I've got more important things to do, and I cannot, and *will not* have my time wasted. It is not a case of my work suffering, it is a case of me wanting to go my own way. I want to go all the way. I can't think of one goddamned reason why I shouldn't achieve just that and go all the way to number one. All I have to do is corrupt others, instead of them corrupting me!"

AH HA I CAN see all you young moralists out there right now squirming at the bit, sizing up these testy little monologues and sharpening the quill to pen that barbed missive accusing this neo-fascist egomaniac of male chauvinism and every other amoral vice in the book.

And this character eulogizing the virtue of corruption and amorality is probably gleefully awaiting your salvoes.

But wait one moment here because what you've been reading right back there are the words of just one persona of a self-confessed Jekyll and Hyde.

Both characters — one the Mighty Pop, hard-assed, loud-mouthed megalomaniac who openly claims, albeit in an intoxicated frame of mind, that were Satan himself to come down and confront him with the old Faustus line of (and I quote) "killing some anonymous, innocent bystander, and of course getting away with it, in return for gaining control of all the power in the world, then yes, I would do it without a moment's hesitation", and the other, charming compassionate Jimmy Osterburg, self-confessed "dork" of the Western World — are two very different people.

This is not a case of schizophrenia we have here, nor is there any confusion as to how and when each role takes over. Our subject is totally in command of his personas and is deeply proud of both of them — if for nothing other than the fact that they complement each other in the furtherance of his vocation with perfect balance.

In fact it would be as downright facile to refer to Iggy/Jim in psychoanalytical terms as it would be to consider either one an act (although our sly little friend is not adverse to theatrics when they could come in useful).

If any one statement perfectly exemplifies this supposed and not unusually somewhat bogus duality it is Iggy's summation of himself as — "a leader who does not want to be followed. And goddamit I am just that. I am exactly the man who Fredrich Nietzche could only write about. I believe that statement is incredibly healthy and that every human being has the capacity to achieve it."

But let's return to Iggy Pop, subject of the first interview, replete with bare torso, vinyl pants and a little too much eye make up.

This is the Iggy Pop who talks of vengeance, who wallows in his own undeniable tenacity and indomitable will. The man who idly boasts of encounters with world-renowned beauties whose pristine, awe-inspiring looks and physiques have tried to play Delilah to his Samson with no success.

The word "corruption" keeps spurting forth in this little tete a tete and I suggest it could be time to define the term as Iggy conceives it.

"You wanna know about corruption? Okay, well let's say I want to corrupt you. Corruption would be you working for me for reasons that you'd think you were going to get something out of it, but I'd know you wouldn't so screw you. It's like W C Fields says — 'You can't cheat an honest man'. Right, he got it! There you go, that's corruption! You find a dishonest person and you use them. You use *their* corruption!"

Did you, I remark, work on that principle when you were sequestered at RCA during the three years spanning 'Idiot', 'Lust' and 'TV Eye Live'? The question was prompted by the recollection of a photo of Iggy in a suit and tie with hair groomed 'just so' to perfect the emulation of the young executive look, yucking it up with some American big-wigs from the record company around the time of 'Idiot's' release.

"Damn right I did", the reply shoots back. "Every goddamn executive in the place I had researched, found out their weaknesses — everything. I played like a harp. I don't miss a trick, baby. I had a whole plane-load of 'em flown over — at my expense — to preview 'Idiot' at Winston Churchill's old club. And even though I knew damn well 'Idiot' was going to be a million seller I wanted the word put out on the Iggy Pop fella right from the top.

Also I wanted it made known in the most stringent terms possible that it would be very very foolhardy to mess with Iggy Pop. Because it might take a month, it might take a year, but you do the wrong thing by him and you're gonna regret it very, very sorely.

"See, I started reading in the papers about me being the 'Godfather Of Punk' and figured well, if I'm going to be the Godfather then I'm going to be a real Godfather, Mafia style. Taking no shit from anybody and screwing anyone who tried to screw me".

THE SUBJECT fo LA sends him reeling off into a near hysterical rap about his current status.

"See Nick, I'm so damn happy. I'm rich. I'm a big rich man, richer beyond my wildest dreams. Rich is life, goddamit! I have a job, I have my self-esteem, I have discipline."

And financially?

"Yeah, that too in the sense that I'm becoming a very good entrepeneur. I've just made an album financed on good will and responsibility, on Iggy Pop's name. Iggy Pop who three years ago was a name synonymous with 'shit'. Iggy Pop the guy who'd be tied up in a bag and thrown out of the window at a Deep Purple party two floors up in some hotel. Iggy Pop who's girlfriend would run off with Robert Plant. Iggy Pop the guy Ian Hunter said would never make it because he never had any talent. Well where is Ian Hunter now? Nowhere is where Ian Hunter is. And the only chance he could ever have of making anything of his tawdry life would be to listen to one of my albums.

"See, I play hard, and Christ almighty, I love my revenge."

It's only when I tactfully mention that a number of quotes he's allowed to be swallowed onto tape during this encounter could all too easily be construed as being fascistic and male chauvinist that he becomes pensive.

"Hmmm," he pauses, mulling over certain quotes, some of which I have to remind him of. "Well, I can only see any notes of fascism in my attitude coming from the fact that it would only be in the sense that I know that what I'm dealing with is in essence a military industrial complex, albeit on a small scale, which is what rock'n'roll is right now.

"This new record tells you what things James Osterburg does and the fact that he's only interested in Iggy Pop."

"As for sexism," here he lights up, "well, I *hate* women. I mean, why do I even have to have a reason for that? It's like, why are people reviled by insects? I use 'em because they are lying, dirty, treacherous and their ambitions all too often involve *using* me. And however close they come, I'll always pull the rug from under them. That's where my music is made."

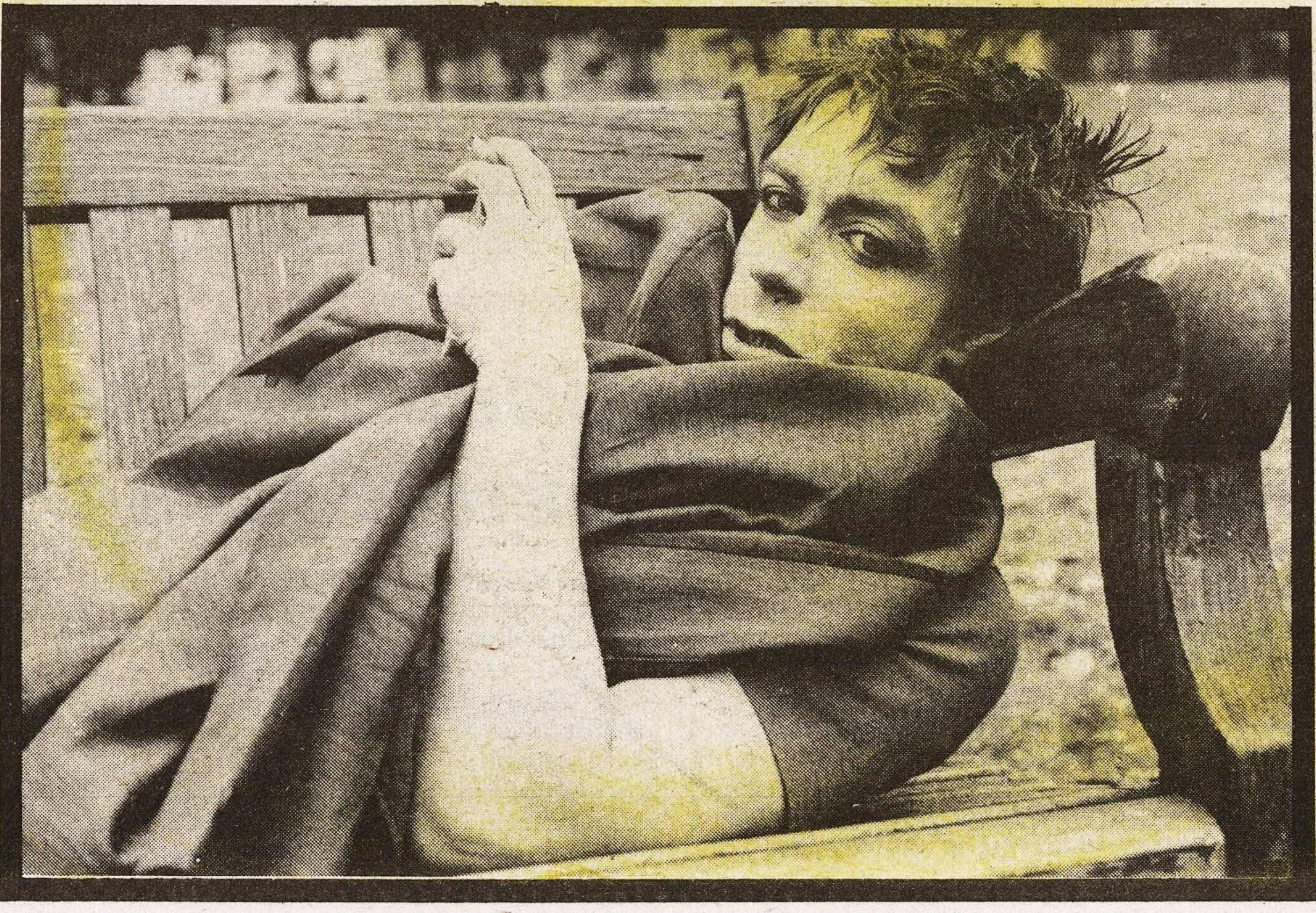
Maybe you haven't encountered the 'Ms Right', I counter, aware of the dopiness of the remark.

"Oh come on, I've been around. I've met all the women, and I'll tell you one thing, I'm more woman than any of 'em. Just check my tits! (he points to his pectorals) I'm a real woman, because I have love, dependability, I'm good, kind, gentle, and I've the power to give real love. Why else would you think that such a strong man as David Bowie would be close to me? He's a real man, and I'm a real woman. Just like Catherine Deneuve."

Only the latter simile causes him to chuckle.

WHAT produces a 'dork'? Usually a kind and loving household. Plus the fact that he's usually a decent, bright guy with a distinct lack of aggression."

This is the second interview conceived after a week of meeting Iggy every day. For this session he is wearing a casual suit and thick-lens, wire-rimmed glasses. There is none of the manic persona of the first official performance. Indeed this character couldn't be more opposed. Relaxed, affable, almost a model of temperance. I am in fact interviewing James Osterburg who chooses to disguise his performer's visual by dressing nondescriptly to the point where he resembles a pro-golfer in his mid-thirties. Four years ago he would go to great pains to present a constant pretty blonde Adonis look. Osterburg is also prone to lie about his age. He likes to add a couple onto his 31 years, where others like to detract.



The questions in this session revolve around the theory that in order to kick his drug habit, and come to terms with himself, Osterburg reverted back to the 'dork' persona of his school days, a fact strongly backed up by both the concept of 'The Idiot' itself and the Alfred E. Neuman lookalike bedecking the cover of 'Lust For Life'.

"The basic theme of the 'Dork' and where the word comes from is that I experienced the incredible cruelty that children have at their disposal. Nobody can be crueller than a child and there's nobody more equipped or inclined towards cruelty than upper-middle class children whose folks have lots of spare money and cars and glib speech. I was burdened by the fact that whenever I tried to express myself I would be laughed at. I was considered weird, a weird kid. I was also very shy, very unhip, very unglib, and never wore the right clothes. I also had very weird looks, because my father, being a military man, forced a military haircut on me."

Jim's 'dork' days were slowly but surely left behind "when I became increasingly aggressive toward others. I learnt a unique and indispensible skill, which is to make rock'n'roll. I stopped my parents dressing me and started becoming a *conniving cold-hearted son of a bitch*, which I've always been since the beginning of The Stooges."

First there was the Iguanas, Jim on drums and singing the hit numbers — mostly old Stones songs — from whence the name Iggy came and stuck. Then there was a series of one off gigs drumming for black bands, for folk as diverse as Junior Wells and Buddy Guy and the Shangri-Las. And then there was The Stooges whose mondo-bizarro act was inspired after Osterburg attended a Doors concert in Ann Arbor, and watched Jim Morrison completely out of his skull roll around the stage, do gorilla impersonations, stop one of his obscene poems half way through some dramatic climax by bawling into the audience — "Has anybody got a cigarette?" — and generally proving you can get away with anything if you've got style. Stooges drummer Scott Asheton was also the epitome of the meanest, most half-baked, super negative, physically imposing hulking monster that Detroit more than anywhere else is hype-adept at cultivating.

These two factors plus Iggy's speedily attained ability to bend and curve his limbs into shapes that involved the most gravity-defying calistrenics provided the meat of the show. The fuel was, in Iggy's words "two grams of biker speed, 5 trips of LSD and as much grass as could be inhaled before the gig. I found this concoction effective enough to completely lose my senses, and then before a gig we'd gather like a football team and hype ourselves up to a point where we'd scream 'okay guys, whadda we gonna do? KILL!KILL!KILL!' Then we'd take the stage."

The first Stooges gig was at the Grande Ballroom where they performed two numbers — 'Goodbye Bozos' (later to become 'Little Doll' and a current favourite for resuscitation on the coming tour) and 'Asthma Attack' — as support to Blood Sweat and Tears. The rest, as they say, is history.

Once signed by Elektra, the Stooges set, co-inciding with the first album, was pretty much a note for note recitation of what would end up on 'Funhouse' with every note, riff and line composed by Iggy himself.

By the time 'Funhouse' was released Iggy had honed his musical vision into a free form yowl, involving a brand new set of songs — 'Way Down In Egypt' and 'Big Score' premier among the bunch — that achieved, in his mind, exactly what The Stooges were. "I always considered The Stooges a jazz band more than a rock band," he states now.

The now legendary tales of heavy narcotics addiction that had netted all The Stooges (barring Ron Asheton) at this point, were just seen as more fuel for the grand slam of hyper-negativity The Stooges proudly projected. Ultimately too, Jim Osterburg as Iggy Pop had destroyed his old, dark persona. He was hip, he was a bad-boy junkie, surrounded by god-forsaken young hoodlums and bona fide juvenile delinquents.

Now, in retrospect, Osterburg views the pre-'Raw Power' Stooges as the more successful context for his performing talents.

"Pop's involvement with Tony Defries and the whole Mainman set up — instigated by David Bowie, an early Stooges afficionado — he now regards as *the* big mistake. Defries seemed to want Iggy as a puppet for stray projects — a film role as 'Peter Pan' here, a bogus Rocky Horror archetype flanked by session musicians there, a Jobriath with

■ Continues page 48

LENE LOVICH
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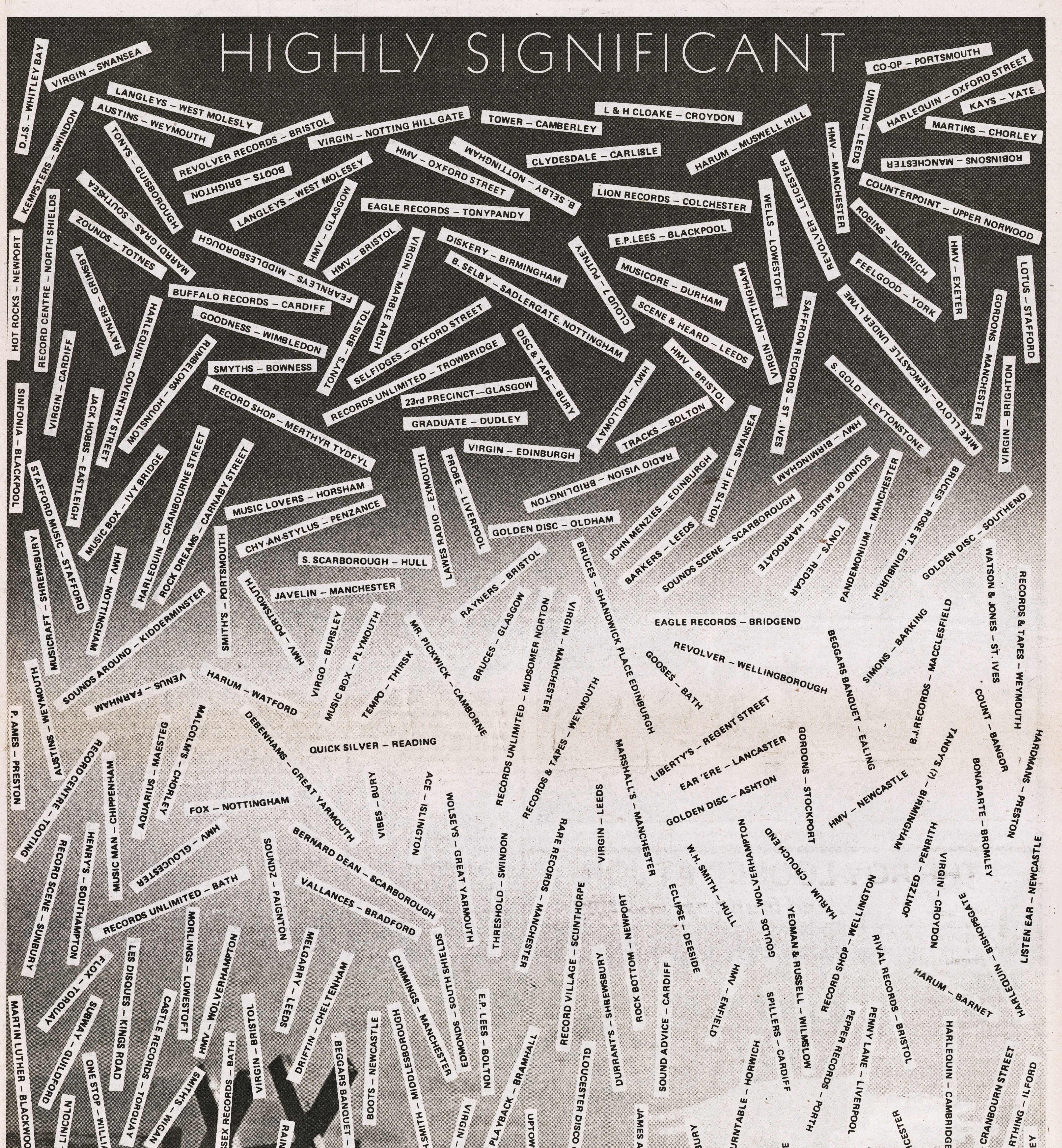
HIGHLY SIGNIFICANT
D.J.S. – WHITLEY BAY
VIRGIN – SWANSEA
LANGLEYS – WEST MOLESLY
AUSTINS – WEYMOUTH
KEMPSTERS – SWINDON
REVOLVER RECORDS – BRISTOL
VIRGIN – NOTTING HILL GATE
TOWER – CAMBERLEY
L & H CLOAKE – CROYDON
CO-OP – PORTSMOUTH
HARLEQUIN – OXFORD STREET
KAYS – YATE
MARTINS – CHORLEY
ROBINSONS – MANCHESTER
UNION – LEEDS
HMV – MANCHESTER
HARUM – MUSWELL HILL
CLYDESDALE – CARLISLE
B. SELBY – NOTTINGHAM
HMV – OXFORD STREET
BOOTS – BRIGHTON
LANGLEYS – WEST MOLESEY
TONYS – GUISBOROUGH
MARDI GRAS – SOUTHSEA
ZOUNDS – TOTNES
EAGLE RECORDS – TONYPANDY
LION RECORDS – COLCHESTER
REVOLVER – LEICESTER
WELLS – LOWESTOFT
COUNTERPOINT – UPPER NORWOOD
ROBINS – NORWICH
HMV – EXETER
LOTUS – STAFFORD
HOT ROCKS – NEWPORT
RECORD CENTRE – NORTH SHIELDS
RAYNERS – GRIMSBY
FEARNLEYS – MIDDLESBOROUGH
HMV – GLASGOW
HMV – BRISTOL
VIRGIN – MARBLE ARCH
DISKERY – BIRMINGHAM
B. SELBY – SADLERGATE, NOTTINGHAM
CLOUD 7 – PUTNEY
E.P. LEES – BLACKPOOL
MUSICORE – DURHAM
SCENE & HEARD – LEEDS
VIRGIN – NOTTINGHAM
SAFFRON RECORDS – ST. IVES
FEELGOOD – YORK
MIKE LLOYD – NEWCASTLE UNDER LYME
GORDONS – MANCHESTER
VIRGIN – BRIGHTON
HARLEQUIN – COVENTRY STREET
BUFFALO RECORDS – CARDIFF
GOODNESS – WIMBLEDON
TONY'S – BRISTOL
SELFIDGES – OXFORD STREET
DISC & TAPE – BURY
HMV – BRISTOL
HMV – HOLLOWAY
S. GOLD – LEYTONSTONE
VIRGIN – CARDIFF
JACK HOBBS – EASTLEIGH
RUMBELOWS – HOUNSLOW
SMYTHS – BOWNESS
RECORD SHOP – MERTHYR TYDFYL
RECORDS UNLIMITED – TROWBRIDGE
23rd PRECINCT – GLASGOW
GRADUATE – DUDLEY
TRACKS – BOLTON
HOLTS HI FI – SWANSEA
HMV – BIRMINGHAM
SINFONIA – BLACKPOOL
STAFFORD MUSIC – STAFFORD
MUSIC BOX – IVY BRIDGE
HARLEQUIN – CRANBOURNE STREET
ROCK DREAMS – CARNABY STREET
MUSIC LOVERS – HORSHAM
CHY-AN-STYLUS – PENZANCE
LAWES RADIO – EXMOUTH
PROBE – LIVERPOOL
VIRGIN – EDINBURGH
RADIO VISION – BRIDLINGTON
JOHN MENZIES – EDINBURGH
SOUND OF MUSIC – HARROGATE
BRUCES – ROSE ST. EDINBURGH
GOLDEN DISC – SOUTHEND
MUSICRAFT – SHREWSBURY
HMV – NOTTINGHAM
SMITH'S – PORTSMOUTH
S. SCARBOROUGH – HULL
GOLDEN DISC – OLDHAM
BARKERS – LEEDS
SOUNDS SCENE – SCARBOROUGH
TONYS – REDCAR
PANDEMONIUM – MANCHESTER
WATSON & JONES – ST. IVES
RECORDS & TAPES – WEYMOUTH
JAVELIN – MANCHESTER
HMV – PORTSMOUTH
RAYNERS – BRISTOL
BRUCES – SHANDWICK PLACE EDINBURGH
SOUNDS AROUND – KIDDERMINSTER
VIRGO – BURSLEY
MUSIC BOX – PLYMOUTH
MR. PICKWICK – CAMBORNE
BRUCES – GLASGOW
RECORDS UNLIMITED – MIDSOMER NORTON
VIRGIN – MANCHESTER
EAGLE RECORDS – BRIDGEND
REVOLVER – WELLINGBOROUGH
GOOSES – BATH
BEGGARS BANQUET – EALING
SIMONS – BARKING
B.J. RECORDS – MACCLESFIELD
COUNT – BANGOR
HARDMANS – PRESTON
AUSTINS – WEYMOUTH
VENUS – FARNHAM
HARUM – WATFORD
TEMPO – THIRSK
RECORDS & TAPES – WEYMOUTH
LIBERTY'S – REGENT STREET
EAR 'ERE – LANCASTER
GOLDEN DISC – ASHTON
GORDONS – STOCKPORT
HMV – NEWCASTLE
TANDY'S (J) – BIRMINGHAM
BONAPARTE – BROMLEY
P. AMES – PRESTON
RECORD CENTRE – TOOTING
MALCOLMS – CHORLEY
AQUARIUS – MAESTEG
MUSIC MAN – CHIPPENHAM
DEBENHAMS – GREAT YARMOUTH
QUICK SILVER – READING
VIBES – BURY
ACE – ISLINGTON
WOLSEYS – GREAT YARMOUTH
MARSHALL'S – MANCHESTER
VIRGIN – LEEDS
FOX – NOTTINGHAM
HMV – GLOUCESTER
RECORD SCENE – SUNBURY
HENRY'S – SOUTHAMPTON
SOUNDZ – PAIGNTON
BERNARD DEAN – SCARBOROUGH
VALLANCES – BRADFORD
THRESHOLD – SWINDON
RARE RECORDS – MANCHESTER
W.H. SMITH – HULL
HARUM – CROUCH END
GOULDS – WOLVERHAMPTON
JONTZED – PENRITH
VIRGIN – CROYDON
HARLEQUIN – BISHOPSGATE
LISTEN EAR – NEWCASTLE
RECORDS UNLIMITED – BATH
MORLINGS – LOWESTOFT
MELGARRY – LEEDS
RECORD VILLAGE – SCUNTHORPE
ROCK BOTTOM – NEWPORT
ECLIPSE – DEESIDE
RECORD SHOP – WELLINGTON
RIVAL RECORDS – BRISTOL
HARUM – BARNET
MARTIN LUTHER – BLACKWOOD
FLOX – TORQUAY
LES DISQUES – KINGS ROAD
CASTLE RECORDS – TORQUAY
HMV – WOLVERHAMPTON
VIRGIN – BRISTOL
DRIFTIN – CHELTENHAM
CUMMINGS – MANCHESTER
EDMONDS – SOUTH SHIELDS
E.P. LEES – BOLTON
DURRANT'S – SHREWSBURY
SOUND ADVICE – CARDIFF
HMV – ENFIELD
YEOMAN & RUSSELL – WILMSLOW
SPILLERS – CARDIFF
PEPPER RECORDS – PORTH
PENNY LANE – LIVERPOOL
HARLEQUIN – CAMBRIDGE
HARLEQUIN – CRANBOURN STREET
SUBWAY – GUILDFORD
ONE STOP – WILLIAM ROAD NW1
SMITHS – WIGAN
WESSEX RECORDS – BATH
BEGGARS BANQUET – EARLS COURT
BOOTS – NEWCASTLE
W.H. SMITH – MIDDLESBOROUGH
VIRGIN – NEWCASTLE
PLAYBACK – BRAMHALL
GLOUCESTER DISCO CENTRE – GLOUCESTER
TURNTABLE – HORWICH
PENNY FARTHING – ILFORD
L & H CLOAKES – CRAWLEY
SANCTUARY – LINCOLN
W.H. SMITH – SOUTHAMPTON
STAR TRACK – CHATHAM
VIRGIN – PLYMOUTH
RAINBOW RECORDS – PONTYPRIDD
VIRGIN – LIVERPOOL
BROOKS – KESWICK
HOCKINGS – ST. AUSTELL
UPTOWN RECORDS – BOURNEMOUTH
JAMES ASMAN – CANNON STREET
LONGPLAYER – CANTERBURY
RIVAL RECORDS – BRISTOL
RECORD CENTRE – EBBW VALE
REVOLVER – KETTERING
SOUND OF MUSIC – HAVANT
ST. MARTINS RECORDS – LEICESTER
RED RHINO – YORK
RAVEN – FULHAM ROAD SW10
HARRODS – KNIGHTSBRIDGE
K. PALK – BRAMHALL
HMV – SUNDERLAND
TRACKS – PONTYPOOL
J.G. WINDOWS – NEWCASTLE
TV & RADIO – HORLEY
HMV – STOCKTON
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THRILLS

Sandy boobs—and how!!

His night of shame!

PICTURE THE consternation in these cloistered offices last week as, breathless in anticipation, a score of hoary *NME* scribes thumped through the hallowed parchment of their esteemed rivals, *Sounds.* "Sacre bleu," boomed jovial, bearded editor in chief Neil Spencer. "The buggers have scooped us!"

As indeed they had. *Sounds'* very own Sandy McRobertson, Kim Fowley's only begotten European son, had pipped us at the post with the lowdown on rock hacks turned rock stars. And gosh, how we staggered 'neath the weight of hitherto unrevealed information. Yes, *Sounds* were proud to uncover the story of the decade!

Did you know that Patti Smith was once a rock writer? As was Lenny Kaye, and Dictator Adny Shernoff! The facts jest kept on comin'. Like Sandy Pearlman, producer, harmonica wizard and BOC songster was also formerly employed as critic on *Fusion* magazine! We reeled under the knowledge that former *NME* contributor Bob Geldof is in fact the very same Bob Geldof who even now sings with legendary Irish show band The Boomtown Rats!

Yep, we were absolutely, nay utterly, scooped and we must doff a humble eyebrow visor to *Sounds,* extend a print-stained paw and say: "Put it there boys. You really caught us on the hop with that one."

COCK-UP

Funny though, there were just a few teensy errorettes lurking down amongst the hard reportage.

Far be it from us to sully the impression of collective excellence both literary and musical which *Sounds,* in their infinite wisdom, attributed to the large numbers of humble *NME* scribblers who over the years have metamorphosed into board-stalking teen heroes. No, no, let no malice intrude as we skip through the portals of rock and roll's vintage years. Geldof, Chrissie Hynde (Pretenders), Judy Nylon (Snatch), Nick Kent (Pistols, Damned, Beatles — you name 'em), Farren, Murray . . . the list was endless and infinitely flattering.

But listen you stupid bleeders, the Andy Gill what writes for us ain't the same sodding Andy Gill what plays guitar in the Gang of Four (artsy fartsy my arse).

And while we're on the subject of new wave your honour, let us also add that svelte, cuddly Roy Carr was responsible for writing one of the biggest selling pop tunes of all time — we kid you not — but we aren't going to tell you what it was. So there.

And Paul Morley, tall, dusky, urbane, was (or even is, for all we know) in a band called The Negatives (who played on the same bill as t'Buzzcocks and nearly made in on to The Virgin record chronicling the Electric Circus).

UH, NICK KENT

And, uh, Nick Kent, uh, is becoming increasingly violent at the persistent allegations to, uh, personal problems that have no basis in fact. Careful Sandy or we'll send round someone to spike yer cocoa.

Sounds also neglected to mention that Jonathan Richperson was once a contributor to *Fusion* in '69-'70, writing various articles eulogising Lou Reed and the V.U.

Or that Richard Hell, when a member of The Heartbreakers, penned articles on da Ramones and David Johannsen (for Lisa Robinson's *Hit Parader* — or was it *Rock Scene*? Same difference). When the Voidoids split from Sire Hell reviewed 'Some Girls' for *High Times* and a feature coupling rock and drugs for the same journal.

And what about Pete Townshend, whose theses on the state of rock and roll, most recent of which was printed in this very organ, are always a bona fide good read?

Who else failed to get a mention? Handsome Dick Manitoba (*Cream*), Ross the Boss (*Teenage Wasteland Gazette*), Flamin Groovie Mike Wilhelm (*Bay Area Gazette*), the geezers in Pere Ubu . . . We could go on, but a charitable disposition and the onset of tedium prevents us.

Mind you, if it was a slow week maybe we could get three pages out of this . . .

SANDY UNSURE

THRILLS

Walking the dog. ANDY GILL stops by at Snouds to pay his respects. Pic: PENNIE SMITH.

THE BOY LOOKED AT JONI

And found her wanting?

"I FIRST knew something was going on when we visited England a year and a half ago," reveals Neil Young in the new issue of dope-smokers digest *Rolling Stone,* gobbing a stream of tobacco juice at the pinto pony peeing up the side of his Northern Californian ranch house.

"Kids were tired of the rock stars and the limousines and the abusing of stage privileges as stars. There was new music the kids were listening to."

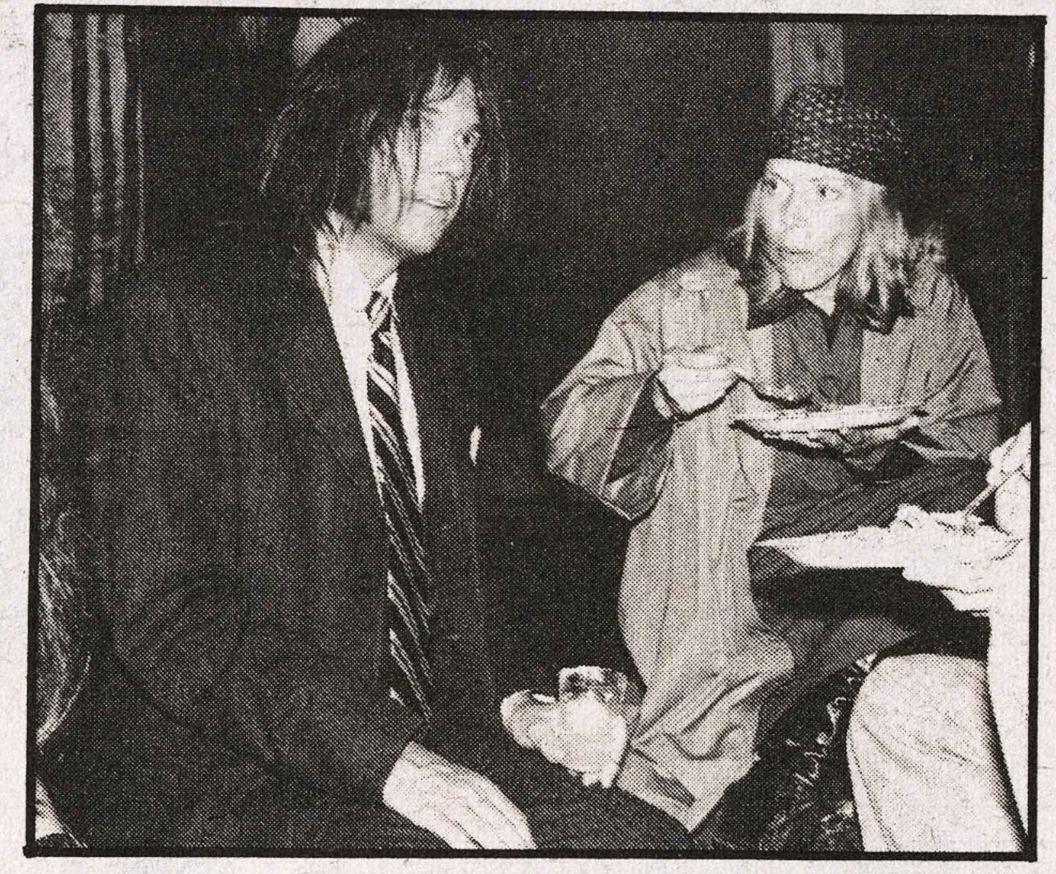
Young reckons some folk back in Laurel Cayon looked at the scene and saw it was bad. But not Neil.

"As soon as I heard my contemporaries saying, 'God what the fuck is *this* . . . this is going to be over in three months,' I knew it was a sure sign right there that they're going to bite it if they don't watch out. And a lot of them are biting it this year."

Yes, Neil, but is that due to the onslaught of the punks or just old age?

"People are not going to come back to see the same thing over and over again. It's got to change. It's the snake that eats itself."

Sounds like Young's been listening to those ex-Akron spuds that he employed in his film *Human Highway,* a comedy / fantasy / musical wherein good ol' boys Dee-Eee-Vee-Ohh star in a 'nightmare sequence'.



The parting of the ways? JONI looks on fascinated as YOUNG demonstrates newly learnt vomiting technique.

Neil even had a song they could play together called 'Out Of The Blue': *"It's better to burn out / Than it is to rust . . ."*

So how do you manage to keep from collapsing with the old clogged arteries yourself?

"I'm lucky," Neil grins. "Somehow by doing what I want to do, I manage to give people what they don't want to hear and they *still* come back. I haven't been able to figure that out yet . . .

"The music business is so big these days, I feel dwarfed by it. I mean, I put out a record and, you know, it does okay. Somebody like Foreigner or Boston, they come out with a record and sell ten times as many as I do. I think that's great. But I still feel like this . . . little guy . . . Punk, New Wave, you call it what you want. It's rock and roll to me, it's still the basis of what's going on . . ."

Et tu, Brutus jeans? Ah, well, better late than never.

A car full of long-haired, noisy surfers swerve on the highway to gawp at Young. He glares at them.

"Hippies," he sneers. The surfers clutch desperately at their throats, gasp for air, keel over, die. Take him Malcolm, he's yours.

STEPHEN SHRILLS

THRILLS

"Interesting you should ask me that, caller . . ." TOM ROBINSON gives witty off-the-cuff answers to listeners' queries from his carefully prepared script on JENNY LACEY'S (left) LBC phone-in prog.

POP FILTH ON THE RADIO

TOM ROBINSON guested on Jenny Lacey's LBC radio phone-in for two solid hours between 11 and one o'clock last Wednesday night, soaking up almost interminable adoration with his usual panache.

This ongoing good vibe situation was rudely interrupted by an ill informed old berk who called him 'filth' — "You're doing your children more harm than I am," said Tom — and a young lad named Ian, who was ringing in favour of *The Boy Looked At Johnny* (Snipcock and Tweed, 23 pages, £26.95).

What did Tom think of the book?

"Embarrassed. . .embarrassed," he replied. "Tony and Julie have both been friends of mine for many years. But I can't accept the way they slag bands who I know are great. . .though I do admire the iconoclastic way they went in and took everything apart —"

Ian chimed in with: "Don't you think what they're saying is that people start out in bands saying one thing and then when they're famous turn around and do something completely different? And don't you think TRB have done that with their new album?"

"Er, no," said Tom.

He was also asked his reactions to the music press — "They've been very good to me but why must they put down bands like Generation X?" Tom wondered — and to the totally spurious allegation by some apprentice Monday Club flotsam that, during the first Anti-Nazi League Carnival, Tom announced from the stage "Who wants to sleep with me tonight?", when what he *really* said was "Black and white unite tonight!"

The next night T.R. guested on Nicky Horne's Capital Radio show, playing DJ, spinning obscure tracks from his own past (the original C.H.E. anthem 'Glad To Be Gay', a Cafe Society track) as well as stuff by Nina Simone, The Clash, Belt & Braces and the one and only, it says here, Lewis Furey (LP borrowed at ninth hour from Phil McNeill). Tom also played two impromptu songs at the piano — one by Furey and one off TRB 2 — as well as having a moan and groan about the bad press for his album and, yet again, for Gen X.

The show was punctuated every ten minutes by the most offensively inane ad for *Oh Boy* magazine — "Hi, I'm a female chauvinist piglet. . .here's how to get Real Man Appeal, blah blah, piffle piffle." Discovering it'd been booked specially for the Horne slot, Tom asked Little Nick who the hell the admen reckoned Mummy's listeners were.

Nicky maintained an embarrassed silence. . .

EDWARD G. ROBINSON (no relation)

THRILLS

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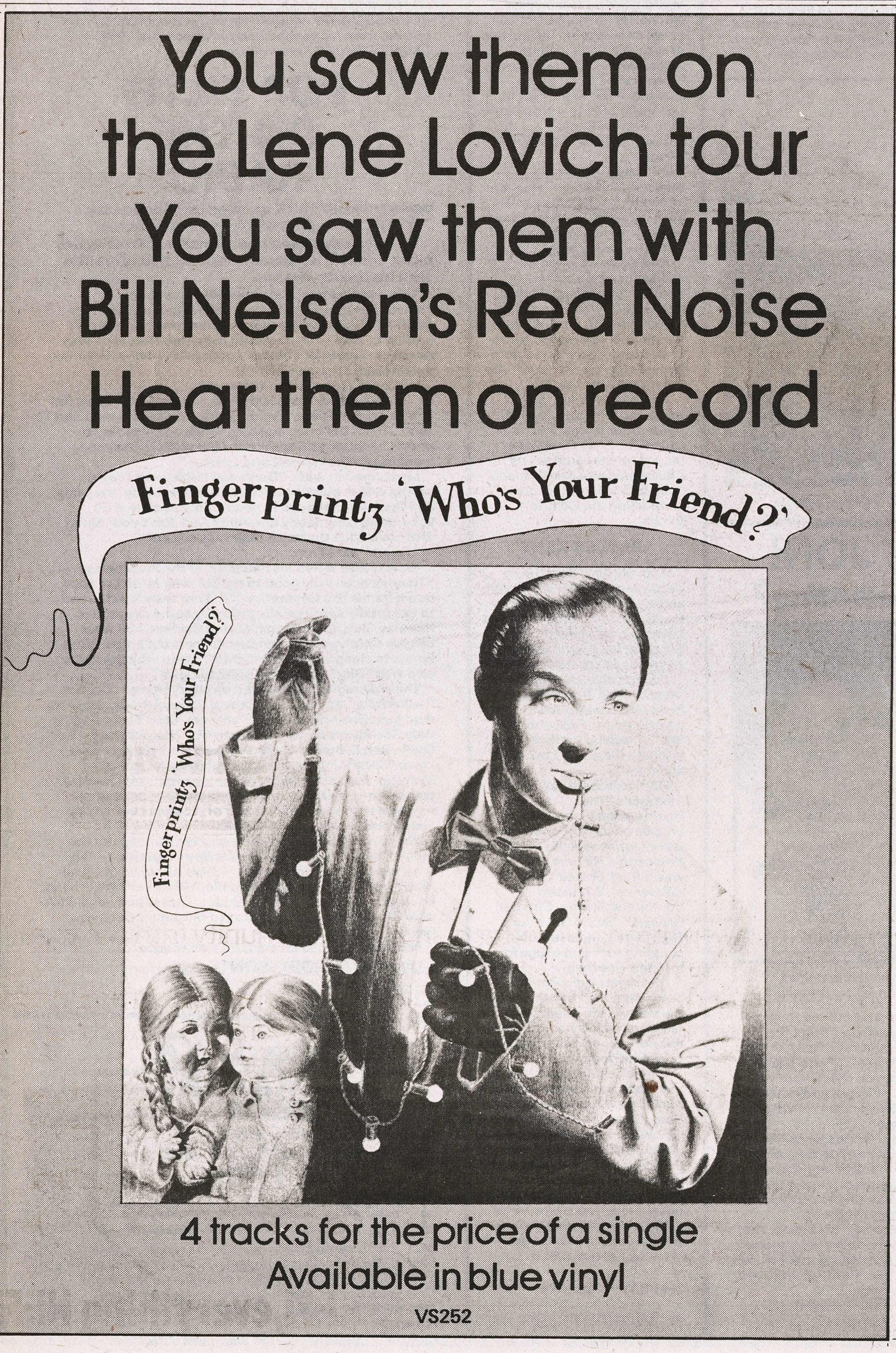
Well, it has been a bit chilly this winter hasn't it, and the beer round Selby way is pretty fair, isn't it? Anyway, let's hope Bill Nelson didn't blow it at Lancaster that night. Thanks to Tim in Lytham (even if he does find NME 'offensive') for spotting the nose in the Lancaster Evening Gazette.

LOWRY

"Isn't this music great? It makes you want to get up on your feet and invade Poland!"



DEN HEGARTY: A man's got to doo wop a man's got to do...

BIG DEN'S BACK!

You must have heard the word because Magnet Records are currently spreading the news around as if forewarning of a deadly virus for which there is no known antidote.

Big Den, for those of you who *haven't* stayed tuned, is Den Hegarty — Darts' former berserk bug-eyed bassman who last year quit the group he'd spent four years building from a bar band into an international attraction.

Den's father was dying and he wished to be on hand to help his mother through that period. As Darts were committed to a heavy touring schedule, Den wasn't in a position to walk out on his associates at a moment's notice so, in fairness to everyone concerned, he stepped down.

"I didn't quit the business altogether," says Den in one of his rare subdued moments. "I just retired for an indefinite period."

Even so, turning his back on six years' hard graft was a big decision. "Having originally set up Darts, it was only natural that I wanted to see it through to the very end."

Still, as subsequent events illustrate, Den fell flat on his feet. Within a month of leaving Darts, he was offered the position of presenter for Tyne Tees TV's *Alright Now* — a series of eight half-hour programmes which Den describes as "a combination of *Ready Steady Go!*, *Blue Peter* and *Jackanory*" — in which his only musical contributions to date have been blowing baritone sax behind a couple of guests and, to his delight, singing back-up with The Clash on an impromptu version of Desmond Dekker's 'The Israelites'.

"It wasn't until I started work on this series," reveals Den, "that I realised just how difficult it was to interview people. Unlike so many other television interviewers who let the other person's personality come acrsos, I've adopted a more unorthodox technique: if someone is gonna get me, I make sure I get 'em first!"

To return to his more familiar role of musical madcap, Hegarty is resigned to the fact that the public expect him to perpetrate a specific image.

"Fair enough. At least I offered *them* the image as opposed to having that image thrust upon me." Similarly, he's prepared for comparisons to be drawn between his new single — a remake of Laverne Baker's 'Voodoo Voodoo' — and those of Darts.

"It's inevitable," he says without concern. "When people say to me, why is my stuff so much like Darts, I say, why not? I originally formed *that* group over four years ago, so why shouldn't I carry on singing in the kind of style that I do the best? Anyway, since I left Darts is a different band to the band I originally set up. They're now moving more towards a Motown approach."

If for Den Hegarty leaving Darts when he did was the proverbial blessing in disguise, he feels it also proved beneficial for his former associates.

"There are innate problems with having a large band. When people used to ask us how we dealt with internal problems our stock answer was: if two people have a disagreement, there's ten other people to laugh at them.

"But what really happens is that you eventually stop having things out with each other. Usually, they blow over, but should a crisis suddenly arise, all these little things suddenly come out into the open and then there's the risk of everything getting completely out of hand.

"If anything, my decision to leave did everyone a power of good."

Don't you just love happy endings?

ROY CARR

THRILLS

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NORTH YORKSHIRE: Quadraphenia, Sheffield. Sheffield Sound, Sheffield.
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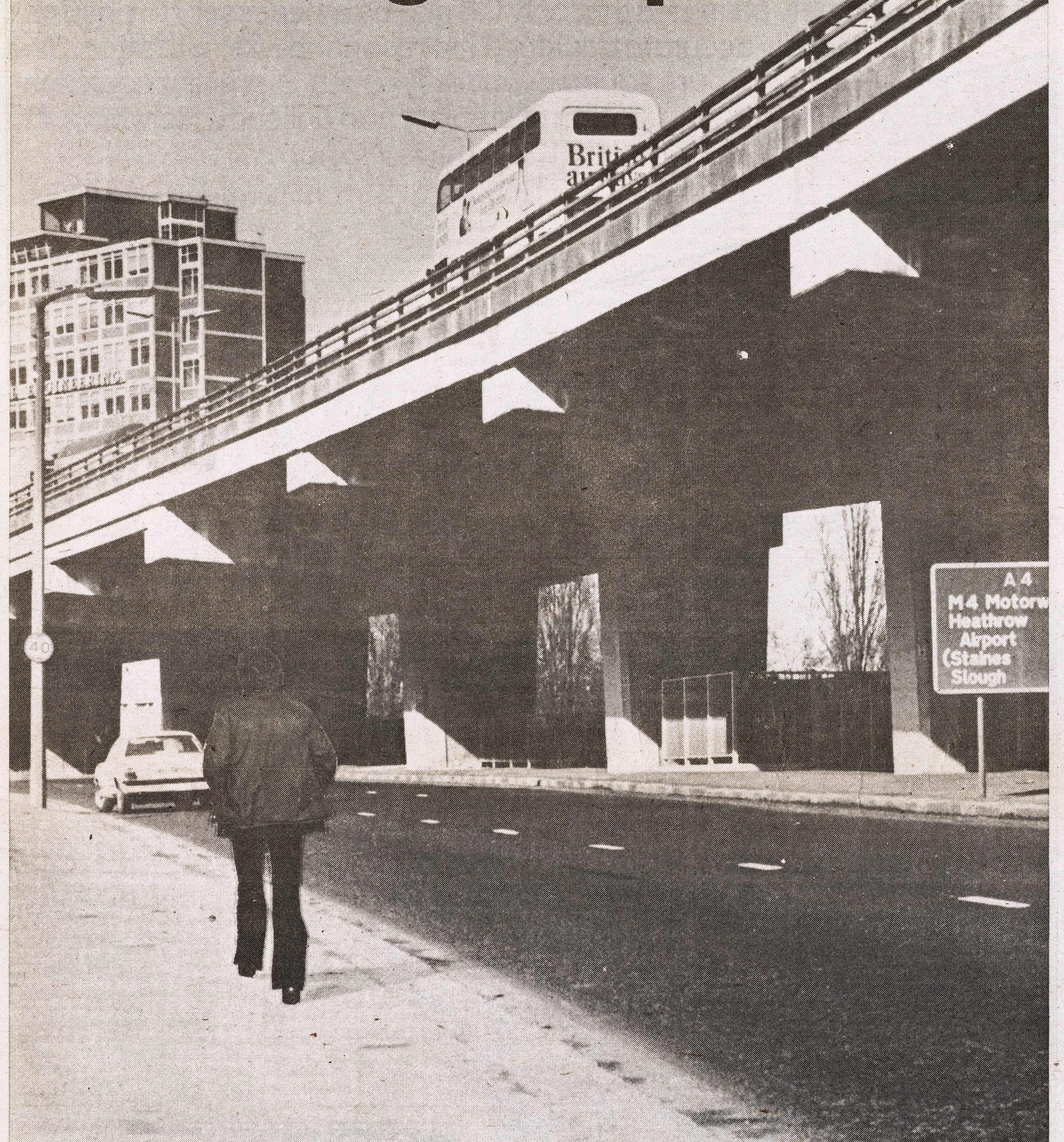
The longest journey begins with a single step...



The man freezing his ass off in this picture is ex Stealers Wheel man, Joe Egan.

We wanted a picture that would tie in with his latest single called **'Back on the Road'**. So we suggested he stand at the London end of the M4 with his thumb out, and when someone stopped we'd bang off a few shots and go home.

After about half an hour it started to rain. By the end of the first hour it became obvious that no one was going to stop. The guy taking the pictures muttered words to the effect that maybe Joe would be better off walking.

Joe agreed and tramped off in the direction of a café for a tea.

So there you have it. Joe Egan back on the road again to publicise his single, **Back on the Road**.

(Incidentally, for those of you interested in such things, the temperature never got above 2 degrees and everyone got cold except the photographer.)

Joe Egan
new single
BACK ON THE ROAD

ARO 153
ariola

SMIRKS KEEP RIGHT ON SMIRKING

JUST ONE YEAR ago the future of The Smirks seemed assured. A contract with a fashionable label was secured after only a few gigs, and a bundle of rave reviews echoed a busy word-of-mouth buzz on the streets in hometown Manchester.

What then happened could be the story of dozens of bands.

"Beserkley," says a rueful Simon Milner, "was supposed to be the 'fun, fun, fun' record company. It could have been fun, but they were really humourless about everything. Like the 'Smirks Against Travolta' campaign — surely *that* was fun — they had to be forced into it. They wouldn't mention it on the adverts. When one of our fans wrote to them asking for information, they wrote back, giving our mailing address in Manchester and saying it was absolutely nothing to do with them. They seemed to think it would ruin their image."

When Milner was subsequently arrested for obstruction — at the premiere of *Grease* — and got saddled with the resultant legal costs, Fred Cantrell, then Beserkley UK boss, wrote to *NME* to state that "Simon hasn't asked us to pay his legal fees and if he does, we will."

He asked. The cheque bounced.

"When the band signed to Beserkley," comments Smirks manager Andrew Jaspan matter-of-factly, "it was just after 'Egyptian Reggae' had hit, and they seemed to be a small company who gave personal attention to their artists, who seemed to have the right ideas about marketing, and also seemed to have money. But when Richman stopped shifting units, the resultant cash shortage meant they were spending all their time wondering where the next penny was coming from and the creative side just seized up."

So in nearly a year with Beserkley, only two singles were released. 'OK UK' was an

YOUR STARTER FOR 10

If this is the audience . . .

. . . can you name the film?

IT WAS a night like any other. A hot, muggy, Berkeley, California kind of night. The kind of night that makes underwear itch and shirt collars damp. The kind that makes people get restless.

Teenagers, when they get restless, tend to do crazy things. They get kind of frisky with it, y'see . . .

They get up to the sort of mischief that makes their parents start cursing Dr Spock and asking each other where they went wrong.

It all began when one of the downtown movie houses started running late-nite screenings of *The Rocky Horror Show*.

This was mostly to compete with the sexual circus going on outside on the strip: the sunset parade of TV queens and cruisers and kids running away from birch and brimstone bible-belt fathers in Sasparilla or some similar one-horse township.

THE SMIRKS prepare for their solo flight (L-R): Ian Morris, Mike Doherty, Neil Fitzpatrick, Simon Milner. Pic: KLAD McNULTY

NME Record Of The Week — despite the atrocious production. "We had no experience in the studio before then," admits Milner, "and it was all mixed down by Kenny Laguna after we'd finished recording. When we heard the final mix we discovered he'd added a glockenspiel all the way through."

'Rosemary' was a misguided stab at a commercial formula. Originally scheduled for September last year, by the time it was released two months later it was caught in the pre-Xmas rush. 'Rosemary' sank without trace.

The last straw was Beserkley's refusal to accept The Smirks' debut album.

Exit one band amidst a sea of litigation which concerns not merely The Smirks' relationship to Beserkley UK Ltd., but the company's relationship with Beserkley Inc. (the U.S. parent), distributors Polydor, and with various creditors.

All this would cause many an act to call it a day — but The Smirks have decided to Go It Alone.

Already heavily in debt — "we've decided to extend our creditors" — they've elected to go ahead with a tour originally scheduled to promote the album, re-labelling same the 'Smirks Seek Employment Tour', secure in the knowledge that all the gig receipts go to paying off their agency and on equipment hire, and that two gigs are at subsidised rates for charity anyway . . . "We're hopin RAR and Gay Lib will do a benefit for us!"

To replace the never-to-be-released album, The Smirks have rush-recorded an EP, which they feel — and I can agree having heard the result — to be the best thing they have ever done.

"'American Patriots' is more definitive of our style. The singles we've had out have been other people's ideas of what we should sound like. Before, it was drummed into us to record something to get on to the playlist. But we've got three good songs here. if the lyrics mention 'penetration', 'sentimental shits', things like that, well, bugger the radio, we'll just put it out anyway for people that like us. Looking at it now, if 'Rosemary' had been a hit, it'd have been a disaster."

Of course, behind all the optimism, the cost in human endurance will be high. Road manager Steve wonders exactly how far five loaves and two fishes will stretch. And as there's no chance of hotels it's a question of sleeping in the van or travelling from home for every date.

But don't worry. True Northern Grit will win out. And just in case any younger fans are worried about the — ah — 'questionable' lyrics of the popsters' new material, The Smirks have a new strategy to avoid the temptations of the road.

Not only has bass player Ian Morris, formerly the toast of Manchester's ligging circles, gone on the wagon — "mine's a Britvic Orange" — but they have a new code.

Each of them starts off the tour with 30 points, and these are then lost for such aberrations as brief encounters, too many shandies, and generally not having that certain *je ne sais quoi* at all times.

And wouldn't you just know it. As I write this, they've all got 30 points.

IAN WOOD

THRILLS

Meanwhile, back in Kings Road . . .

ON MARCH 31 after more than 2,500 performances, *The Rocky Horror Show* does the time-warp for the very last time at the Kings Road Theatre, its home of nearly six years. In time-honoured showbiz fashion, the lease runs out and the production must move lock, stock and barrel . . .

The musical comedy, written by Richard O'Brien and partner Richard Hartley, began life at the Royal Court's Theatre Upstairs but soon outgrew the tiny loft and moved down the road to the Classic Cinema. It stayed there for two months to accommodate the rapidly growing cult following before finally resting at the Kings Road Theatre in October '73, where it's been ever since.

***Rocky Horror* not only launched the careers of Tim Curry, Little Nell, Meat Loaf and creator Richard O'Brien (who has not since managed to repeat this huge success in his subsequent productions *T-Zee* and *Disaster)*, but it generated a whole *Rocky Horror* industry — spawning the sleeper cult film, at least three sound-track albums, and worldwide shows (New York, L.A., Japan) most of which curiously bombed-out.**

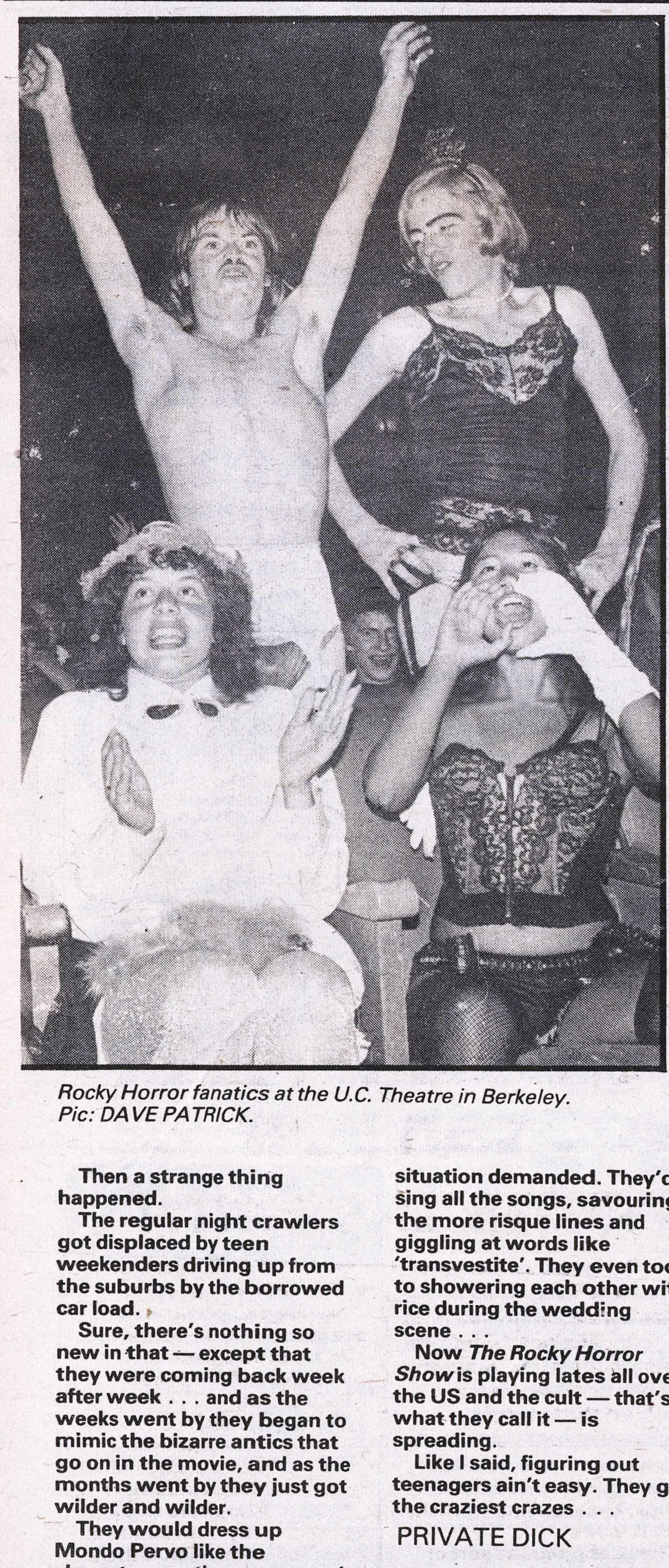
Now, the world famous Kings Road Theatre is to be converted back into a cinema complex — Classics 1, 2 and 3.

Somebody's bound to have the bright idea of screening *The Rocky Horror Picture Show* once renovation is completed — the irony is just too irresistible — but it would have competition. The Kings Road production reopens in April in the West End (Comedy Theatre) where director Jim Sharman already has a modest little success called *Jesus Christ Superstar,* London's longest runnig musical ever.

Will he repeat his success? Does anyone really care anymore?

ELISSA VAN POZNAK

THRILLS



Rocky Horror fanatics at the U.C. Theatre in Berkeley. Pic: DAVE PATRICK.

Then a strange thing happened.

The regular night crawlers got displaced by teen weekenders driving up from the suburbs by the borrowed car load.

Sure, there's nothing so new in that — except that they were coming back week after week . . . and as the weeks went by they began to mimic the bizarre antics that go on in the movie, and as the months went by they just got wilder and wilder.

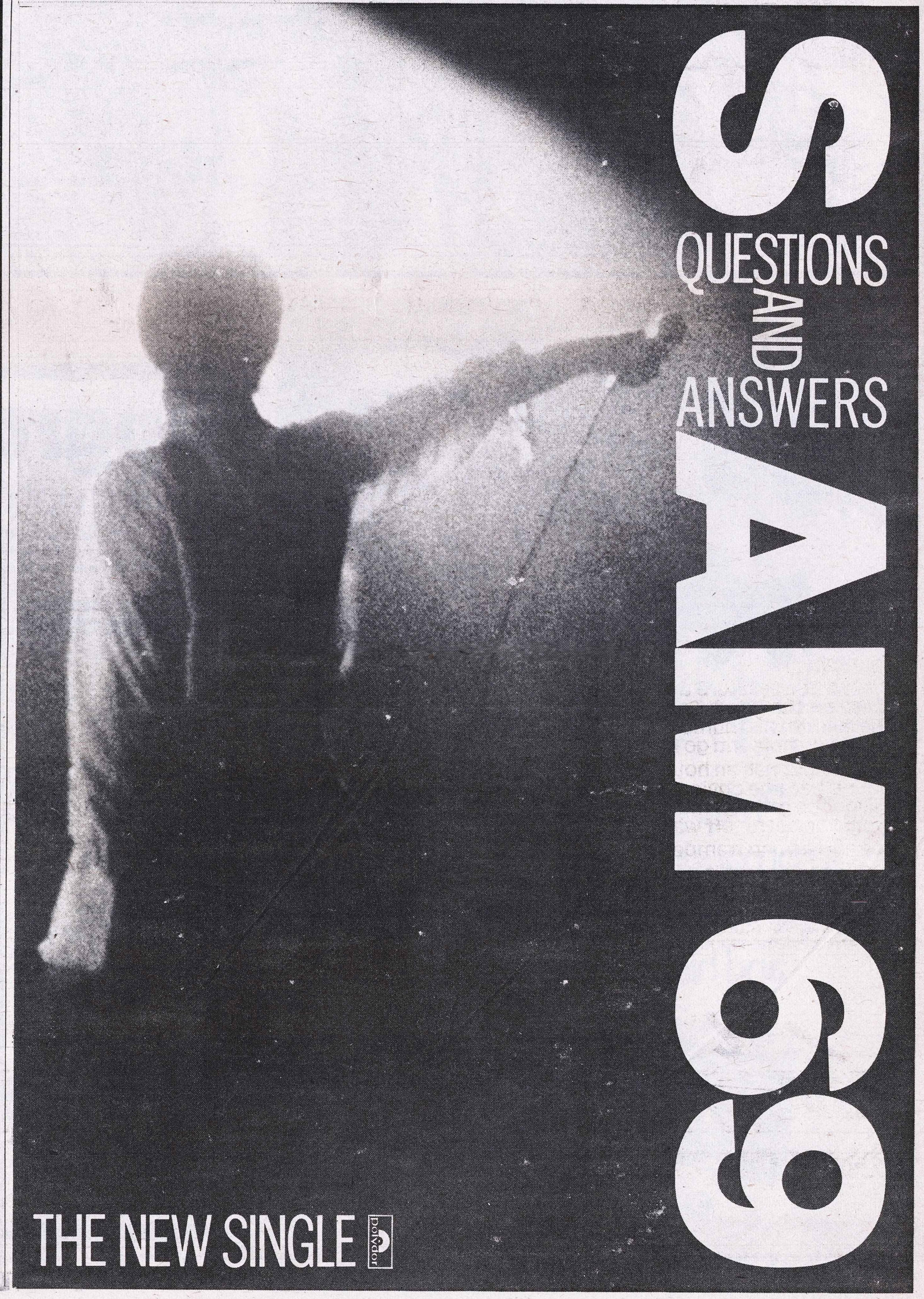
They would dress up Mondo Pervo like the characters on the screen, and cheer and cuss and hiss as the situation demanded. They'd sing all the songs, savouring the more risque lines and giggling at words like 'transvestite'. They even took to showering each other with rice during the wedding scene . . .

Now *The Rocky Horror Show* is playing lates all over the US and the cult — that's what they call it — is spreading.

Like I said, figuring out teenagers ain't easy. They get the craziest crazes . . .

PRIVATE DICK

THRILLS



CHROME ENCOUNTERS (A KIND OF CALIFORNIAN CULT)

CHROME . . . a name to conjure with, a band to conjure with you. At present our data informs us that Chrome is four men with a mission whose only certainty is its uncertainty.

These four men are Damon Edge, Gary Spain, Helios Creed and John L. Cyborg. They have just released their third chapter, 'Half Machine Lip Moves' — given an enthusiastic readout in last week's *NME* by the real Andy Gill (no relation).

Chrome exist somewhere along the California fault line (S.F.).

Chrome have evolved from impenetrable, ferocious pulsar musique to something further out.

In 1976 they entered preliminary orbit with 'The Visitation': electric silicone chips just to get you primed.

In 1977 they followed a slipstream wake on 'Alien Soundtracks', a collection of scientific American blueprints in a direct line of descent from . . . (hang on a minute and I'll adjust this plug), Quicksilver Messenger Service, Tim Buckley's 'Starsailor', The Grateful Dead of 'Aoxomoxoa' and associated weirdness, Spirit's 'Future Games', the legacy of James Marshall Hendrix, Red Crayola and Pere Ubu.

If them folks or some of 'em tickle your digestive tract, then Chrome is the home for you.

Their philosophy is centred on another earth in an unknown dimension where there are fresh landscapes, rarified atmospheres, no timeclocks and very different social climates. The workers have revolted for good but 1984 don't come into it.

Literary inputs are many and varied: Harlan Ellison or Philip K. Dick, perhaps. But add the ingredients to Damon Edge's pre-cognitive assimilation of celluloid banks and chemical laboratories and you're still hopelessly in the dark.

They use conventional instrumentation — and also not just any old combination of hardware. For example: machine guitars, buklahs, barbecue, industrial percussion, data memory, glass, TV, electric waterphone.

Chrome is a phenomenon more intimidating than The Residents and less befuddled by commercial cosmeticism than Devo.

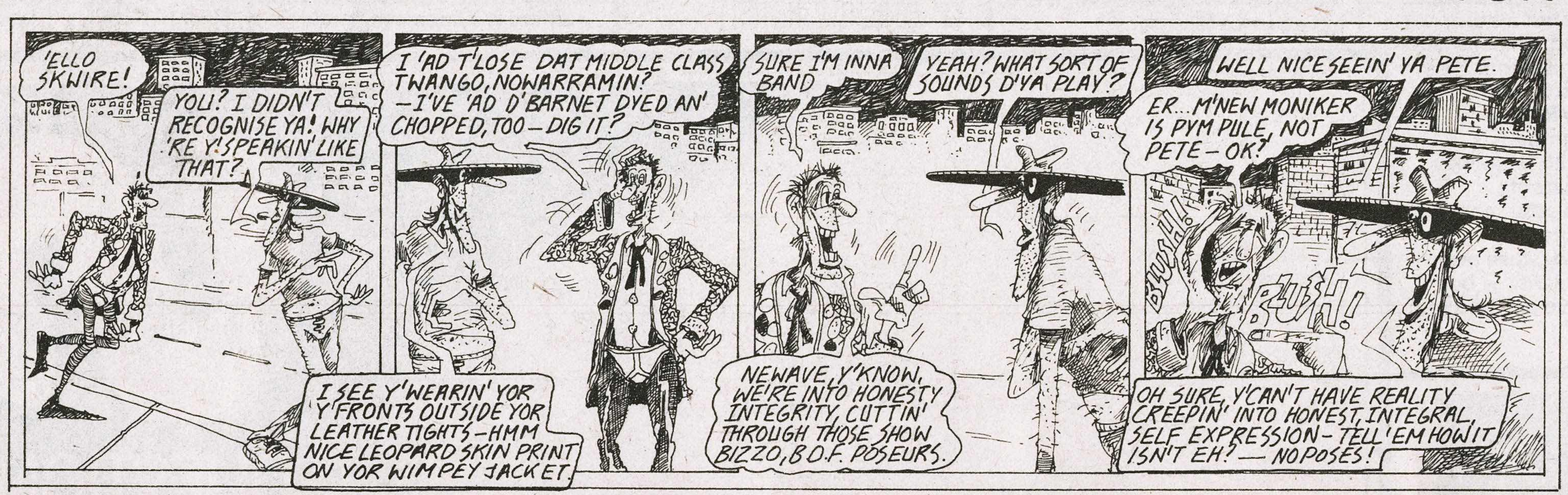
Their identity is not a closely-guarded secret, though no one knows what they look like. They could be friendly and covered in fur, or members of the *untermensch* dredging for survival in metal dust dunes. We're not sure, see.

If you want to investigate this remarkable group of lunatics then badger Rough Trade or your neighbourhood import store into ordering their vinyl capsules. Then write to Chrome Communication — Siren Records, 625 Post Street, Suite 188, San Francisco, California 94109.

MAX BELL

THRILLS

The Lone Groover BENYON



Carter's pals in trouble?

A MAJOR law suit against major record labels that will allege conspiracy and attempts to monopolise the record business is being prepared in America by the Recording Industry Competitive Trade Foundation.

Attorney Denis H. Eisman, special counsel to the RICTF, says its aim is "to protect the industry and public from abuses arising in the course of competitive interstate and international trade".

"The major labels," Eisman comments, "are making good profits. There is no need for them to keep driving prices up. They are doing this at a time when President Carter had called for wage and price controls. Many of them feel they can get away with it because they are close to the President when he was running for office.

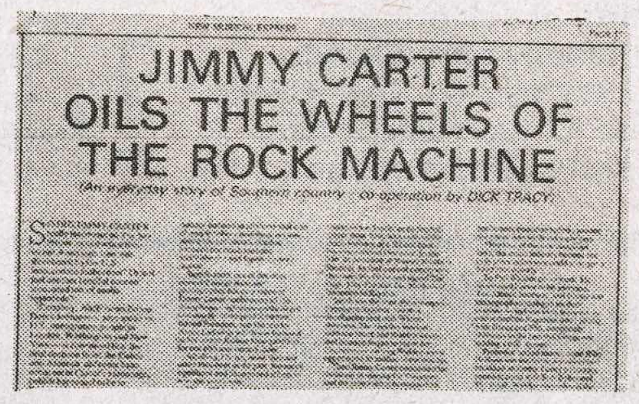
"They are putting the little guy out of the picture. He's being swallowed up by the majors."

In a document entitled *Intelligence Report*, the RICTF claim that CBS' Columbia Records is the leader in price boosting and price fixing.

The report also claims that certain large retail outlets in America may be getting free LPs to sell over the counter in exchange for inflated sales figures of albums to the national record charts.

DICK TRACY

THRILLS


JIMMY CARTER OILS THE WHEELS OF THE ROCK MACHINE

Warned you ... NME 28.1.78.

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GUSH IS something which the music business has down to an art. And in last week's *Music Week,* The Biz's Bible, no less than 25 gushing pages were devoted to the 15th birthday of *Top Of The Pops.*

Introducing the supplement was a tribute from those purveyors of pap Nicky Chinn and Mike Chapman which went like this: "Imagine . . . If we had left this planet 15 years ago we would only just have reached the vicinity of Uranus or the corner of The Milky Way, and probably would have seen and achieved very little.

"In those 15 years one television programme has created hundereds of stars and has captured the imagination of countless millions of people, young and old. We don't have words to express our thanks for your support . . ."

Quick nurse, the screens.

More self-congratulatory drivel was contained within, where such turkeys as ex-dancer Robin Nash, *TOTP* head honcho (whose track record includes associations with *Basil Brush* and *Crackerjack),* Tony Blackburn and Peter Powell have their thoughts on this important feature of national life.

"It's an institution," gushed several of these Very Important People. Original *TOTP* producer Johnnie Stewart revealed how his association with the programme had been "a lot of fun and a lot of headaches."

Numerous record company promotion men (it is their thankless task to flunky around the powers-that-be at the Beeb in order to get their product played) sang the praises of the programme with the kind of sycophancy that would make even Little Nicky Horne eat his heart out.

TOTP man Paul Bishop related the hilarious yarn of how a band wearing masks nearly plunged him into the nearest psychiatric unit. Said Bishop: "Not so long ago a band turned up at 11 o'clock and I nearly had a blue fit when I saw them on the monitor. The whole band were wearing masks. I could accept the fact that the backing musicians might wear masks, but the lead singer had the most hideous mask I'd ever seen. It immediately occurred to me that this was a show for the family going out at 7.15 pm and there was no way he was going on TV with a face looking like that!

"I refused to discuss the matter, and needless to say, they were all looking much more normal by five pm." Thank goodness for that!!

Three notable absentees from the record company tribute adds that paid for the supplement were Stiff Records and, more surprisingly, CBS and A&M.

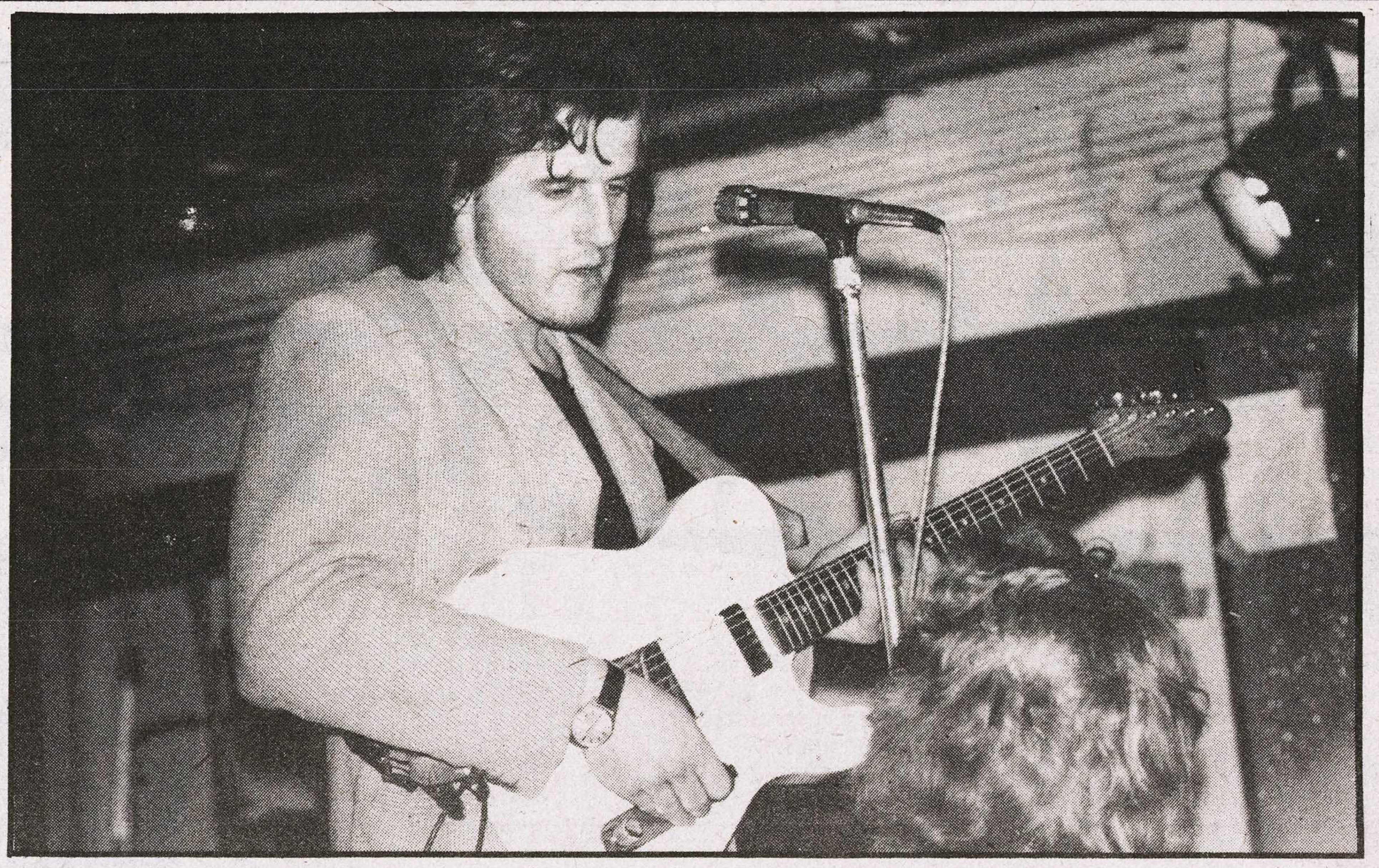
Thrills leaves the last word to Toe-nee Black - Black Blackburn: "It (the prog) features top pop music and that's what people want to hear. Other pop TV shows have fallen down because they try to present new acts who people don't really want to see. The day that they change the format of *TOTP* is the day that it will crumble."

And all of Western Civilisation As We Know It Too, eh Tone?

E.FUSIVE

THRILLS

ROBIN GNASH at the controls. Pic: PENNIE SMITH.



Pic: JILL FURMANOVSKY

ZENON DE FLEUR

THIS WEEK, the London R&B community is in mourning for Zenon Hierowski — better known as Zenon de Fleur, rhythm guitarist and founder member of The (Count) Bishops. As noted in last week's *T-Zers* and news pages, Zen had been seriously injured in a car accident during the early hours of the morning of Saturday March 10 after a Friday night Bishops gig at The Nashville in West London.

Zen had been in intensive care at West Middlesex Hospital, but had been taken off the critical list midweek. He had been conscious and coherent to the point of demanding to see proofs of the artwork for the upcoming Bishops third album (recording of which had been completed only a few days before his accident) and insisting that the band carry on with a temporary replacement until he was fit enough to rejoin them. However, he'd been experiencing trouble breathing, and what was expected to be a fairly routine operation was planned. It was expected that Zen would be transferred to an ordinary ward after his operation, and then released to convalesce at home until he was ready to go back to work.

Unfortunately, there were unforeseen complications. Zen died on the operating table, and on Sunday his many friends and colleagues learned that they had lost a fine musician and a fine man.

Zen had been an accountant before he got bitten by the rock and roll bug, and the legacies of that period of his life were a sound head for business, a few flash threads and the Aston Martin that was his pride and joy. He'd put together The Count Bishops (later to abbreviate their name simply to The Bishops) in collaboration with Mike Spenser and flown ace picker Johnny Guitar in from the States to join the band: a tough, tight, boisterous R&B unit that had joined the pub circuit around the same time as the then-new punk bands.

In partnership with the band's then manager, Pete Mannheim, Zen had opened up a P.A. hire company which boasted one of the best rigs in town, and he ran the P.A. company with the same blend of enthusiasm and professionalism that he brought to everything he touched. He wrote some of The Bishops' best material and sang 'Train Train', the most haunting number in their repertoire, and his crunching, relentless rhythm guitar drove the band along with both power and sensitivity.

He was also much in demand as a sound man, and any group who rented his P.A. hit the jackpot when — if The Bishops weren't working — Zen came along in person to mix their sound. He'd dabbled in record production, mixing a few of The Bishops' tracks and taking care of production duties on the Blast Furnace records, and was shaping up to be a hell of a good producer. Zen was blessed with both of a fine ear and the ability to coax and coerce musicians into giving of their best.

If you were a friend of Zen's, you could rely on him for help and advice whenever you needed it. Whether it was a few tips on how to fix an amplifier or repair a guitar, or whether you needed a shoulder to cry on when your band broke up, Zen would get on the case and help out. His experience, humour, compassion and strength of character were attributes that he placed at the disposal of anybody who needed them, and he did it without a second thought: simply as part of his responsibility as a human to other humans.

That don't mean Zen was a sucker for anybody. He was shrewd and canny, and a sharp and precise judge of character: plus his business acumen came in handy when The Bishops had a long run of management problems. If he hadn't been a dedicated musician, he could've distinguished himself as a manager, a producer, a sound engineer. He was a talented man, was Zen.

He'd gotten his *nom de guitar* during a riotous session at Pathway Studios when a combination of exhaustion and booze had led him to assume a recumbent position during the mixing. Someone mumbled "Look at Zen on de floor", and Zen was known as Zenon De Fleur for ever after.

Writing obituaries is a wrench even when you're writing about someone you didn't know: whose music you've admired from afar. Zen was a fine guitarist and songwriter and I admired him for that, but I admired him also for his dazzling variety of skills, for his professionalism, for his enthusiasm, for his resilience, for the way that he expended his energies as goodhumouredly and wholeheartedly on the behalf of others as for himself.

Plus he was my friend; he helped me a lot, taught me a lot. I enjoyed his company . . . what can I say? I knew him well and I wish I'd known him better. For everyone who knew him, for everyone who enjoyed his music, for every one of the bands that he helped out with his expertise and his time and his facilities, for his family, for The Bishops and all of their friends and fans, let's leave it with this:

Zenon De Fleur will be remembered. With love and a sense of loss.

CHARLES SHAAR MURRAY

STEELY DAN TO TOUR? UH, NO . . .

APART FROM queries about the prompt arrival of expenses, one of the most pressing questions asked by us rock hacks is will Steely Dan ever tour again?

Steely Dan have toured Blighty but once, and the last time they played live anywhere was back in July 1974 — in California. Since then there have been repeated rumours that Walter Becker and Donald Fagen, supported by an artillery of expensive sessioners, would once more take to the highway.

According to Toto's Jeff Porcaro, drummer on numerous Dan records and one of the two sticksmen who accompanied Steely on their last tour, Becker and Fagen were all set to pack their suitcases last year — until the musicians they'd hired priced themselves right out of the market.

Amongst those involved were Jim Keltner (drums), Tom Scott (horns) and Victor Feldman (keyboards), as well as Dan regulars guitarist Denny Dias and Porcaro himself. Fagen had even written a 45-minute medley containing songs from the first three Steely Dan albums; and they were to play their last two long players 'The Royal Scam' and 'Aja' in their entirety.

But couldn't Becker and Fagen have hired different musicians, *Thrills* asked the Toto man?

"They don't like trying out different musicians. They just love the guys they play with."

But not, it seems, enough to pay the earth for them.

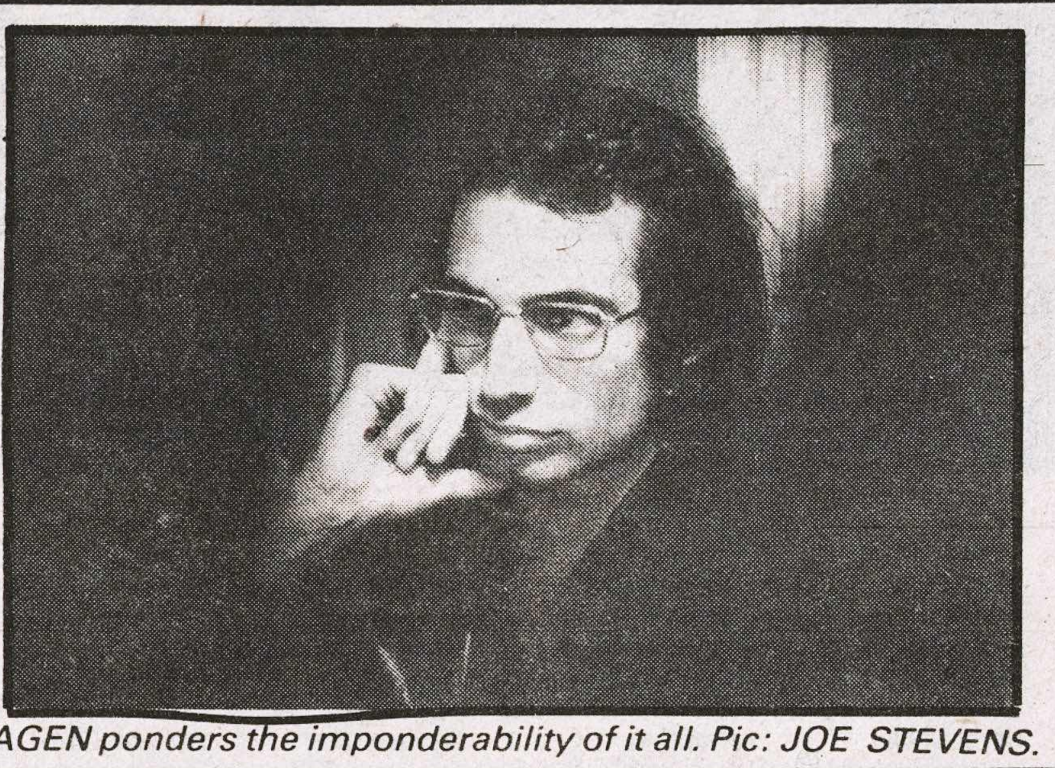
Porcaro, presumably, wasn't one of the players who'd asked for too much?

"I asked for enough, but not *too* much."

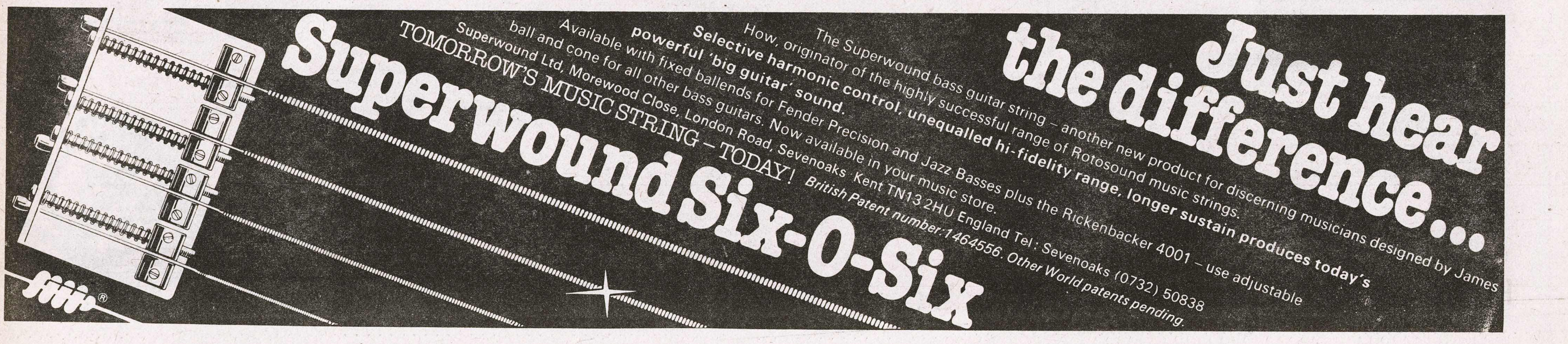
Steely Dan are currently recording their next waxing, their last for ABC Records, after which it seems that they'll work for those wonderful WEA people.

CUT PRICE

THRILLS



FAGEN ponders the imponderability of it all. Pic: JOE STEVENS.



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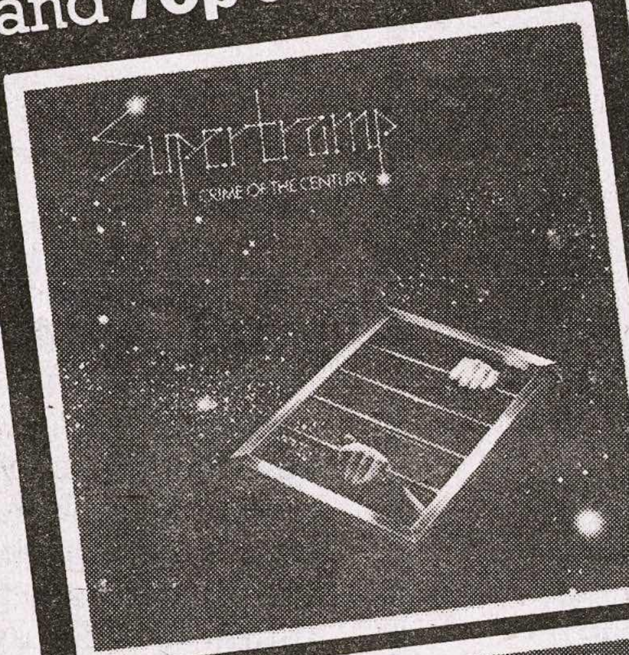

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Excited Aussie punks gaze in awe at smashed drumkit, broken beer glasses, empty stage, expensive ticket stubs . . .

Blood in Brisbane

MORE BAD BOY STRANGLERS STORIES

THE STRANGLERS caused uproar here in Brisbane, the city that spawned The Saints, when they cut short their gig at the Queens Hotel and walked offstage after playing for only 35 minutes.

Two nights earlier, at the same hotel, bass guitarist Jean Jacques Burnel leapt into the audience and smashed a well-known local punk on the head with his guitar.

The punk who copped it was no ordinary ligger. He calls himself V2 and is a familiar figure at most Brisbane rock concerts and dances. His eyes bug out of his head like those of the kids in *The Village Of The Damned*, and he invariably wears Iggy Pop style black leather pants and whatever punk paraphenalia is currently fashionable.

During The Stranglers' first two songs in Brisbane V2 pogoed close to the stage and spat repeatedly at Burnel.

Burnel put up with the spitting until the middle of the third song, 'Straighten Out', when he jumped into the audience and smashed his bass guitar down onto V2's head.

Blood streaming from a head wound, V2 fell to the floor, picked himself back up, shook his head and continued dancing.

After the next song, lead guitarist Hugh Cornwell said: "Listen, spitting is two years out of date man. Spitting was big then. Now it's called sweat."

This incident, however, was by no means the start of the evening's troubles. Five minutes before they were due to begin the set at 10.30 pm The Stranglers demanded four bags of lollies (sweets) and refused to go on until they got them.

There were no shops selling lollies nearby, and the Queens Hotel didn't stock any. The show's promoter, Peter Williamson of the local FM station 4ZZZZ, ran round the audience asking if anyone had lollies in their cars.

Somehow, he managed to scrounge enough sweets to satisfy The Stranglers and they went on with the show.

At the end of 'Burning Up Time', Cornwell sang "Would you like a sweetie?" and the band threw lollies to the audience.

Before 'Nice 'n' Sleazy', Cornwell asked: "Are there any potential strippers here?" Quick as a flash, a bra-less, buxom blonde in a flimsy white dress jumped onstage. "The stage is yours," said Cornwell. According to promoters and members of the audience who knew her the girl was not a plant — just an enthusiastic member of the audience.

She danced energetically throughout the song, dropping the top half of her dress several times to reveal her rather large boobs.

When she ended she jumped back into the arms of her boyfriend in the audience.

"Thanks a lot cobber", said Cornwell. "That was really Bruce, sheila." But then he added: "We were a bit disappointed. We thought you'd get your knickers off. Why didn't you get your knickers off? That's what's called a strip."

Cornwell's between-song patter during the remainder of the set included such witty comments as:

"We were told the Queensland audiences were amazin', but you lot are like a block of concrete.

"I'll tell you why it's 'ot in 'ere. It's because you lot are standing still. If you start moving, we'll get a bit of wind going. I'll try farting.

"You look like you're 'arf asleep."

The Stranglers played for more than an hour to about 600 people at the first Brisbane gig.

Not so the second gig.

About 1,000 people squeezed into the pub on a hot Thursday night (March 2). This time V2 was banned from the hotel by the management.

Trouble started during the second song, 'Sometimes', when Cornwell was hit on the head by a beer glass thrown from the audience. After the song, Cornwell said: "Listen, some jerk's tryin' to be clever throwin' glasses at me. Do you wanna come up here and finish it off? Or do you wanna hide in the shadows with all the other people out there?"

Several glasses were thrown onstage during the next six numbers.

Then came the ninth song, 'No More Heroes'. After the first verse, Burnel turned his back on the audience and bashed Jet Black's drum kit with his guitar. Black pushed the kit onto the floor and threw his sticks and pieces of his equipment into the audience.

Smirking, the four Stranglers then marched off stage. They had played for 35 minutes.

The bewildered audience screamed for more. Some yelled "Go home poms", "Pommie bastards", and "Come back you bastards".

But The Stranglers did not return.

"I bet they're back at the Parkroyal (the plush hotel where The Stranglers were staying) counting their money," said one long haired surfie.

Many witnesses said they felt the walk-off had been premeditated. It was certainly well timed, when one considers their last song was called 'No More Heroes'. While it was true that Cornwell was hit by a beer glass, the group went on to play six more songs after that. And when they walked off, they gave no explanation for their actions to their audience, who had paid $6.50 to see them.

I went to the Parkroyal in an attempt to ask The Stranglers for an explanation for their early walk off. A clerk at the reception desk told me The Stranglers had given instructions that they were not to receive any visitors or phone calls.

When I told the clerk I wanted to give The Stranglers a chance to explain their action, as I was doing a story on the concert for the local paper, he rang Cornwell's room.

He spoke for a few seconds, and as he put the phone down, he said: "Mr Cornwell said to tell you to go bury your head."

KEVIN MEADE

THRILLS

AND FINALLY . . .

DAVID BUYS A BEARD!

AND THIS is what he looks like this week . . . Sporting a *Deer Hunter* crop and a fetching line in peach-fuzz, self-confessed *L'Uomo Vogue* David Bowie queues up for fish-head soup along with all the other dissidents prominently displayed in a recent issue of Vogue For Men (Italian edition, a snip at 2,000 lire). Actually, once inside the glossy pages David prefers to rub shoulders with Diane Keaton and Amanda Lear (yawn) and he drops pearls of wisdom like "Quando io giravo il suo vestito era pronto." We think he was complaining about the meatballs on the set of *Just A Gigolo*.

TOOTSIE FRUITY

THE END

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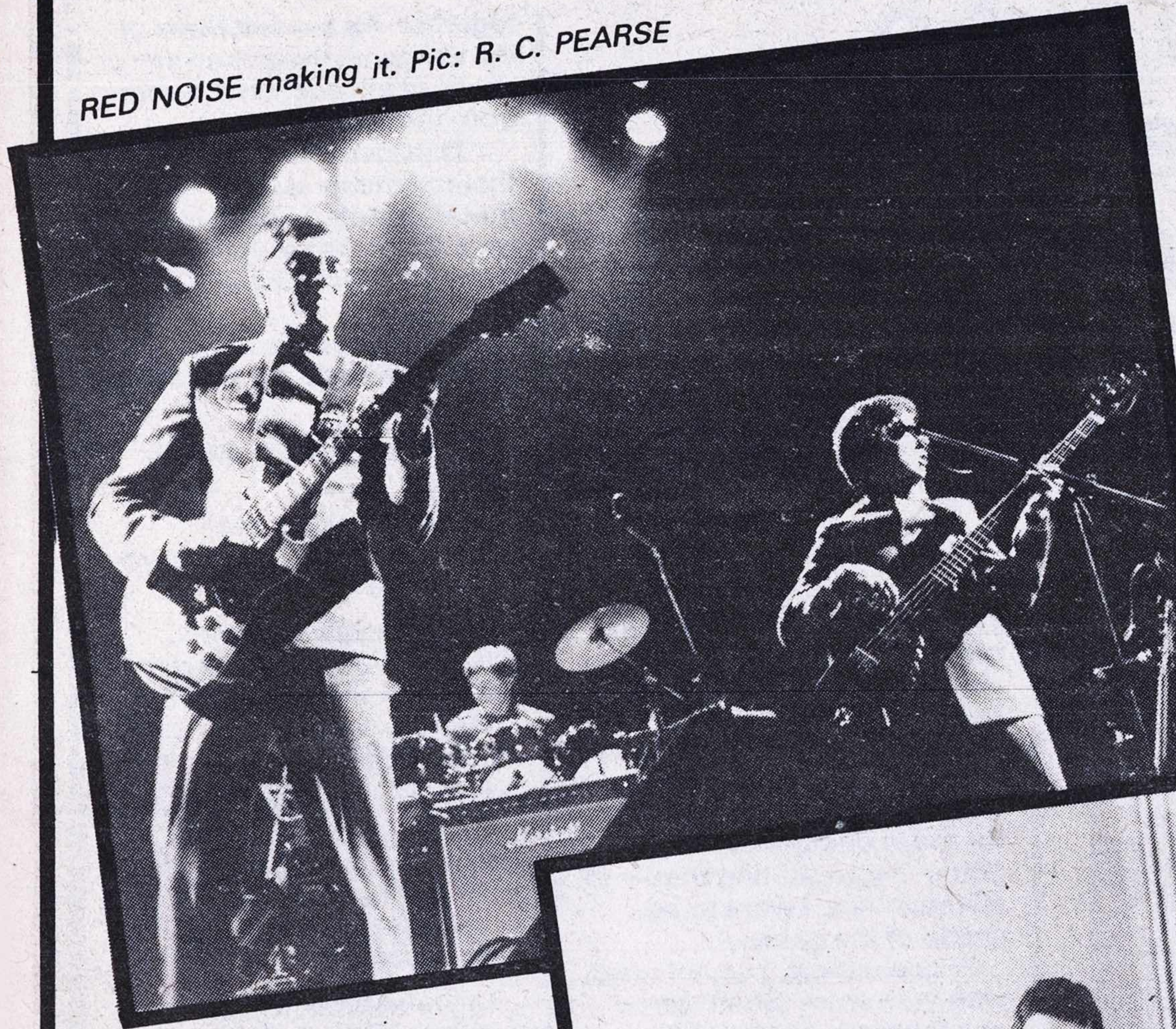
RED NOISE making it. Pic: R. C. PEARSE



How a rock band evolved into...

Where's the gold medal then, lads . . . Pic: GEORGE BODNAR

...The Soviet Table Tennis Squad

STEVE CLARKE investigates an alleged Opportunist Modern Coup. BILL NELSON defends vigorously.

"THIS BAND isn't an all-out change. There's no way it can be. I couldn't write it as intensely as I have done if it was just an over-night change. That's what annoys me. People have already said that Bill Nelson is bandwagon-jumping."

To the uninitiated Bill Nelson's new band Red Noise does seem like an overt attempt at band-wagon jumping."

His combo's Red Guard suits and fierce parade-ground haircuts would alone persuade a cynical observer that Nelson, erstwhile creative fulcrum of BeBop Deluxe, is bending over backwards to be 'modern.'

An aural flick-through of Red Noise's album "Sound-On-Sound," with its XTC, Bowie and even Stranglers soundalikes, not to mention themes that very fashionably echo Orwell's *1984*, would only confirm this opinion.

It would be wrong, though.

After all, didn't Bebop have an album out entitled 'Modern Music' long before *modern* became a genre within a genre? And hasn't Nelson, now a wearing-well 30, been touting suits on stage long before anyone had even heard of The Jam?

What's more, "Sound-On-Sound" isn't the first album on which Nelson has voiced his misgivings about the future.

"Had Bebop stayed together," he opines, characteristically co-operative, "the album we'd have made probably wouldn't have sounded all that different from the Red Noise album.

"But we couldn't have gone out and played the entire album on stage 'cause we would have been harrassed by people who wanted to hear stuff off our early albums.

"It's like the other night (he refers to Red Noise's Bristol gig, the first of the tour), it would have been easy to say, 'Heads down, c'mon, let's rock and roll,' which is what we used to do to get people going when the music or the sound wasn't happening with Bebop.

"With this band I don't want to work on that level at all. I refuse to do what we did (i.e. Bebop material) just to get the audience off. If it doesn't happen with Red Noise on a concert level we'll play clubs, even if it does mean a loss in earnings."

To tell the truth Nelson did slip in the old Bebop fave 'Ships In The Night' as an encore at Bristol, and two songs from the last Bebop album, 'Drastic Plastic,' are featured in the Red Noise set; he regards the latter as on very much the same lines as Red Noise and a direct departure from the rest of Bebop's albums, hence the word *'drastic.'*

Moreover, further questioning reveals that despite his musical radicalism Nelson still wants to please audiences.

"I played 'Ships In The Night' at Bristol for an ego boost. I'm not that independent. I mean, I freak out when an audience doesn't really go for something. I get worried if it's not getting through and ask myself if it's my fault. And yet somewhere deep inside I really believe that what we're doing has got to be fought for."

ON STAGE at Southampton Gaumont, the second date of the Red Noise tour, Bill makes no such concessions to the audience even though he's bombarded with requests for old Bebop material. "We're trying not to soft soap you," he announces at one point and later tantalises the crowd with a typically elegant guitar solo — but not before saying: "The next one contains something remotely resembling a guitar solo."

There is just one guitar solo in the set.

Despite the poor attendance — apparently Bristol was little better — the crowd are surprisingly familiar with Red Noise's material and give the band an enthusiastic welcome. Red Noise are clearly an outfit who need to play themselves in, but their energy and enthusiasm are obvious, a marked contrast to the last time I saw Bebop — a slick but ultimately weary tribe.

Bill's rhythm work is particularly impressive and Andy Clark's keyboards are right on target. Apart from Nelson, Andy is the only member of Bebop to survive the upheaval. He says that not only is Red Noise an entirely different band to Bebop, but Bill is a new person.

THE NEWS THAT Nelson had decided to call it a day with Bebop came as a surprise to devotees. But for some time he had been thinking of breaking up the group. "My heart went out of it just at the end of the 'Modern Music' period," he says. However, the way it actually ended came as something of a surprise even to Nelson himself.

Bebop had just completed an American tour last year (incidentally, 'Drastic Plastic' was their most successful so far in the States), and Bill, with his wife Jan, had gone on holiday prepared to be committed to another Bebop tour and album.

Meanwhile his tour manager, friend and confidant Paul Bailey had informed Bebop's management of Bill's continued frustration with Bebop that Bill himself, or so he says, hadn't dared to pass on. Lo and behold the management told Bill on his return from his hols that if he really wanted to change his scene, then so it should be.

So how much is Red Noise influenced by the new wave, Bill?

"Not so much influenced by it as encouraged by it. Which is what I think we were doing on 'Drastic Plastic.' I was very much encouraged by the fact that it was now quite acceptable to do ideas that Bebop used to have to do in parts and dare not bring totally out into the open for fear of being . . . well, not ridiculed, but we'd developed a certain style and I was a bit afraid of doing anything too drastic with it over-night. Which I couldn't have done anyway 'cause the record company would have turned around and I'd have been sacked on the spot."

His paranoia about The Biz is still there, even though it was his management who ultimately approached him about knocking Bebop on the head.

He continues: "The new wave connotations are all well and good if you still accept the new wave as a sudden overnight thing. But it really wasn't.

"You can compare it with the Modern Music Movement that started around the '20s."

Nelson, of course, refutes the suggestion that he is trying desperately to be *modern*. And I for one don't disbelieve him. For instance, he tells me he got the idea for Red Noise's Red Guard suits not from the likes of Devo but from The Beatles circa 1965.

As for the haircuts, he admits that the basic initiative for the collective crop came from him, but he doesn't want it to look as if anybody is under his thumb.

"It's important that we look like we mean business. The music is rigid and stark and the look should complement it. The songs are reflective rather than overtly laying a trip on the audience. It's enough for it to be said and for people to make their own judgement.

"A lot of the songs are a little bit 1984ish so that sort of look goes with it. It doesn't mean to say the band's going to be that forever. This is one album and if there was a certain unity that emerged in our songs, then that's what I want to put across for this tour and this album. Next time I might do something totally frivolous."

But a lot of bands are writing about 1984ish things.

"It's difficult to run the narrow line of being intelligent and fashionable at the same time."

Come again?

It does seem as if you're at pains to get A Point Across with Red Noise?

"Yes. I think it should say it for itself," he says after a moment's reflection. "I think it might fail completely on that level. I'm hoping that it should be said more by the way the band presents itself, either on record or in front of people, than by too much explanation on my part."

XTC appear to have played a part in influencing Red Noise.

"I disagree. It's like a couple of guys said to me the other day, 'Did you choose John Leckie to produce you because of XTC?' If you're sensible about it you could take seven records and find some points of comparison. Surely nothing's that original anyway.

"I can't see it (XTC) myself. Neither can John Leckie."

But your vocal inflexions seem very XTC?

"I don't know whether you've heard the very first Bebop single, before we signed to EMI, 'Teenage Archangel,' released on a private label.

"The first time Jan heard the Red Noise album she said, 'Why have you gone back to singing like you did on 'Teenage Archangel?' All I've done is taken that and gone back to what I consider my primitive vocal style, but tried to . . .

"What I didn't have then, perhaps, was the understanding of how it could be put together. In fact towards the middle period of recording Bebop everything got much smoother. We got much more slick, which wasn't necessarily a good thing. Which wasn't the idea when I started out with the band. The edges were knocked off by the industry."

You seem to continually harp on about the industry perverting your 'vision.'

"That's only because I'm weak, or I was weak. I didn't have to do that. You get a taste of success for one thing and you get a fair amount of financial reward for it, and it's then very easy to compromise. I don't think many of the new idealistic bands will keep up what they're doing if they start getting money for it.

"I don't think Red Noise is going to be that successful. I don't even look to it to be as successful as Bebop. I'd be kidding myself if I thought it was.

"I didn't expect 'Furniture Music' to be a hit single. That's not the point. That's not supposed to be what the band is about."

Which is?

"Just trying to play to people who understand what we're doing. I'm not bothered about a huge audience. I don't want to conquer the world.

"I want to find an audience who are discerning enough to appreciate what I'm doing. I don't want to be thought of as elitist or anything. There should definitely be enough people who enjoy what we're doing to make it worthwhile. I don't mean financially worthwhile, but spiritually worthwhile."

How much of a risk is it financially?

"If you compare it with before I started working with Bebop and turned professional, I had a terraced house and brought in between £15 and £20 a week. And now I earn — and so does the band — £80 a week."

Edmands say man who don't play long guitar solos miss out on big money . . .

ROCK GUITARIST Chris Spedding has a reputation as a picker. Sitting on a sofa at RAK records, he first of all picks his nose with the tenacity of an archaeologist at a major dig. Then he transfers his attention to some glistening red spots on his face.

Mr Spedding does not seem to be in good shape. The spots stand out brightly against a deathly night-club pallor.

He's just got off a Transatlantic flight and is inevitably somewhat tired. He hardly looks the picture of a rock superstar.

One reason for this is that he isn't one, despite 10 years of slogging round the business.

"I should have fucked off ages ago," he ruminates. "I should have earned millions and retired by now."

Why haven't you?

"Basically, because I'm still excited by the music. I'm still hungry for success. I've had *some* success, but not enough to retire to a country mansion."

In fact, Spedding's so far from being a rock millionaire that he's had to disband his backing group and take work as a supporting player with the '50s revivalist Robert Gordon.

"The Chris Spedding band got too expensive. Unfortunately my last album didn't produce any hit records so there wasn't enough money to support a road operation.

"If I don't sell enough of my new album, it might not be possible to go on making records."

By the late '60s Chris Spedding was already an accredited guitar hero with the sort of reputation that has since ensured platinum status for many of his contemporaries.

He's had a couple of hit singles in the UK in recent years, been part of Bryan Ferry's touring band, played on Wombles' sessions, belonged to a much fancied group called Sharks, and for a time was associated with The Sex Pistols, though he insists he never played with them.

"I was the only established music business figure who took the Pistols seriously when they started. I phased myself out when everyone else went to the opposite extreme and said they were brilliant. They weren't that bad, but they weren't that good either.

"It'll probably go on my tombstone that I was the man who played with The Sex Pistols, but it's not true. I just helped them out when they were attacked."

Once again Spedding was in the wings, but not centre-stage. The mystery is why he never did a Jimmy Page 10 years ago, and formed his own head-bangers group for the American market, doing fancy guitar solos in sports stadiums.

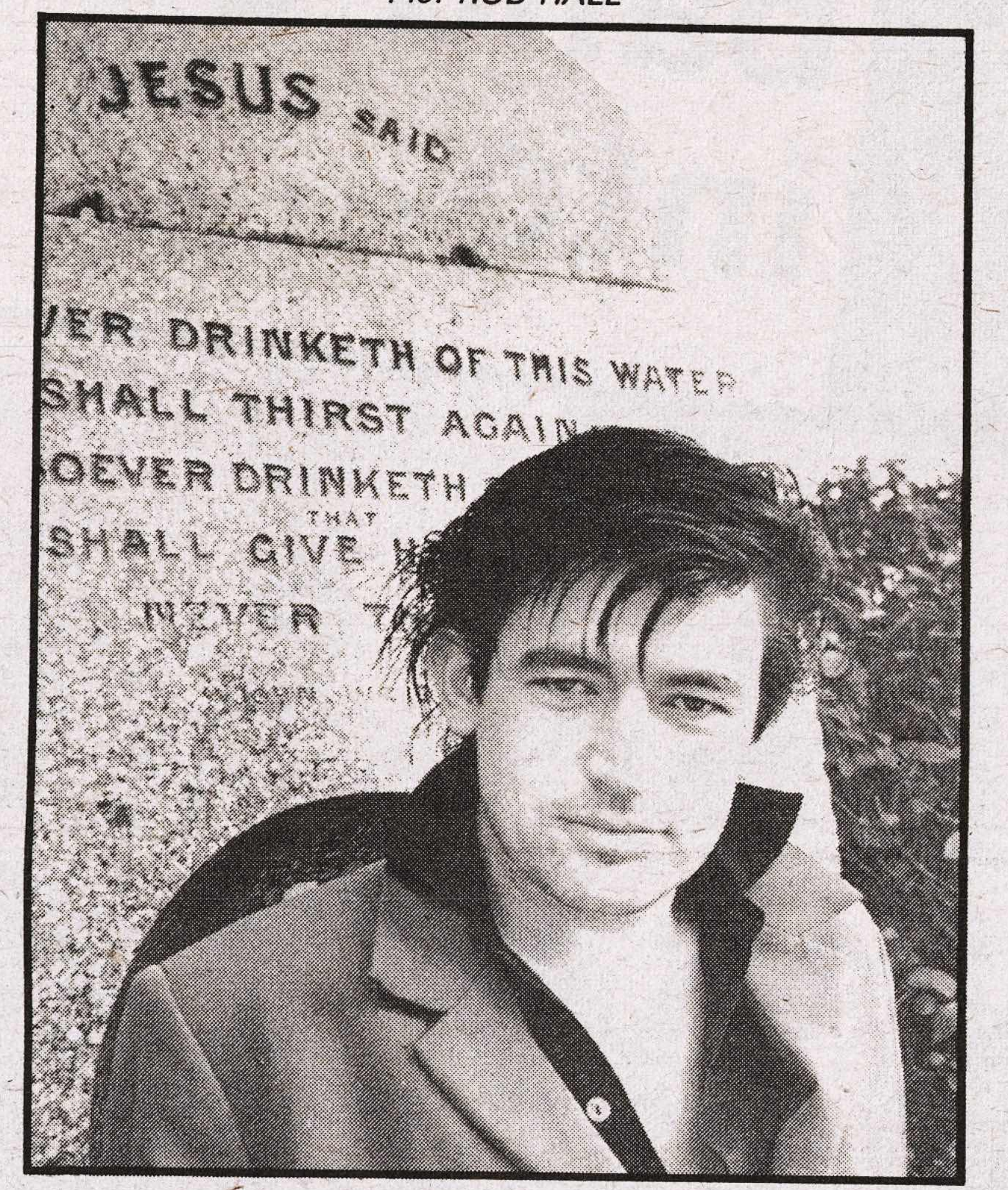
"Well, I would have been selling myself short doing that. Besides, what fancy guitar solos are we talking about?"

The sort of fancy guitar solos of which you are presumably capable.

"This is what people presume about me. I don't think I could do that sort of thing."

Surely you have the skill?

Pic: ROB HALL



CHRIS SPEDDING talks to BOB EDMANDS

(Probably wishes he hadn't)

"I haven't. I can't do any of that. There is absolutely no precedent for anyone thinking that I could have done what Jimmy Page did."

You're not in his class as a guitarist?

"I hope I'm in a slightly higher class than Jimmy Page.

"He seems to have taken it to a pretty low level. It's not all that clever what he does. In fact, it's a bit crass."

But people have made millions through being a bit crass.

"Yes, but you've got to believe in what you're doing otherwise you destroy the spirit of why you're doing it. I think you'd find that Jimmy Page believes in what he's doing, otherwise he wouldn't have made a success of it.

"There'd be no challenge for me in doing what he's doing. Regurgitating tried and tested things. I want to be ahead of the game.

"For example, I've not used wah-wah since 'Shaft' came out, whereas all other studio guitarists went out and bought them. I liked being the first one to use it."

Didn't Jimi Hendrix use wah-wah before you?

"He just played lines with it. Sounded like someone cleaning his teeth. Would have made a good ad for toothpaste."

As you can see, it's not for any lack of confidence that Spedding's failed to make his millions.

The point of the interview is to promote his new album, 'Guitar Graffiti'. One side of the album is mainly given over to live recordings and Spedding has this to say:

"I find the second side of the album very boring. I thought that if people wanted long, boring guitar solos, then I'd give it them.

"I went through my live recordings with the Chris Spedding Band, took out the solos, and edited them together. As a result three of the songs on the album aren't songs at all, but just the solos from the songs.

"This gives the impression that my music is very guitar-oriented, when in fact it isn't. But if that's what people want then that's what they've got."

This sounds like a very cynical process, Mr Spedding.

"It is".

Are you a cynical person, then?

"If you think so, yes."

It's not what I think. Are you a cynical person?

Spedding says: "I don't actually think so. It's all done from a fun-loving attitude. You know. Let's try this for a line of soldiers."

Spedding won't actually be promoting his new album with live gigs. He says if it's a good album — and he thinks it is — sales will take care of themselves.

The next time he'll play live in Britain is when the Gordon band come over in the summer.

He was invited to join Gordon after Gordon decided he wanted to record one of Spedding's songs, 'Wah Wah Woman'. The song never got recorded, in the event, but Spedding stayed, replacing the venerable '50s guitarist Link Wray.

"After my own band folded I decided I needed a geographical change. I couldn't change my music. It's just what I do. In London, I was taken for granted. Too available.

"Now that I've moved to New York, the British rock press are a hundred per cent more interested in me. Frightened they might lose me, probably."

Sounds a bit improbable to me, Chris. But you're free to believe it if it helps.

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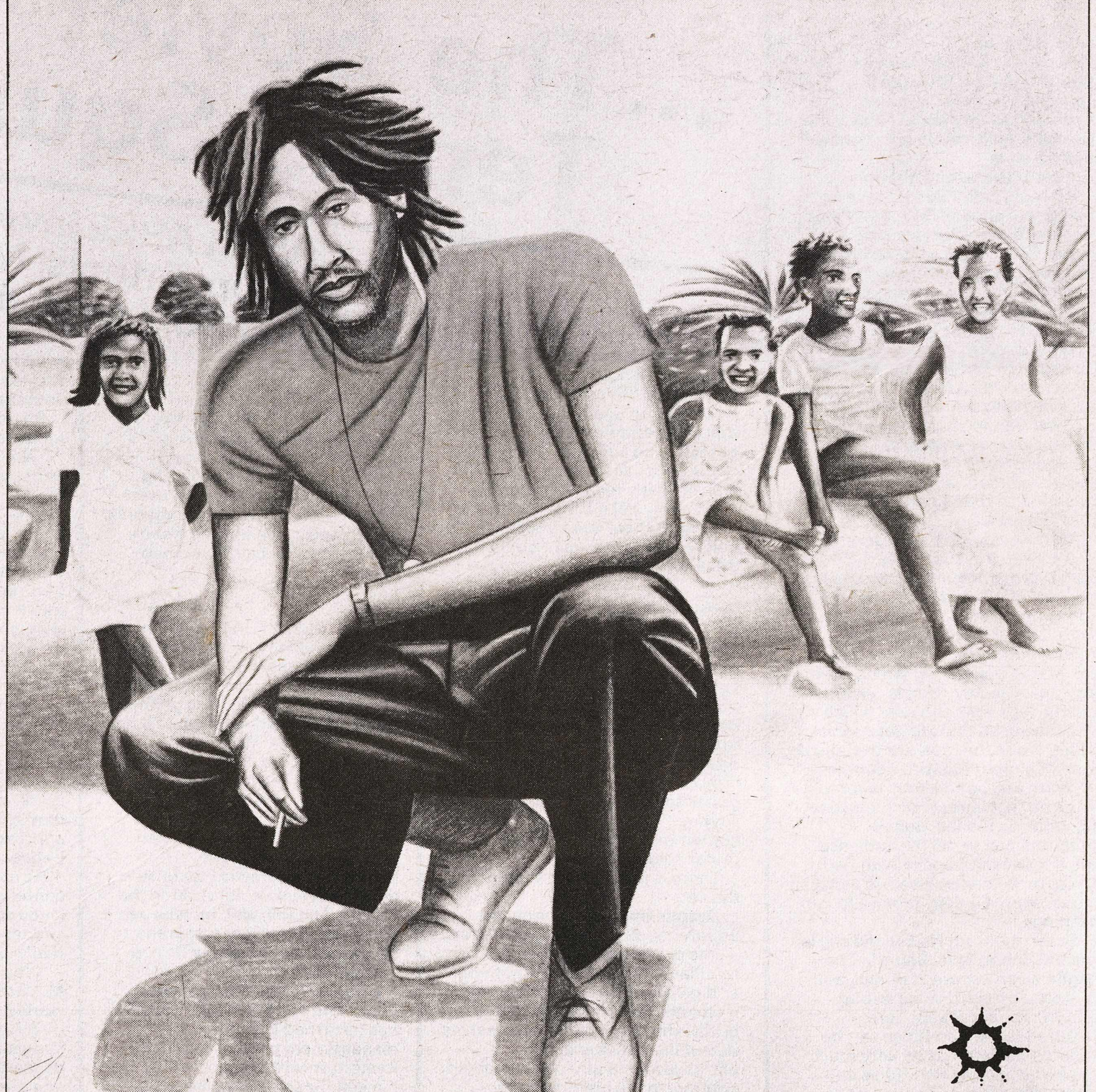

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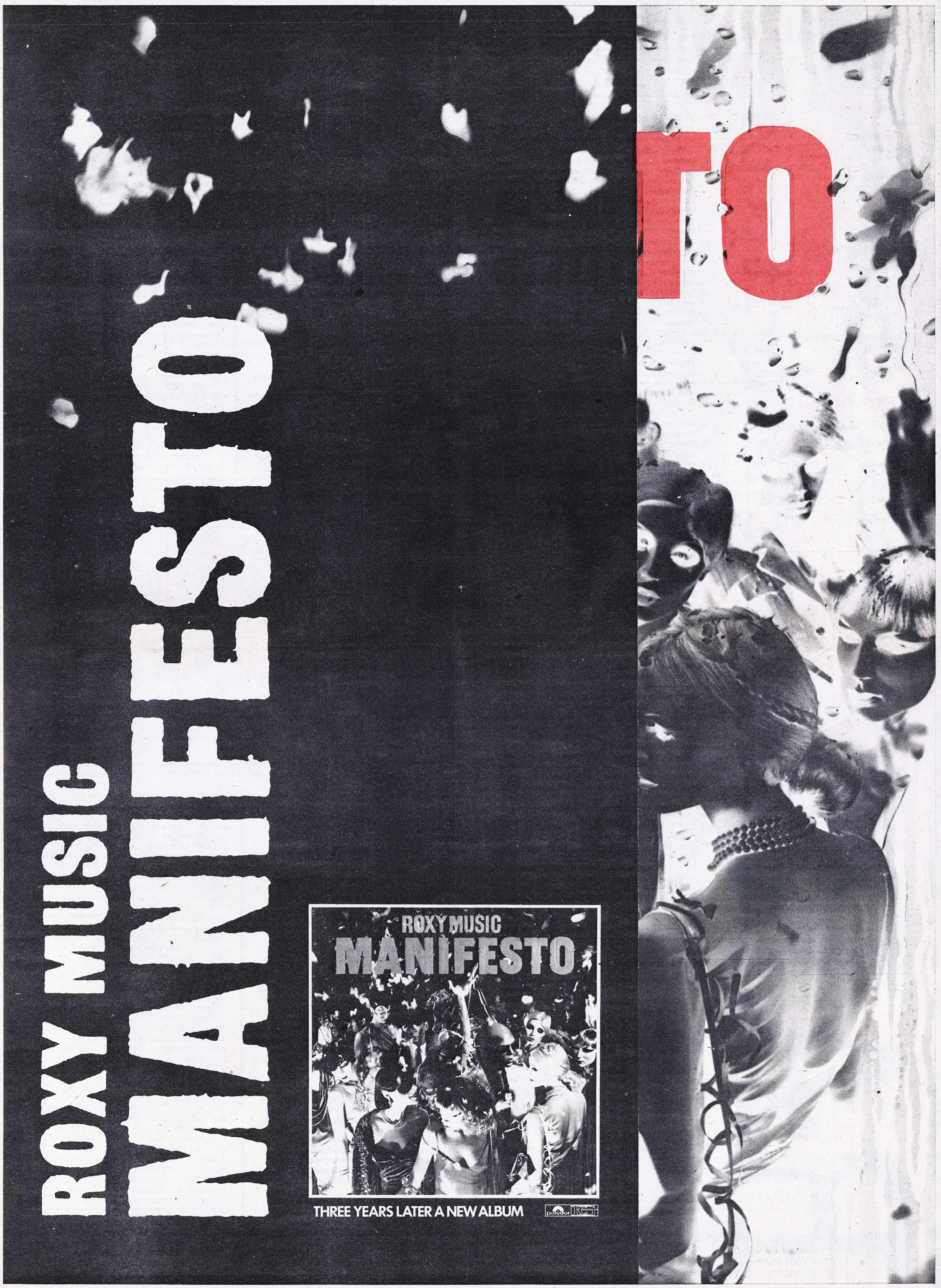

ROXY MUSIC
MANIFESTO
TO
ROXY MUSIC
MANIFESTO
THREE YEARS LATER A NEW ALBUM

RAR It's Number One, It's Top Of The Agitpops

What it is and isn't to be a Rocker Against Racism — as told to ANGUS MACKINNON and CHARLES SHAAR MURRAY

WHO or what is Rock Against Racism? Why was RAR formed and what are its intentions? With the exception of *The Daily Mirror,* the Fleet Street press would probably tell you that, along with the marginally more 'respectable' Anti-Nazi League, RAR is a pernicious plot to deceive the youth of the nation; that RAR is little more than a front for the Socialist Workers Party; that RAR and similar pressure groups are busy undermining the 'Great' Britain we all know and love.

Well, it ain't so — and since when did you believe everything you read in the papers anyway? In a little less than three years, RAR has put on approaching 800 gigs under its own banner of "Love music. Hate Racism" and has sprouted over 90 local RAR clubs up and down the country. This represents a formidable achievement by any standards.

But unlike the ANL — a broad alliance of opinion whose declared aim is simply to stop the National Front — RAR has pretensions to being much more than just another organisation fighting the good and very necessary fight against racism and fascism in this country. RAR publish their own paper, *Temporary Hoarding,* and the briefest glance through it will show you the range of issues RAR are attempting to raise.

Keep politics out of music? Impossible, say RAR — and we'd agree with them, at least in point of principle. Whether or not you go the whole hog and support RAR on every issue they advocate is your own affair. Both the interviews that follow will give you some idea of what RAR is and what exactly it stands for.

The first interview was conducted in RAR's North London headquarters. Their understandable aversion to being firebombed by fascists leads them to prefer box numbers to addresses. We spoke to five members of the RAR collective for a very long time in their very cramped offices.

Now in his thirties, Red was both a professional photographer and heavily involved in fringe theatre before starting RAR; big, bearded and ebullient, he talks a lot, but not always coherently. Sid has also been in RAR from the off; he's wiry and compact, talks less than Red, but just as emotionally. John has been with RAR fulltime since Carnival 2; he's very tall, thin, gaunt almost, and thoughtful, more inclined to consider the wider ramifications of RAR as an organisation. Lucy Toothpaste used to edit a fanzine called *Jolt;* she's small, perilously sallow and pretty uptight. Irate Kate has worked for RAR for nearly two years; fair, friendly and a dedicated TRB fan, she spends much of the interview answering the 'phone.

So here goes.

INTERVIEW 1: The RAR Collective

AM: *How did Rock Against Racism start?*
Red: It goes back to the long, hot summer of '76, the murder of those Asian kids, Robert Relf doing his "I'll only sell my house to an English family" bit, Enoch Powell saying this and that, a *Sun* headline about "Immigrants Stay In Five-Star Hotel" — all that bollocks.

The whole National Front thing was really up and about. Then that same August Clapton got up on stage in Birmingham and said what he said; we've got it all down chapter and verse somewhere. Meanwhile Bowie had come into the country and gone on about what we needed was a strong man, like in Chile or somewhere, and that got splashed all over the dailies ...
Sid: The Clapton thing wasn't that important in itself —
Red: It was, because that's what prompted me to write. I was outraged, as much as a fan as anything else, because I used to really like Clapton's music.

So then there was also the Punk thing, all this energy, and I wrote a letter, which was published prominently everywhere. I wrote that we wanted to form a rank and file and rootsy thing with musicians and fans who hated all that stuff, and call it Rock Against Racism. I got in touch with friends as well, I didn't want to do it on my own. Then to our amazement, by the next week we'd got over 200 letters of support. We didn't believe we'd get such a large response.
Lucy: But it couldn't have got off the ground without punk and reggae music. Ours wasn't just a banner, people were already writing songs about and against racism.
Red: Yeah, it all related as a sort of "We've had enough" feeling ...
AM: *So you had a consensus behind you — then what?*
Red: Well, we thought we'd better organise a gig. I'd had some experience in that, so we booked a venue and did so; it was Carol Grimes because I knew her.
Sid: That whole period — there were a few other gigs, but people hadn't really heard about RAR at all. They'd come up to you and say "RAR — that's the anti-Eric Clapton group, isn't?" The first significant thing we did was to book The Roundhouse, again with Carol Grimes, on May Day in '77.
Red: We showed people at *NME* and *Sounds* the bill and they were just amazed it was so diverse. But the gig was a great jam. That's always been our thing. The Cimarons and Generation X gig later that year was great for the same reasons.
AM: *We're jumping ahead, but that gig was around the time of Lewisham, wasn't it? What were your reactions to Lewisham itself?*
Red: I suppose the main feeling there, although for me it was tainted by the fact that a friend of mine got arrested, was just the sheer elation of the whole thing. I mean the fact that the black community turned out. It was all a definite recognition of solidarity with the white anti-racists who were there.
Sid: I found it terrifying, but the most amazing thing to me was, despite everthing the press said about the SWP and the IMG (International Marxists Group) leading everything, it was the black kids who did that. They had nothing to lose and inspired everybody. They weren't going to let people who'd said "You're scum and ought to be deported" walk through their community.
Red: But Lewisham changed the face of politics in this country, didn't it?
AM: *Why?*
Red: Well, for a start it precipitated the birth of the ANL, a broad anti-fascist alliance. Lewisham also made it clear that the police and the state were prepared to defend fascists, though they wouldn't do the same for the black and Asian communities in Britain.

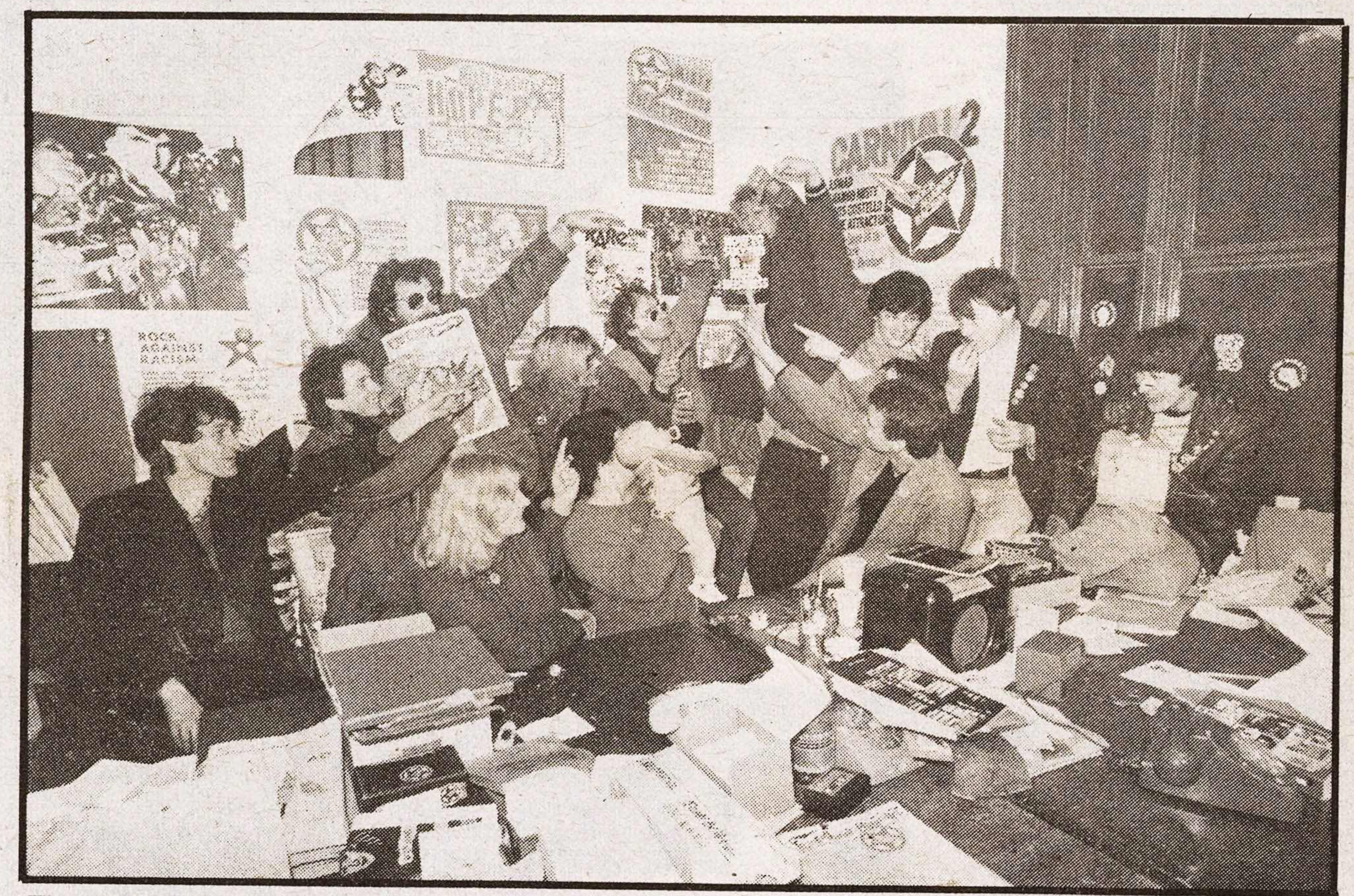
I mean, however much the bourgeois media do to get round the fact, it's still true that nobody in the Asian or West Indian communities in this country has any confidence in the police. All these thuggeries, stabbings, killings, robbings gone uninvestigated or ignored. As David Widgery said in his recent *Time Out* piece, we're on our way to the police state, or rather police cities. Mind you, lots of *NME* readers might not be grasping this — which is why we're doing what we're doing.

Can you imagine having to go in fear of your bloody life whenever you walk the streets at night? Our way is one answer to that situation, one small step on a thousand-step ladder.
John: I think there's an aspect of RAR that gets missed quite frequently. It's this. As much as we've contributed to rock or worked alongside the rock world, there's another side to it all that's based in the localities. There, ideally, the local RAR group should be sufficiently locked in to what's going on — in Camden, Islington or wherever — to join with any organisation to rebuff the bad things going down there.

This is a level of organisation that's crucial and when you start looking at the police state and its inevitability, I think that's falling into a trap. It's like saying "Here's RAR — so what? The police state's moving in". It is, but the point is that the only defence against it is self-defence among both black and white people. That's what we're about as well with our 90 odd clubs around the country.
Lucy: It's also all very well just having gigs, but in *Temporary Hoarding* we do try to analyse a bit and redress the balance. If people just read the ordinary papers, they'll be so misled by them. The papers themselves are so racist and will always support the police.
Red: I think what we'd say is that this is a racialist society, one hundred per cent born, bred and fed, you know. Its history of imperialism — whether you're looking at Jamaica, Trinidad, Ireland or Zimbabwe — its whole policy is a racialist policy and therefore its press reflects that. This is all part of the divide and rule that goes on here — there's nothing better for those on top to play the racist card. The *Sun* and the *Express,* they both do a bloody heavy job, don't they?

There's also the whole issue of sexism, the other side of it all. This is just as much a sexist society as it is racist. That's another four-day debate.
John: If you like, the history of anti-racism and anti-fascism is about popular movements. History shows that united fronts like RAR or the ANL are vital. So that tendency, exaggerated of course by the press, to dwell on, say, the SWP alone in relation to the fight is a smokescreen, one that verges on a witch hunt at times. The point is that anti-racism and anti-fascism and anti-sexism are *always* going to be this year's thing. As Red said, we've got however many hundreds of years of the white system oppressing blacks to get rid of and erase. Another point is when we're asked things like "Where are all the blacks at RAR gigs?" We've only been going for a couple of years ...
Red: We're fighting racism within the white society.
Sid: This whole argument leads on to another. We're always getting people say that we draw attention to the NF, that they wouldn't exist if RAR didn't exist. But where, for Christ's sake, do those people live, I wonder? Fine if you're white and live in Fulham or Hampstead, the NF won't come there, they don't need to.

Just before Christmas a black kid was stabbed to death where I live, right round the corner. He bled to death on the police station floor eventually. It's lovely to say the problem's not real if you don't live in the real world — you know, the pop star world of somewhere or other. There it all seems that it's no Front, no problem. Bullshit.
AM: *Point taken. But what do you think of Rastafarianism, given that it's probably the dominant culture amongst the black youth in this country and given that people have also accused you of just riding on it as some kind of bandwagon?*
Red: Well, I would never attack Rasta in public in this country ...
John: You've hit the nail on the head when you say it's the dominant movement among the black youth. It's another popular movement.
Red: I mean, we should have you talking to the Rastas who support RAR and who regularly involve themselves at major RAR events, particularly Aswad and Misty. Both of those bands came to our conference and there for the first time — it's something we're very proud of — we had the beginnings of an open democratic debate about Rastafari and we tried to get all the RAR groups around the country to see it for what it is.
AM: *Which is what, as far as you're concerned?*
Sid: Well, obviously none of us here in RAR are Rastas, but the great thing about it is that it isn't a religion or philosophy of inactivity or waiting around and doing nothing. It demands that people get up and fight for their rights and, if people are prepared to stand under that banner of ours through that philosophy, then that's fantastic. Unlike so many other religions, it doesn't restrict activity; it encourages it instead.
John: There's a problem talking about Rasta as a homogenous doctrine. It isn't. That's the delightful thing about it. Just the history of the movement, the kind of conditions under which it's grown, all the English oppression ...
Red: I remember a kid coming up to me at an RAR gig and saying "You've got a white queen, but I've got a black king". And that



The RAR Collective point another way. Counting from left (geddit) to right: JOHN (1), RED (3), KATE (4), SID (7) . . . Pic by STEVENSON

was that. But I don't think it's par for the course for us to talk about too much about Rasta. It's a black organisation to do with black people and it's their self-activity. That's important enough at this moment in time and for the coming years it's absolutely essential.

I read with interest what Linton Kwesi Johnson (Poet of Poet And The Roots) said about Rasta. He said it was a reactionary doctrine and that Haile Selassie was a puppet of imperialism, and yet I see it as a language of national liberation.

AM: *Perhaps he does too —*

Red: Like John says, it's down to the individuals involved. In RAR, because of the responsibilities we have when we work with black people, we're pretty aware of our own deep racialist indoctrination. So to cleanse yourself and understand it all you've got to educate yourself about other people's culture.

AM: *But don't you feel there's a spiritual dimension to Rasta that you're not fully appreciating?*

Red: No, that hadn't struck me.

AM: *What do you feel when Linton Johnson serves notice of his intention to dissociate himself from what you're doing? He has done, after all.*

Red: I was very disappointed.

John: Well, a few weeks ago in *The Leveller* he said he supported us.

Sid: I was disappointed too, but if you do anything there's always someone who'll turn round and slag you off. The point is, as we've got to repeat over and over again, we're fighting racism in the white community.

AM: *OK, let's move on. Some say that the initial optimism of Punk has been dashed, that its momentum has been swallowed up by the business. Do you feel your own energies are in danger of being dissipated in the same way?*

Lucy: No, there's lots of RAR clubs starting up all over the country and we get an awful lot of letters from punks in really out of the way places. It seems that in the provinces

"There's no point us putting on Judas Priest when they strut around with their bollocks hanging out"
— Red Saunders

there's still real energy, and that it hasn't turned sour there at all.

AM: *Granted. London isn't and shouldn't be looked on as the centre of any universe. But the analogy holds — sooner or later you're going to have to set some kind of organisational hierachy up yourselves, and that's often when, even with the best will in the world, the rot sets in.*

Sid: I think you could say that many of the exciting things that happened with Punk at a grass roots level are happening all over again with RAR. That's meant a fantastic growth for RAR, and now we're tied tight together with Punk. If you look at the bill for our tour, nearly all of the 32 bands are ones that haven't taken the slippery path and signed themselves away. Kids are beginning to see RAR very much as a thing that isn't a sell-out or a cop-out, and they want to say things through us. It's a very strong alliance.

John: I'd say that the key to any successful advance in rock music is looking at the ways it's organised. Now we in RAR have based our organisation on the fans. That's something that's never been done before. It's never been seen as a crucial issue or factor in making rock accessible or demystified.

If you start asking questions about the demise of Punk, you have to look at how bands organise themselves and go about their business as individuals. It's a kind of individualism that this society is based on. As long as it goes on, we're not going to change anything. The thing is, though, to make sure bands and audiences interrelate in a much more cohesive way.

AM: *But until now rock has generally had no political meaning beyond its ability — or the ability of its backers — to maintain the status quo. Revolt into style and all that.*

Red: Look, we don't have any illusions about rock in that sense. Too much of it is part and parcel of the culture we're trying to change. I think whatever Bowie or Clapton says *does* matter, it all reinforces the racist stereotypes in society.

The whole point about rock's vulnerability is that capitalism learns. Next time round they'll be even faster swallowing something new up. However hard the bands on our tour try to do things their own way, we're — together with them — the only hope that they won't slip away like all the rest. If you're in a young band and somebody offers you the facility to make your music in fairly comfortable environment, then you're got to fight pretty hard to say "No, I'd rather stay in this shitty little room".

John: The only other outfit that's trying to do something similar is Rough Trade, what with their special relationship to their bands, their moral and aesthetic support of them. I think that together with our kind of relationship to our fans, that's a mixture that could really achieve something.

We really need a whole new approach. There just aren't enough people in the rock world to fight fascism effectively, there aren't enough people in the media or the bands who have those kind of aspirations. We need a popular basis of support. Whereas the business, it just sees things in terms of a take-off or rake-off point. It's happening to Stiff Little Fingers right now. You can see the transformation of the band, despite their individual motives ...

Kate: But there is hope in all that. Their success was the first time. They actually did get into the charts through Rough Trade's distribution. It can be done.

Sid: Yeah, what we need is a RAR record shop, even a label. At the moment we're putting forward ideas which are the opposite of the ideas held by the companies that market the machines by which we put out these ideas.

AM: *But that's an occupational hazard of what you're trying to do. It's also one of the NME's relationship with IPC, of The Clash's with CBS and Tom Robinson's with EMI.*

Red: But there are some areas we can control. Like we decided definitely against having any record company advertising in *TH*. Whereas we haven't got that control at big gigs. There we're at the mercy of Tom Robinson's, Elvis Costello's, whoever's manager.

CSM: *So RAR develops — but how long can it keep people under the one banner of "Hate racism. Love music"?*

Red: The more we grow, the more people we lose. Inevitably the organisation hardens up, gets a little more fibre and body to it. When it finds out there are problems with agents and managers, when it finds out there is sexism in bands.

CSM: *One issue draws together and a whole lot of issues pulls apart?*

AM: *What we're talking about here are the, if you like, umbrella issues; pieces in TH on Steve Biko (a black civil rights leader murdered by the South African police), on Wolf Biermann (an East German protest singer who fled to the West), on world affairs in general.*

Sid: This is one of the more difficult questions facing RAR because the thing is a whole amalgam of people who have all sorts of different views on different things. Another problem is that even agreement on that one central issue of racism depends on how you define it. What is racism? Are immigration controls racist or not? That's the great difference between the ANL and RAR. The ANL has set itself the aim of defeating the NF, whereas we're opposed to all kinds of other oppressions.

AM: *But did you see this broadening of your responsibilities as something you were going to have to accept eventually? For all we know, you had every intention of introducing all these associated issues right from the start.*

Red: In the beginning it was just a battle to get the slogans established.

John: This all depends on what's going down at the time. The Left in the UK is historically sectarian and self-divisive. This is an area that RAR is very grey about. We've had one conference so far, when we actually discussed our overall policy as such, but we're going to have to sit down and look at this whole range of issues very carefully before the next one. We have to, because we're an organisation working on an everyday basis with people, some of whom might well disapprove of some of what we say about issues other than racism. RAR really has got to avoid being destroyed by the whole history of The Left, if you like.

AM: *And how exactly do you think you're going to avoid that?*

John: There are very practical lines to run along. We could, for example, easily do a concert with the Troops Out (of Northern Ireland) movement. Not that RAR has any national policy on that matter. You can have a consensus that leaves the road open, that doesn't exclude other groups fighting for particular things.

CSM: *But the average Stranglers fan will probably be right with you on the issue of racism. Are you then going to turn round and say "No thanks" because he or she happens to dig a band whom you consider sexist?*

Lucy: But you've *got* to confront sexism, because it won't go away either. If there's an RAR concert where a band makes any comments that are offensive to women, then we must take them up on it. I just don't think it's good enough to say "Well, at least they agree with us on racism". It's not acceptable if women are being put down, whatever it is.

John: That's why we now have these five principles, which we ask bands to look at before they appear ...

Lucy: One of the things about RAR gigs is that a lot of the bands who play them are only used to ordinary rock audiences, they're not used to politicised or feminist audiences.

Red: Rock Against Sexism has grown out of RAR. Rough Trade similarly don't stock records by bands whom they consider sexist. This is another aspect of RAR. We can still debate these issues with upcoming bands.

Sid: This is really it. *TH* is the key because it provides a forum. It's a vehicle through which we can put forward articles and ideas. We do this to put things in focus, to give kids who just don't like racism because their best mate's black more to fight with. We never say we're the RAR central committee and we've got all the answers. We published that Peter Tosh piece, for instance, where he expresses all sorts of ideas about Jamaica, its economy and the place of dope in it. We probably wouldn't actually agree with him, but we published it all the same.

It's all to do with different ways of approaching things. It's like *TH* itself, how it looks. We've deliberately tried to develop it as some sort of cultural warfare, a breakthrough in a visual sense of its own: the offset litho revolution; the kinds of graphics and ways of presenting information. That's very important.

AM: *Have any established bands approached you about the possibility of doing RAR gigs?*

Red: Now this is very interesting — not one, not bloody one. That just about sums them up. We've had no support from any of those bands whatsoever. I read this obscene article in the *Mail* with Roger Daltrey where he said — and I hope he was misquoted — that he was a socialist, but that all these Carnivals were just using music to push other ideas across. My God, how bankrupt can you get?

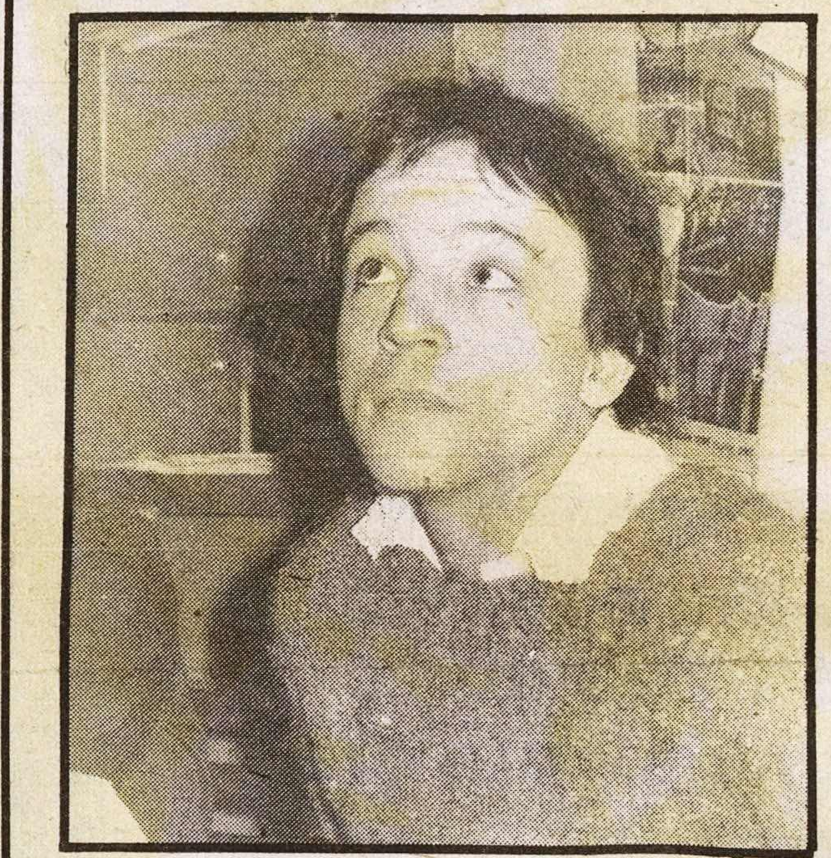
Anyway, those bands are the enemy now. Who needs them? They've just become totally irrelevant to what's going on. They're not Militant Entertainment like we are now. The Stones aren't militant in any sense. We don't want them.

AM: *I only asked because, since it's so easy to dismiss those bands — the Jethro Tulls, the ELOs, and so on — it's also easy to dismiss their audiences. Easy but stupid.*

CSM: *It's like the Judas Priests of this world. I happen to loathe their music but they've got a lot of young fans and I'd take the view that, if they did an RAR gig, then so much the better.*

Red: But it's like the Stranglers argument. There's no point in us putting on Judas Priest when they strut around the stage with their bollocks hanging out and all dressed up in leather, giving the whole sexist thing.

AM: *But, 'ideological' purity of bands aside for a moment, surely you're limiting the appeal of your message, of what you want to put across by denying the Priests, UFOs and their audience a voice in your movement. What about disco as well?*



DAVID WIDGERY. Pic by STEVENSON

Red: We're not limiting anything. You come on the tour and see.

Kate: The thing is that RAR is trying to get involved with people we're all into and interested in, instead of doing things we just feel we *ought* to be doing.

AM: *OK, I don't like Judas Priest either. But you may look at any number of disco covers and think they're sexist rubbish, however the fact remains that a colossal number of kids listen to that music — so maybe you're missing out.*

Red: I dunno about disco. It just bolsters The American Dream.

Sid: It's more that RAR grew up with music that had nothing to do with either Hotel Californias or getting down and boogieing. None of that has anything to do with the street-level reality. I'd personally argue against all those bands you've mentioned. Accepting them would be a sell-out.

Red: There's very few artists in soul who actually say anything that relates to what we're articulating.

CSM: *But aren't you then preaching to the converted? Maybe the people who most need their consciousness raised are the people who really are suckered by all that Judas Priest bullshit and by straightforward American Dream disco. Shouldn't you take the message to the people instead of waiting for people to come to the message?*

Lucy: There was a girl at the conference who said she was once really into disco, but now she's outgrown it and looks back on it with horror. Maybe because of all the sexism in disco. People do dance to it, yeah, but they're also lapping up all this sexist rubbish. And actually I don't think we're always preaching to the converted. At a Sham gig last year there were kids asking what RAR was — did, they said, RAR mean rock against wogs? So obviously we had some explaining to do to them.

CSM: *But look — if Motorhead rang up and asked to do an RAR gig, would you tell them to piss off because you don't like their clothes, graphics, songs, albums, imagery and so on?*

Lucy: They're not likely to offer. Neither of us would want the other. We've had similar moments, like when Adam And The Ants rang up. It was quite difficult to know whether we should 'allow' them to go ahead or not. We finally decided it would be alienating for us to put them on, so we just did an interview with them in *TH* instead.

John: What it comes down to is RAR has certain predilections in terms of music, and it's therefore certain bands that are going to get used. We'd wanted to get Hi Tension to do a disco for us, actually, but they hassled us about money so much we gave up the idea.

But I can see all this becoming a dilemna. If we started a record label, we'd have to agree with the bands we put on it in most respects — otherwise all our work would be for nothing. Like you say it's a matter of evolution, of creating a climate in which all the bands we know are redundant *are* finally and actually made redundant. I don't feel pessimistic about any of what we're doing. In fact I think we're only just beginning.

A WEEK later we talked to David Widgery, who combines his medical practice in East London with a passionate interest in all things political. Involved in the underground press of the late '60s and early '70s (where and when he would embarrass hippies by ranting on and on about dole queues, tower blocks and suchlike), Widgery became a member of the SWP in 1967 and has only recently returned to rock as an energy source and a vehicle for his ideas and ideals.

He's a Marxist, but one whose sense of fur manages to encompass all kinds of music: a rare bird indeed. We had originally intended to speak to Widgery alongside the RAR collective. Mention of his name and the announcement of our wish to interview him had induced virtual epileptic fits among the RAR regulars. They seemed anxious to play down his involvement, suspecting us presumably of wanting to 'expose' them as yer standard dupes of the sinister manipulations of a devious Marxist mastermind. The RAR collective felt that

"The National Front is big because the Labour Party is finished . . ."
— David Widgery

Widgery was becoming too much of a star name at the expense of the unsung heroes who did the 'dirty work'.

It transpires however that Widgery writes a large proportion of *TH* under a series of idiotic pseudonyms or in collaboration with Lucy; that he was responsible for most of RAR's early slogans; that, although he's not so actively involved in the day-to-day running of RAR, he has contributed much to the development of the organisation. In fact, if you compare the two interviews, you'll perhaps agree with us in concluding that Widgery gives RAR a definite ideological focus they might otherwise lack.

Widgery is neither a) the Marxist puppet-master or b) a boring and humourless old Trotskyite. His obvious and genuine enthusiasm for music contrasted favourably with some of the equally well-intentioned but VERY earnest pronouncements by the RAR collective.

So here goes again.

INTERVIEW 2: David Widgery

AM: *What are your reactions to accusations that RAR is little more than a front for the SWP? What exactly is the relationship between the two organisations?*

DW: There was a very definite overlap between the SWP and RAR to start with. It was a straight political agreement between the two bodies. About three years ago the SWP were more or less the only people saying that racism was widespread and dangerous, that the NF were a small but significant and growing force, and that yes, we had to stand up and stop it.

So there was that much in common. The SWP also gave practical aid. They lent us their address and some studio facilities. They gave us moral support too, so we had connections outside London to help us get the thing off the ground. But as far as I know, they've never tried to exert any influence over RAR; they've discussed RAR once in three years, I think. They didn't come to any conclusions beyond saying they were happy for SWP people like myself to carry on doing whatever they were doing in RAR. In my view they've behaved in a very positive and responsible way about it all.

AM: *So the fact you're a fully paid-up member of the SWP is almost irrelevant to your participation in RAR?*

DW: No, it's on parallel lines. There are several SWP people who've been involved in RAR at various stages, but RAR is an independent organisation and can — in fact does — include people of any political party or belief or, in some cases, no party affiliation at all.

■ Continues page 52

SINGLES

Music To Sit Down To

Or not, as the case may be. BOB EDMANDS plays musical chairs with the week's releases.

Jimmy Sham takes a perch. Pic: Pennie Smith

SINGLE OF THE WEEK

THE THREE DEGREES: The Runner (Ariola). Despite Prince Charles' recommendation, I was never keen on the Three Degrees when they worked out of Philadelphia. All that shrill screeching seemed at odds with Gamble and Huff's studio subtleties. But now the ladies have moved to Munich they've found a more comfortable habitat. Fact is that artistes have to shriek a bit if they're to compete with Mr Moroder's rampaging synthesisers. (Which is why Sparks sound even more anaemic on their new album, by the way). It seems to me that Moroder's gift is for taking songs that would otherwise be fairly ordinary and transforming them into something majestic. Equally, he can find himself defeated by strong songs where too much production trickery can kill a good melody. 'The Runner' — as a song — is none too impressive. What makes it work is the grandiose keyboards, a drummer who sounds too muscular to be electronic, and a brass section with the punch of a '40s swing band. The Three Degrees are principally there to provide vocal punctuation, but the showpiece is the long instrumental break on the extended white-vinyl version. A touch psychedelic, it seems designed for disco dancers who've dropped a tab or two. Particularly fine on headphones, though headphones are admittedly tricky when you're dancing.

B-SIDE OF THE WEEK

DEAN FRIEDMAN: Shopping Bag Ladies (Lifesong). Friedman manages the neat trick of singing about New York's vagrants without being patronising or trite. Backed by a simple acoustic guitar, he provides sharp, literate insights into the paradoxical strength of human dignity below the breadline. At the same time, he's tartly dismissive of the fashionable voyeurism that these ladies have attracted. I suspect he's trying to have it both ways, but it's still a great song. The A-side is some nonsense about a talking rocking-chair. The chair should have said: "Get off your arse." but doesn't.

RESURRECTION OF THE WEEK

THE EARLS: Remember Then (Lightning Old Gold). *"Remember re-mem-mem re-mem-mem-uh-member / Re-mem-mem re-mem-mem-uh-member / re-mem-mem re-mem-mem-uh-member / Woooh-oooh Remember then."* My all-time favourite pop lyric in my all-time favourite high-school doo-wop song. A grander piece of stuttering than Roger Daltrey ever managed. A more splendid rewriting of the English language than Little Richard ever perpetrated. (Though "Awopbopaloobopa-lopbamboom" comes close). This is a timely reminder of how crassly inept Stigwood's *Grease* was. There never was such joyful, simple, inspired music-making as this, before or since. To hear it is to bust a gut.

SHAM 69: Questions And Answers (Polydor). SIOUXSIE AND THE BANSHEES: The Staircase (Mystery) (Polydor). So this is what's left of punk rock. With the loss of the Pisols and the Americanisation of The Clash, we're left with Sham 69 and Siouxsie and the Banshees. Both these bands are considered to be uncompromising in their idealism, and that seems to be a little odd in the circumstances. Sham's last hit was a celebration of the joys of going down the pub. Siouxsie and the Banshees gave us a song about Chinese takeaways. Nothing too revolutionary about any of that. Since then, of course, both bands have made a bit of money and naturally you'd expect that to affect their choice of material. This time, maybe, a tune about wine bars from Sham and one about bistros from Siouxsie. Alas, nothing so exciting. Mr Pursey offers us some advice on how to run our lives: *"Think before you do what they say/It's your life so go your own way."* Good advice, James. As for Siouxsie, she's trying terribly hard to be mysterious as the hint in brackets might suggest. All four Banshees had a hand in the songwriting, but they appear to have mislaid the tune somewhere. Nothing wrong with that, of course. Just the thing for oddball albums about fashionable psychiatry. Hardly the ticket, though, for Radio One. *"I was standing on the landing/Now I'm standing in the hall"*, warbles Siouxsie, *"looking up . . ."* A pity to have come down in the world so soon.

THE SMIRKS: American Patriots (Smirksongs). THE RIVVITS: Alright On The Night (Alien). These Smirks are pretty brave chaps. Having been adandoned by their record company (Beserkley), they've hurriedly got together their own three track EP. It's easy to hear why the Californians thought they were getting English eccentrics in the first place; note the brain-damaged lead vocal. Equally, it's not too hard to detect why they got cold feet; unmemorable songs. The Rivvits meanwhile adopt a cautious approach to do-it-yourself records. Their single's a flexi-disc, retailing at 30p. Do The Rivitts sound weedy because the plastic is cheap, or is that the way they are?

BLACK LACE: Mary Ann (EMI). What a great joke fate played on all those glossy, vacuous boys and girls in the *Song For Europe* contest. All that *Seaside Special* sophistication, and the winner is this creaking groaner off the Northern club circuit. It sounds like a bad parody of Rod Stewart, and in the context that's a refreshing change, not a suggestion of "boom-bang-a-bang" within earshot. Bound to fail in the Eurovision final. Or is it? Who cares? For the moment, at least, it's a substantial two-fingers to pre-digested showbiz pap.

JONATHAN RICHMAN & THE MODERN LOVERS: Lydia (Beserkley). This sounds like it might have seemed a good idea at the time: chirpy '50s doo-wop of the sort favoured by Dion and the Belmonts. Just the thing, you might think, for a perpetual teenager like Jonathan. The trouble is that his distinctive, flat, off-key voice is out of place among all the winsome harmonies. Normally, his gauche vocalising is what lends authority to his jokey lyrics; in this instance, it proves to be a drawback.

TUXEDOMOON: Tuxedomoon (Tuxedomoon). Imagine Kraftwek attempting reggae with a lead singer who's a butch version of Lou Reed, and you get some idea of the opening cut on this four-track EP. I've no idea who this band are, or where they come from, but they're quite a laugh in a Devo sort of way. The least weird track is called Litebulb Overkill' and appears to be an electronic string quartet. Worth seeking out. sounds more like a burgẽr; pre-processed, hygienic, unpalatable. Essentially a Delaney and Bonnie re-run, white soul tending to grey.

MEATLOAF: What You See Is What You Get (Prodigal). The strangest aspect of the Meatloaf phenomenon is the way he turns up in heavy metal popularity polls. Heavy, obviously. But metal, never. Unless it's his voice that we're talking about, and that's as bombastic as the grossest Black Sabbath guitar solo. Beware of this single, however. Recorded for Motown before he ever met Jim Steinman, Meatloaf

WINGS: Goodnight Tonight (Parlophone). Disco must now be doomed. Yes, down on the farm, old Paulie has wakened up to the fact that popular music has undergone a transformation since the days of 'Abbey Road'. Naturally, a one-time innovator must keep up with current trends, at least for the sake of appearances, so in addition to a disco rhythm track (all fussy Latin percussion), there's a touch of dub (multiple moaning) and a vocoder (hitherto intended as an aid for duff singers). The only thing absent is a bit of a tune. Still, you're bound to admit it's the best thing he's done since his 'London Town' album.

DESTROY ALL MONSTERS: Bored (Cherry Red). *"When I woke up this morning I was really bored,"* intones a lady with a dreadful nasal American accent. *"When I woke up this afternoon I was really bored,"* she adds. The answer is obviously to stay asleep, darling. A blessing for all of us. Perhaps this punkette is bored because the lead guitarist plays bombastic solos as though auditioning for a support gig in an ice hockey stadium. Reviewers of this single get a free pin-up pic of the lady in question. A little unkempt, she looks as though she's just got out of bed. Was the effort really worth it, chuck?

JOHN OTWAY: Frightened And Scared (Polydor). Just in case it escaped your attention that John Otway is a funny geezer wiv a funny voice, they've brought in Neil Innes as co-producer to really emphasise it. Innes is presumably responsible for the every so-cute '50s arrangement, and no doubt Sir John Betjeman is in among the backing vocals. Happily, Otway carries on regardless in his own sweet, eccentric way. Probably not a hit.

MATUMBI: Blue Beat And Ska (Harvest). *"Somebody tell me"*, coos Matumbi's lead singer, *"what happened to Rock Steady?"* In response, the rest of the band murmur: *"Where is Rock Steady?"* This record starts off as a gentle, nostalgic review of reggae's roots. But don't be lulled; a few bars on, the subject shifts to Africa and slavery, almost before you know it. The tone of voice never changes. Matumbi clearly have a skilful way with harsh lyrics.

THE ROYAL RASSES: Old Time Friends (Ballistic). Will it be mansions all round now that reggae artistes have discovered the commercial potential of disco? Probably not. Mainly because there's simply not the commitment to the overpowering four-square beat that dominates disco. This song, in particular, is probably far too subtle in its approach for crossover success. A hint of reggae mixed with a hint of disco. Sadly, hints aren't acceptable currency among the white-suit funky-chic crowd. They're too smart to be that smart.

WILLIE HUTCH: Come Up And Dance With Me (Whitfield). As some old beatnik once said: "Those who will not dance will have to be shot." There's the same kind of obligation with this Willy Hutch song. Produced by Hutch himself, it's got the same kind of customised danceability that you normally associate with his gaffer Norman. Hutch used to specialise in somewhat meandering funky guitar solos. This is tight, compact, and compulsive. The sort of dance-floor potential that's created by men not machines. Excellent vocals, too.

FUNKADELIC: Cholly (Funk Getting Ready To Roll) (Warner Bros). George Clinton's cast of thousands busier than a symphony orchestra, but tighter than a Stax rhythm section. Amazing the way all the massed voices and intruments come at you at odd angles, but still add up to a unified whole. Weird and apparently anarchic, but it works. The funk has rolled.

DEBORAH WASHINGTON: Standing In The Shadows Of Love (Ariola). There's nothing like an old Holland-Dozier-Holland song when you're looking for a hit single without too much effort. Equally, there's nothing dozier than taking a grand old number like this and slapping an off-the-peg disco arrangement all over it. The shadows are where this should stay.

TERRY GARTHWAITE: Moondance (Fantasy). Ms Garthwaite turns the Van Morrison classic into a disco number by the simple expedient of abandoning the tune. Over to Van Morrison himself. What do you think of this, you plump, balding legend? Really? Don't talk to me like that. I only asked.

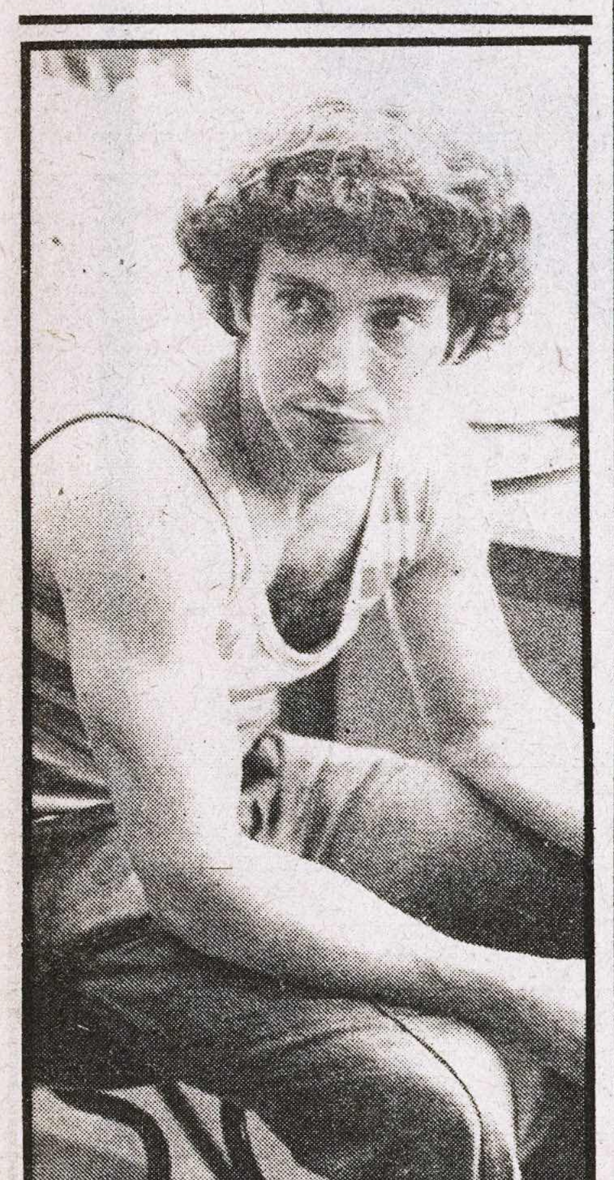
COWBOYS INTERNATIONAL: Aftermath (Virgin). Jolly pop song with disco synthesisers and a lead singer straight off a surfing anthem. Probably some tortured genius discovered in a Notting Hill garret, recording classic teen epics on a couple of cassette players. By no means a bum steer, definitely not bad for a first round-up, etc.

RACEY: Some Girls (RAK). No relation to the Stones hit of the same name, but a Chinnichap song of the sort they used to write for The Sweet before they went heavy. It's not quite in the class of 'Ballroom Blitz' and the like, but the Mickie Most production emphasises the drums in the traditional style. Lyrics are a touch twee: *"Some girls will, some girls won't"*. Nudge, bleeding nudge.

CHRIS REA: Diamonds (Magnet). Since few people cared about whatever happened to Benny Santini, Rea shifts his attack and tries a Billy Joel: big production, hefty piano, Motown-style strings, gruff macho voice. *"My love, she don't need diamonds"*, he growls. Won't get them at this rate, Chris.

GORDON GILTRAP BAND: Fear Of The Dark (Electric). This picture-disc 12-incher comes in a limited edition of 15,000. Only 15,000? If three's a crowd, 15,000 is a multitude. Does old Giltrap need this sort of corny gimmick? Possibly. While there's no doubt Rattrap is an excellent, stylish guitarist, this single would make splendid TV continuity music, but not much else.

STEPHEN BISHOP: Animal House (ABC). No doubt this is an hilarious film. No doubt this is an hilarious theme tune. No doubt. The trouble is the accents are so impenetrably ethnic (ie American) that I can't understand what they're singing. The words "The Animal House" are clear enough, sung with dumbo inflections, but the rest is all Mork the Dork from Ork as far as I'm concerned.



Doing The Sitting Down left to right: Giorgio Moroder, Dean Friedman, Siouxsie Sioux, Jonathan Richman.

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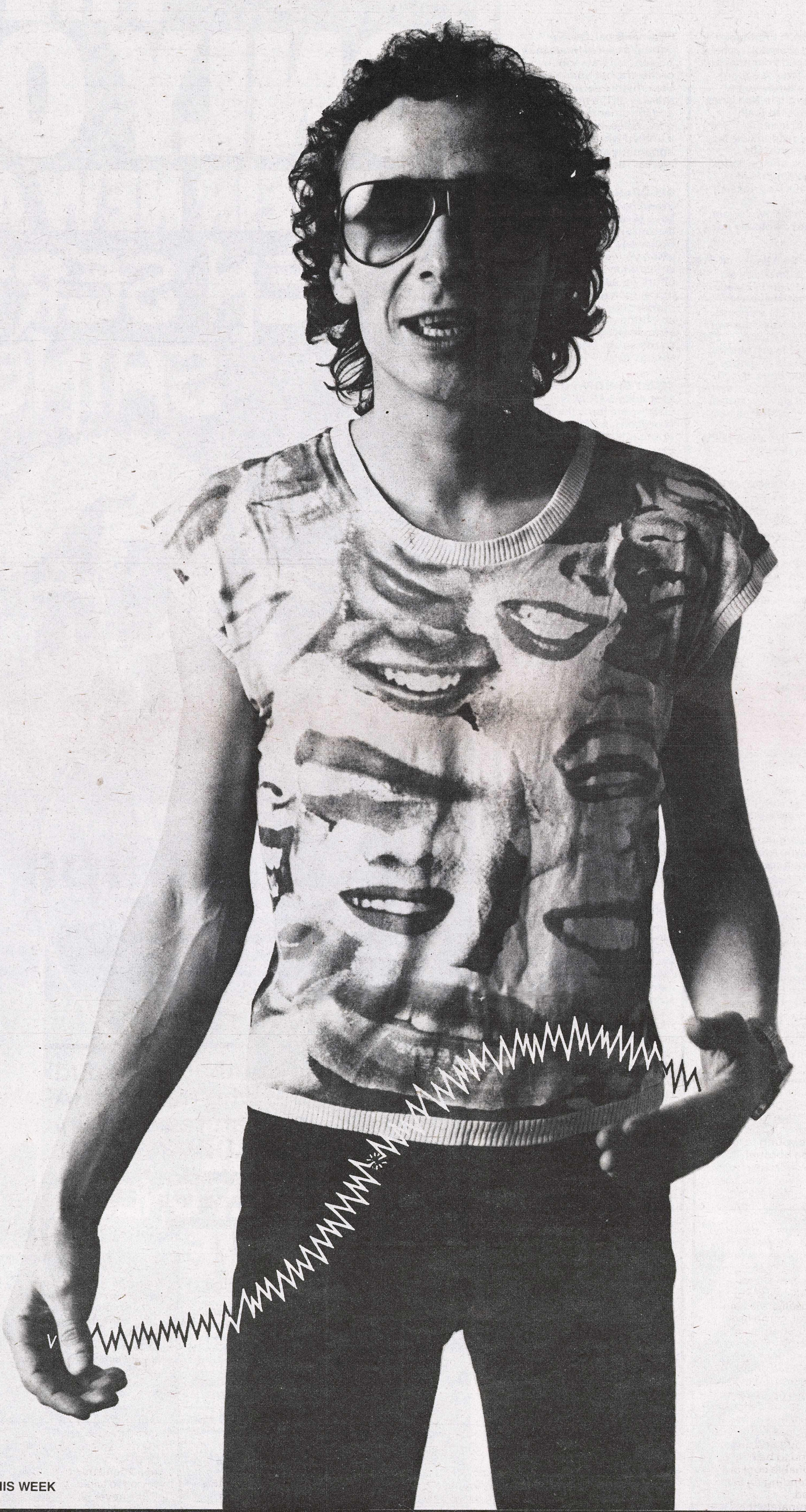

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APR 3 HAMMERSMITH ODEON

SINGLE OUT NOW/ALBUM RELEASED THIS WEEK

THE RUTS: (from left) Paul Fox, Malcolm Owen, Vince Segs, Dave Ruffy. Pic: CHRIS HORLER.

Ruts, Backflips And Pogoing Pakistanis

From multi-racial Southall we proudly present THE RUTS — who travel to RAR gigs mob-handed and feature a neat line in upstaging billtoppers. ADRIAN THRILLS reports on how it's done.

NEVER mind the boat race, it was one hell of a heavyweight bill that launched Rock Against Racism's first ever nationwide tour at Cambridge Corn Exchange on Saturday night.

Four bands — an agreeably assorted bunch of militant rockers — in just over three hours in a venue that resembled nothing so much as a giant, cavernous shoebox with the acoustics of the Grand Canyon.

Headlining are Misty, arguably the most accomplished of the second generation British reggae bands.

Under them are The Gang Of Four, who even on a below-par night still seem to these ears the most crucial rock group to emerge since The Clash well over two years ago.

And below them The Ruts.

The Ruts describe themselves as 'an aspiring comedy punk band', but the response they managed to elicit from the fervid fry crushed rib-cage-to-backbone at the front of the Corn Exchange stage was anything but a joke.

For on the night both Misty and Gang Of Four are well and truly upstaged. No mean achievement.

Then again, that is what comes of ferrying your own fans to a gig approximately 60 miles or so from home: two coachloads made the journey from Rutland to Cambridge for the concert.

'Home' to The Ruts and their fanatic young followers is the West London borough of Southall, which stretches from where the Great West Road becomes the M4 round about Osterley Park right to the edge of Heathrow Airport's runways.

You don't have to come from Southall to like The Ruts, but it certainly seems to help a lot. Is this the sound of the suburbs or what?

"Dis one's dedicated to all the Southall RARRRRRRRR!!" bawls Rut vocalist Malcolm Owens in his guttural, camp brogue. "It's called "I Ain't Sophisticated'!!!"

True. The Ruts are the type of band some of our music journalists would have you believe became extinct around the end of 1977.

If you can imagine The Lurkers with a social conscience and a sense of humour, you should be pretty close to the mark. They're tight, loud and angry. They demand to be heard, but if fashionable cool prevents you from lending an ear then that is just too bad.

Fortunately there are still those who are all too ready to listen.

Very live at the Cambridge RAR gig. Pix: VIRGINIA TURBETT.

By the time the group are halfway through the aforementioned ditty, the floor is looking more like a human swimming pool. The more ambitious and agile of Southall's two coachloads of Pogoers Against The Nazis take the analogy to ludicrous extremes via a succession of kamikaze dives and backflips from the lip of the stage into the throng.

Occasionally it all spills over onto the hallowed boards of the stage itself, whereupon RAR's amiable Edwardian bloodnut hulk of a tour manager, 'Red', appears from behind the speaker cabinet to gently ease the gleeful infiltrators back.

Thankfully this delicate operation is executed without so much as a hint of any of those ugly and all-to-common bouncer-fan scenarios.

But inevitably the mob are soon back on the stage and Malcolm Owen's hennaed barnet is barely visible above the array of bobbing heads in front of him by the time a well-deserved encore approaches its completion.

This time no-one even attempts to clear the stage until the band are back in the dressing room.

BACKSTAGE, in the communal dressing room, things are hardly any less claustrophobic or chaotic: Red Express, who were the first band on, are packing up and clearing out. The Gang Of Four are just about to go on although their guitarist is still in the pub over the road and their drummer seems more concerned with noisily bemoaning Spurs sad FA Cup exit.

Misty are filling the air with the unmistakable aroma of some suspect looking cigarettes and also dishing out portions of a delicious Jamaican rice brew to the swarming members of the Southall coach contingent.

Not quite the ideal interview location.

However, sooner or later (I forget which), a few square feet of valuable floorspace is secured and I am able to ask Malcolm Owens about that pogoing stage invasion at the end of the set.

Such mass leaps for the limelight can, and indeed have, been construed as pitiful and unncessary short cuts to the rock egalitarianism we should be striving to achieve in other ways.

"We never invite them onstage specifically," replies the singer. "But I don't like trying to stop them when they do come up, especially on the last number.

"Obviously you can't have them all up onstage for every number — that would really fuck the whole thing up, even though they all are just our regular fans, all just exactly like us when it comes down to it.

"With our lot, I reckon it's great when they come onstage anyway. They're not there posing. They're there to sing. They're all really into it, so you just have to give your mike to them.

"As a band we love all that, but it's not an ego thing. It's just that it gives us a great buzz when it happens."

ALONG WITH their close pals Misty and a legion of lesser lights from the Black Enchanters to The Milk, The Ruts grew up out of a localised West London band explosion of about 18 months ago.

The majority of their early gigs were on small scale RAR bills in the youth clubs, colleges and community centre s of Southall, Hounslow and Hayes — a scene with a lot of similarities to the corresponding mini-circuit on the other, northern side of town as detailed in last week's *NME* in Penny Reel's Leyton Buzzards' piece.

"We gigged solidly in the RAR clubs with bands like Misty", Malcolm tells me as the other three members of the groups, bassrut Vince Segs, drumrut Dave Ruffy and guitarrut Paul Fox, pull up chairs and listen in.

"We played gigs like that for a year with virtually nothing else. But it certainly wasn't against our principles to do RAR gigs. We enjoyed doing them and, more than anything else, they were giving us gigs when no-one else was.

"Southall is like a very closely knit multi-racial community anyway, so, like, you've got the two types of music, reggae and punk, at the same gigs . . . not forgetting of course, the pogoing Pakistanis. You've got everybody."

It would be churlish here to underestimate the importance of Rock Against Racism to the growth of bands like Misty and The Ruts; like the other essential catalysts from Rough Trade to John Peel to *NME*, RAR are admirably keeping alive the original spirit, drive and militancy of Punk.

And even if the organisation

■ *Continues page 46.*

The Greening O Across Our C And Troubled

HERE HE COMES now just-a-walkin' down the street. From street-level upwards: white plimsolls, faded levis, fawn sweater with the collar-points of a white shirt peeking out at the neck; the whole megillah swathed in a serious-looking parka of sensible hue and topped off with a sandy dustbowl of curls trimmed to a sensible length.

Just-a-walkin' down the street. Not a whiff of rock and roll flash or terrorist chic. No studs, leather and shades, no satin and tat. No boiler suit, no Oxfam streetcred. No wild mutation, no implied threats. Everything is neat and tidy. Everything is under control.

Here he comes now! He has not "come for your children." He *is* your children. He doesn't dress to proclaim that he's different, because he's not. He drives a Ford Cortina. He works for his living. His expression is warm, quizzical, ironic and interested, watchful. His face is, however, capable of hardening in seconds in the presence of opposition. Six foot one, strongly built: it's only when his face tautens that you become suddenly aware of his physical stature.

When he meets people, he looks straight at them because he wants to see them. Wants to know about them. How do they live? Are they happy? Why not? Can he help? If he can, he will, but he'll do it for *them,* not because he stands to gain. If you find out and ask him about it, he'll rather you didn't mention it, because he doesn't want it to seem as if he's doing it to be seen doing it, and — things being what they are — he'd rather not be seen doing it at all.

He is a good and useful citizen. A great Briton, the ideal next-door-neighbour, a fluent, witty conversationalist. Spend a day with him and you'll want him to be your friend for life.

His job: he's the lead singer and bass player for a well-known rock band. Had a big hit with his first single, been on telly a lot, sold a more than respectable number of albums, even had a documentary film about him shown on peak-time television.

And at the radio station in his hometown, his first album has a big red RESTRICTED sticker across the sleeve which tells the deejays that no material from the album can be played on the air without specific permission from the programme controller. Last week on a Capital Radio phone-in, an irate listener called him "a piece of filth."

Here he comes now just-a-walkin' down the street: hey, isn't that Tom Robinson?

FLASH! Thirty minutes before, Tom had concluded a guest spot on Alistair Pirie's Saturday morning show on Radio Tees — made possible only by a hair-raising, singeing early-morning drive up the M-O-T-O-R-W-A-Y to Middlesbrough in the G-R-E-Y C-O-R-T-I-N-A, arriving with 25 minutes to spare before Pirie went off the air at 1.00 pm. The last half hour of the show goes out the window as Tom bounds into the studio clutching a fistful of TRBulletins and a box of albums. A bunch of trax from 'TRB Two' go straight onto the air with explanatory chat from Tom, keeping it lunchtime light, fast and funny.

Another deejay wanders in to see what's happening, picks up on the album and decides right-there-and-then to make it his featured album on the Saturday night rock show. Hometown boy makes good, and — ahem — while the cat's away the mice will play Tom Robinson records. The programme controller gets back to work on Monday, and maybe by then 'TRB Two' will sport the nice red RESTRICTED sticker as well.

So the show's over and it's down the road for a bit of a bevvy-up to relax after the frantic morning, barrelling along just inside the limit singing along with the soul cassettes, with one eye out for cop cars.

Halfway into the third Pils and the word is clearly out: can you sign this for me and then can my mate come up? He's downstairs watching our bikes. Maybe three dozen kids who heard the show zeroed straight in on Radio Tees — hey, which way'd that unmasked man go? He went thataway.

By the time we're downstairs — they're broken-hearted when they find out I'm not Danny Kustow (right religion, right axe, right jacket, wrong person) — it's an old-fashioned mobout — *this is for my sister* — the whole scuffle and grab. Can you make that 'to Fiona'? Buttonhole a girl on the outside of the throng.

"You a fan?"

"We-e-e-e-llll . . . I liked 'Motorway' . . . an' I seen 'im on telly. Nice, inee?"

Tom Robinson avoids terrorist chic and outlaw glamour like the plague, but he's still the living breathing epitome of Agitpop. His heroes are The Clash and Dylan when he was still for kids, but his image is more like Country Joe MacDonald after he stopped being a hippie. The voice of everything reasonably and righteously radical, the indignation of a civilised man rather than the roar and snarl of the tortured beast, the complete antithesis of the acceptable face of rock rebellion.

Rock rebellion is primarily all part of the surface: pulling all the right faces in all the right clothes. The reverse of that is coming on like a social worker in terrible clothes: commitment without glamour. Which is why so many people I meet (mention Tom Robinson and everybody's got an attitude) say stuff that boils down as follows: yeah, I know his heart's in the right place but he's boring. Yeah, I know it's good for me, but I don't enjoy it that much. Yeah, 'Motorway' was pretty good but I went through all that up-against-the-wall stuff ten years ago with the bloody Jefferson Airplane. And finally, Tom Robinson is the Cliff Richard of our side. Mr Clean. The Evangelist. The Gay Vicar.

And underneath a lot of it is the unvoiced plea: please *God* he's somehow a phoney. Please *God* will someone find a way to prove that Tom Robinson can't back all he says or that he didn't really mean it anyway. Please *God* will someone prove that he's just another flashmouthed sellout.

Because if Tom Robinson *is* for real, if his courage is more than just bravado and bluff, if his commitment is genuine and his ideals are workable, then just what does that say for the rest of us, who allow ourselves to lose the battles on the grounds that we're somehow winning the war?

Aid and comfort to the enemy (no pun intended, sharpsters): the contra-vision of Tom Robinson as all-purpose radical cure-all (take one of these and you'll be purged of racism and sexism by tomorrow afternoon) comes badly unstuck when you consider that Tom's only hit was the straightahead bounce groove of '2-4-6-8 Motorway', that for every person turned on by his flaming passion and concern is another turned off by what can very easily seem like po-faced tubthumping and smug flaunting of moral superiority.

Certainly, nothing in TRB's repertoire is as successful an exercise in Agitpop as Costello's 'Oliver's Army' (which was *number one,* f'Chrissake!) or 'Night Rallies' or 'Green Shirt' or 'Sunday's Best' or anything off the first Clash album or most of the stuff off the second (mind you, not everyone can be The Clash and not everyone would want to be Elvis Costello).

Finally, there's something awkward about Tom Robinson: his voice never quite goes where it would seem that he wants it to, the lyrics seem to carry no resonances beyond the bald statements they convey. There is little nuance, little left to discover the second time round, nothing to creep up on you. It all just *sits* there, saying what it says. It doesn't *explode.*

'TRB Two' extends the musical and emotional range of 'Power In The Darkness' by a fair country mile, but not quite far enough. The gap between intention and achievement, someone said, and even Evel Knievel couldn't bridge *that* one. But Tom Robinson is trying to hit the longest ball in all of '70s rock, he is trying to put this beleaguered, bullshit-spattered music of ours to the noblest of uses . . . if Tom Robinson isn't pulling it off, who will? It's the hardest stunt in all of rock and roll. Just ask all the dumb protest singers, all the hippies who either shut up or got cut up, all the dole-queue platitudinists who bombed out . . . it ain't exactly easy in the wonderful world of Agitpop. That RESTRICTED sticker — at least — is a scar of honour: it proves that Tom Robinson is saying things that Them don't want said.

Is Tom Robinson a good bloke? He certainly is. Is Tom Robinson a Good Thing? He certainly is. Is Tom Robinson a good musician? Ask *your* ears.

WE'RE TALKING over lunch. Tom's kid brother George is there, a brawny red-haired lad who rides the big black bike that Tom gave him after he got the Cortina. We're talking around the perennial subject of Whether Rock Criticism Is Totally Biased And Out To Lunch Or Not Or What, a topic popular among musicians of all races, sexes and socio-political colourations. Wincing under a serious tonnage of guilt for everything that any rock critic ever said against Generation X, I ask Tom if any of the criticisms that he's received sounded constructive and worth implementing.

"The criticism that the band was actually dictating what people who came to the concerts *ought* to believe, or *must* believe, like schoolteachers or preachers. I think that's a valid criticism — or rather it's valid to say that that would be a wrong thing to do. Thinking about it, the most you can do as a songwriter is explain how *you* feel about things, and sure it loads the dice, but nobody would believe something just because Rod Stewart said it. They might believe it for a couple of weeks, but then they'll hear somebody else say something else and believe *that,* if they're that gullible. If they'll believe something just because Rod endorses it — *or* just because TRB say it — then it isn't gonna last that long anyway.

"All you can hope to do in terms of 'message' is explain your viewpoint — which may be different from the viewpoint that the member of the audience holds — and they may take a look at things from your standpoint, and then find that *their* original standpoint now looks a bit different. To that extent, you can share your experience with your audience. Show 'em different ways of looking at things: like not all gay men are Lary Grayson, for an obvious example.

"That's what you hope for: some lasting change initiated by the person themselves rather than by you. If you don't believe in the potential for all people to decide their own opinion, if you don't believe in the ability of the majority of people to work things out for themselves with their common sense and their intelligence and their potential for the good, then you can't possibly call yourself a Socialist."

The conversation moves to the notion of compromises, and the point where a necessary concession becomes a disorderly retreat.

"It comes down to how much of the thing that you have you can spread how far and with what amount of dilution. The more you spread it, the more diluted it will get, but you do get further with it. That's the balance that everybody has to figure for themselves. The Clash won't do *Top Of The Pops,* for example, because that's where they draw the line, and that's a brave stance to take. *Yes,* we want to reach the people but *no,* we won't do *Top Of The Pops.* It's a very brave thing to say, and it's all a question of where you draw your lines.

"It's a way of achieving maximum volume with least distortion. TRB happen to draw the line further down the road than *Top Of The Pops,* but it's just a question of personal taste and the taste of your audience. We had a lot of problems getting the album out that I can't really talk about; problems that we'd never had before with either 'Glad To Be Gay' or 'Power In The Darkness', but by the skin of its teeth, by us signing certain bits of paper . . ."

Indemnities?

Tom looks vaguely hunted. "Yes, but . . . I don't want to go into it much more than that. Still, we did manage to get it out on time, but there's one or two blank spots on the sleeve ... likewise. But in the United States, at the time at which we speak, there's still no firm release date set. It still hasn't been finalised there, and it's been delayed by certain hassles with the American record company, which is quite separate from the English one, and *their* paranoias.

"In many ways, our resolve to stick to our principles and to stick to what we believe in and care about has been strengthened because we don't have that hunger now to earn a living wage, because now we do earn a living wage. Up until the end of last year, we were still in debt — but, when the New Year royalties came in, all the advances had been paid back and all the money we owed our management had been paid back. We were into the black for the first time since the band started out.

"So now we don't have to make any more

How many more miles per gallon can TOM ROBINSON get from his Cortina? CHARLES SHAAR MURRAY, our man with the Che badge and the rolled-up copy of Gay News, asks this and many other probing questions. GEORGE BODNAR looks on aghast.

f TRB Grey Land

compromises than we feel like from here on in, because we're living perfectly comfortably now, thank you.

"I can pay my rent. I've got my Cortina. I can afford to pay for this meal" (I knew you were paying, T.R., but thanks for reminding me) "and things are great. Things are really good. And I can also afford to help people and causes that I believe in . . . which I'm not going to go into at this point. I don't think it's relevant to this conversation, because to enumerate those things would simply defeat their object and look like a further publicity exercise or gimmick.

"So what was the point that we kept failing to get back to?"

Lines, and where to draw them. If The Clash's line is drawn at *Top Of The Pops,* where's TRB's?

"The line's been drawn on ticket prices. It's been drawn on free badges and bulletins. It's been drawn on the content of the songs, which remains undiluted. As I was saying, we've never yet had a record that's had this much stick from behind the scenes because of the content of it. In many ways it takes a harder line and gets much nearer the knuckle than anything we've done before. At the same time, within the album it's been possible to expand into areas of good humour, fun, self-mockery and having a good time.

"I think anybody who's been to see the band in concert a couple times would bear out that; it has always been an aspect of the band after the first six months when we were still finding our feet, our own sense of identity as a unit. One of the reasons why that hasn't come over is because the records didn't reflect it until now. The recorded output was taken from the stage show, and we put them out as fast as we could record them. We did '2-4-6-8' at once, which was fairly bouncy, happy-go- lucky tune, then we put out the four best songs from stage show right away on the 'Rising Free' EP as a thank-you to all the people who'd bought '2-4-6-8 Motorway'.

"'Motorway' was the *hit* that established us, and we haven't had another one since, but it hasn't seemed to matter too much. The live EP was a thank-you to those people, and the idea was value-for-money, a generous selection of four of the best songs from the stage act thrown in for the price of a single. Since it was live, it took no time to record and hardly any to mix, so it was out quite soon afterwards. It featured stuff like 'Martin', which is good-humoured, 'Don't Take No For An Answer' which is rocky but not political, 'Glad To Be Gay', which is *overtly* political, and 'Right On Sister' which is . . . well, we can discuss 'Right On Sister' later.

"Then we came down to doing the residue for 'Power In The Darkness, which was simply to get the rest of the songs recorded and out in album form as soon as possible. Because there'd been all that scam about the Pistols putting their singles on the album, our album was all new tracks.

"So it was the remainder of the stage act, which left — inevitably — the heavier side of it, apart from 'Grey Cortina', which was whimsical enough, and 'Too Good To Be True', which was a personal statement as opposed to anything political. But they got lost among the 'Better Decide Which Side You're Ons' and the 'Power In The Darknesses',

"Still, those were important statements which needed to be said at that point, which had been said by the group on stage, and it was important to get those down on record, whatever the cost in terms of balance, humour and the rest of it. There's a time for that and that time is now, but it was important to get all those songs down, and I still stand by all those statements, although I won't actually play 'Better Decide — Which Side You're On' now ever since we've been to East Germany.

"I can't look an audience in the face and sing that with a clear conscience because I'm not *certain.* Even though I know the ramifications of why the East is the way it is

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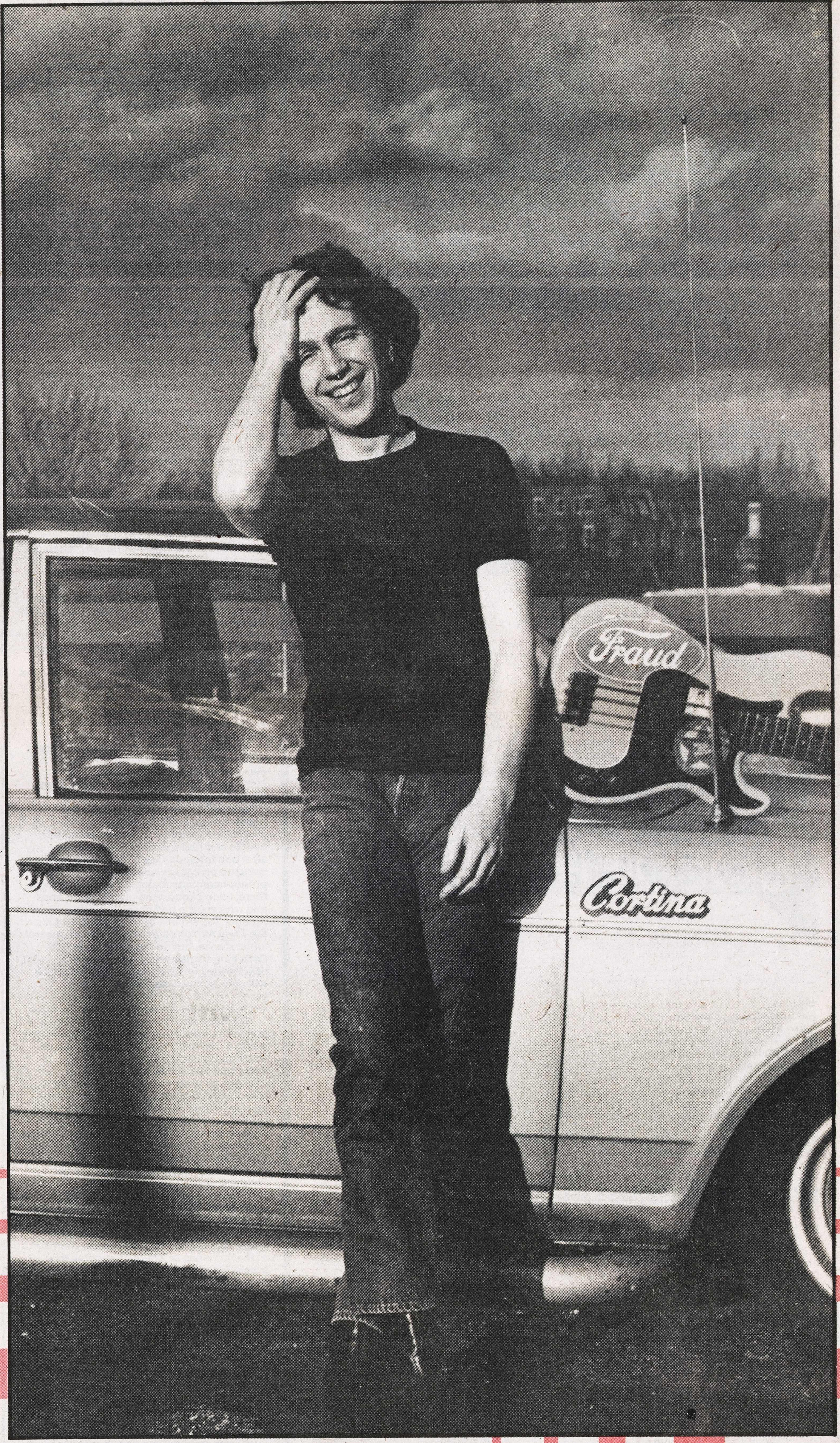

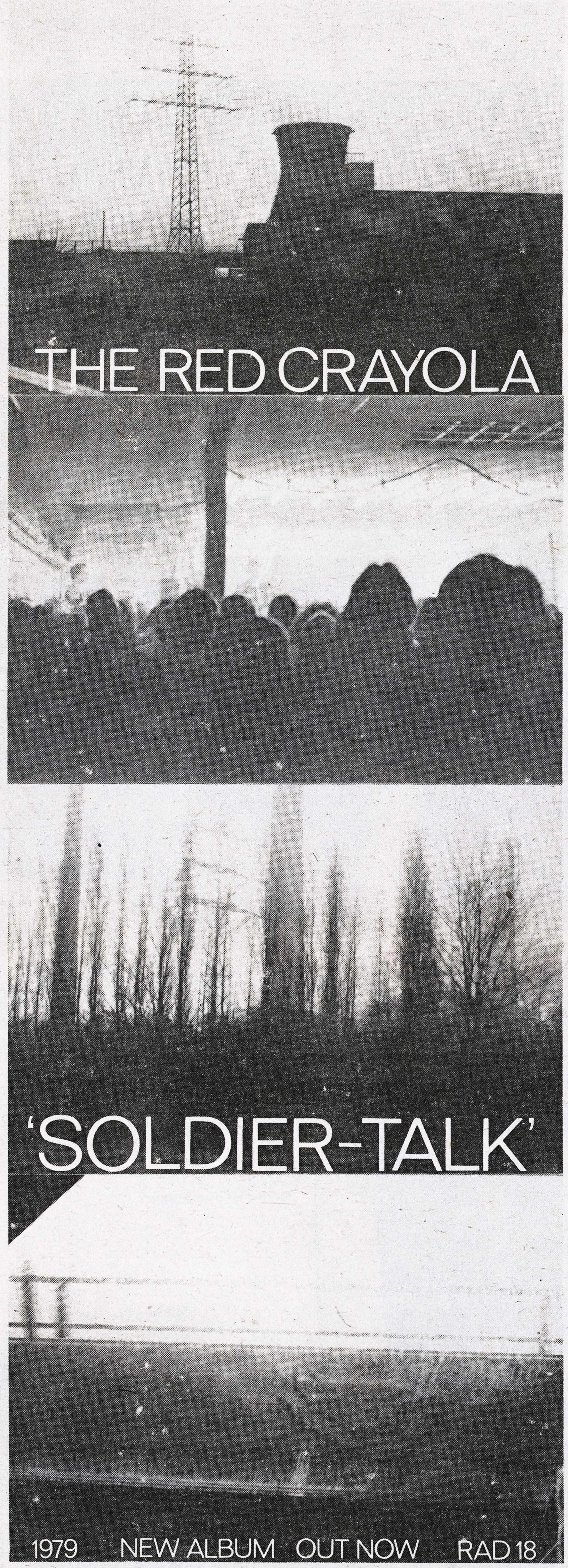

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TRB

CONTINUED

■ *From previous page*

and why the West *looks* the way it does, I'm no longer as 100% certain as I was when I wrote the song and I'm not preparing to lie to the audience. "But I've wandered off the point again. I was saying that 'Power In The Darkness' — for whatever reasons — was quite a bleak album, and it's nice to be able to move on to a second album where you can retain the balance of the stage act within the new material you're writing."

COULD TOM see TRB recording an entire album of songs that didn't happen to be Relevant with a capital R?

"We've always done songs which weren't relevant with a capital R, but if you say so in interviews it looks as if you're backing down on the ones which *are* relevant with a capital R."

No, it doesn't. Plus a song doesn't have to be Relevant to be relevant.

"Sure. But I enjoy both and I intend to continue writing both."

So what's bening written now?

"I've still got about 12 or 13 unrecorded songs at the moment, and I'm still writing, sometimes in collaboration with other writers, but mostly with the band. You're always filing through the stuff you've been writing because not all of it's good. Anyone can make mistakes and . . . I make mistakes. The main thing is to be free to own up and say *okay, I was wrong, I did what I thought was right.*"

On record — and on public platforms in general — Tom always sounds absolutely *certain* of exactly what he feels is Right and Wrong: doubt is an emotion rarely expressed in the TRB. Has he ever felt totally divided on an issue?

"I think 'Crossing Over The Road' from 'TRB Two' throws the thing a little wider open; I think 'Hold Out' does. Sure. I mean, I've had moments of self-doubt. They usually last about 23 hours. There are some issues I just don't know, and one of them's Northern Ireland. I know the orthodox straight - down - the - line leftist stance is to support the Catholics and say that the Protestants are the bad guts. It's somebody's else's situation, for a start, and I'm not going to get into a 'Right On Sister' thing where one presumes to give a seal of approval to a particular attitude on a thing that doesn't concern you directly.

"It's down to bands like Stiff Little Fingers to say something about it according to their own views, backgrounds, ethics and instincts. Northern Ireland . . . I don't know who the hell's right.

"Some Catholics took us round the Catholic area, and a Protestant guy took us round the Protestant area and we talked to people and had a visit, but what can you say after one three-day visit? You can't possibly stand up on a stage and make pronouncements about it if you're not from there. I don't know who are the good ones and who are the bad ones. The official Rock Against Racism line is Troops Out, and it's the *Daily Mirror's* stance and it's the general leftist stance, but on the other hand Stiff Little Fingers assure me that from their point of view they fervently hope that the troops will stay. In any case, I think it's a bit academic because I hear that the troops are being gradually phased out . . . on the quiet.

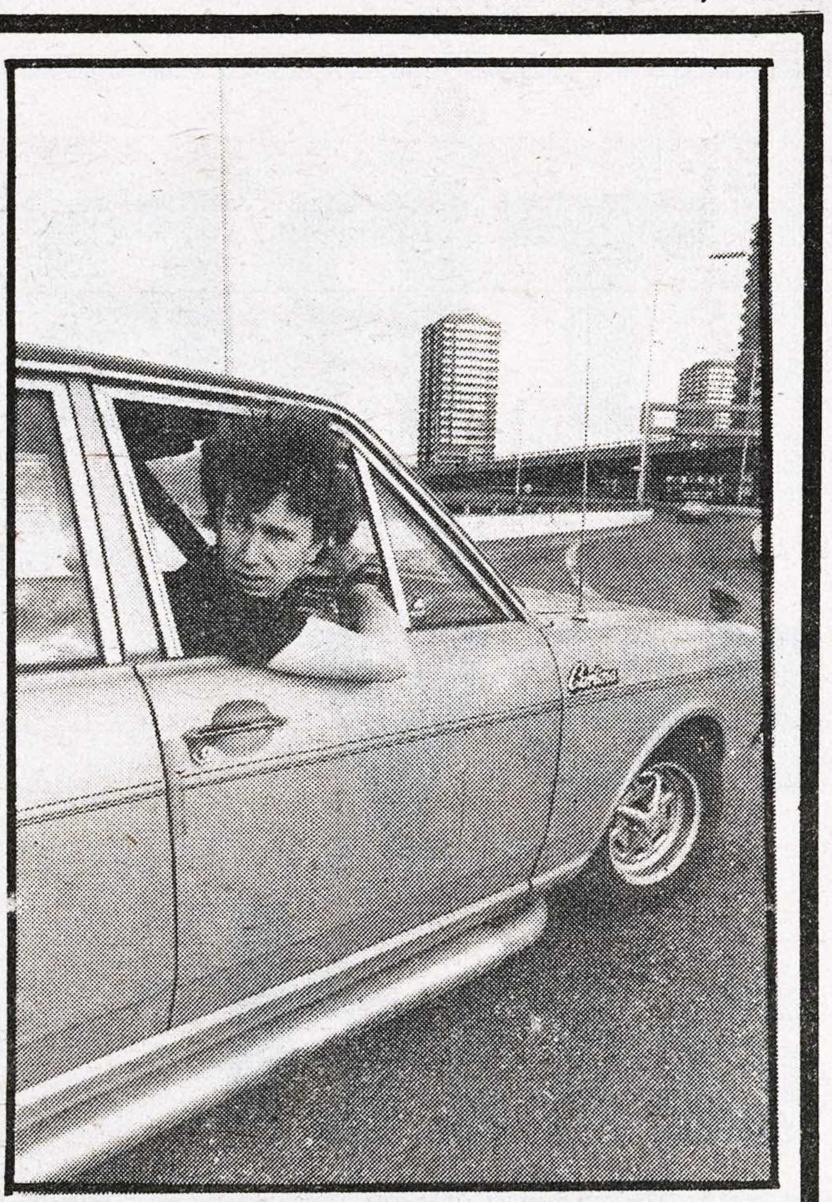
"But here's me voicing an opinion on it, but what I was trying to say was that I *wasn't* going to do that. I'll withdraw that, but I'll mention that as a issue on which I'm . . . I don't know what the fuck's right and . . .

"Own-up time. You do what you can to help the things that you believe in within your own field of action. You act according to your convictions and according to your conscience and according to your own sense of responsibility towards the world you live in and how you feel that dictates whether you should or shoudn't take action, get involved or don't get involved.

"I happen — for a job — to be an entertainer. I play music for my living, which I've done for four or five years now, but that doesn't mean that I'm more qualified to know about these issues than any member of the audience or anybody reading this article. So at this point I've got to make it absolutely clear that although I believe these things, just as you say about the articles you write that they're just one man's opinion, the opinions we express are what's discussed around TRB: that they're where *we* happen to stand.

"People write in to us: they're worried about certain issues and they expect you to have a clearcut answer, and you gotta write back to *all* of them. I don't know what the answer is. Maybe *you* know what the answer is. Well, tell me. What's the answer?"

"Maybe they know better than you do. Just because I play the bass doesn't mean that I know the answer any better than them. If I knew the answer I'd stand for Parliament and probably be a total failure. You just put your finger on it. All you can do is ask a few



questions which people may not have thought of asking before and then they can work out their own answers.

"Hey, I thought we were gonna talk about *music!*"

AND THEREIN lies the rub. Back in 1977, Tom used to complain that nobody wanted to talk music with him because all they had on their minds was the fact that he was gay. Now the most askable questions are about Involvements and Issues and the ins and outs of Being A Spokesman and one - two - three, what is the fighting for? So yes, we talk about music.

"Let's talk about the 'is' rather than why the 'was' isn't. After Dolphin (Taylor, drummer with what we'll call TRB 1) left, Preston Hayman came in to do the album at two days' notice. We started it on a Wednesday and we finished at two days' notice. We started it on a Wednesday and we finished it the following Tuesday. The first day we went in we recorded four backing tracks. It was very fast work with very few overdubs, unlike the first album, which had a lot of overdubs."

The album bears a credit to producer Chris Thomas and engineer Bill Price "who helped prepare the groundwork to these songs." Recording had begun with Thomas and Price (the team who worked on the first album), but had to be shelved when the mighty due were called away for other projects. (Price to The Clash, Thomas to Wings). Rather than wait for Thomas and Price to return, TRB called in Todd Rundgren and started again from scratch, though the groundwork for the arrangements and the ideas had indeed been done during the earlier sessions.

"Neither version of the second album features Ian Parker's keyboard playing very strongly. The axis of the band has up to now been my voice and Danny's guitar, but now it's the voice balanced either side by keyboard and guitar. Since Dophin's gone Ian has stepped into writing stuff for the bulletin, contributing stuff to the sleevenotes and generally become much more a participating member of the (accent switches to Peter Ustinov Central European comic-meance) *zer Politburo* — oops — of the TRB co-operative. Plus he gets to sing one of the songs on the album, which is a completely manic pisstake where he gets to sing about being a sheriff in the Deep South in a broad Glaswegian accent. He's actually from Irvine, and there was a newspaper article about him which said that he was the third most famous person ever to come from Irvine.

"He's a vegertarian and involved in many of the things on the inner sleeve of the album. The interesting thing is that we didn't know anything about any of that until he got the gig. He was auditioned purely as a keyboard player and he beat all the others hands down. Mark (Ambler, TRB 1's keyboard man) was basically a rhythm player and he only played lead on the jazzier things, but Ian's influences are more Weather Reporty . . . and Deep Purple!

"The other bizarre thing about Ian Parker is that he has friends. Not just 'friends' but *zillions* of friends. Any town you name, we'll play and Ian'll say 'Och, canna put a few people on the guest list?' and he'll have 25 names.

"Plus we have a new drummer named Charlie Morgan. Preston Hayman, the guy who played on the album with us, is in the Kate Bush Band and Charlie *was* Kate Bush's drummer. The potential is incredible. Even with the straight rock and roll things, there are just so many ways of rocking out now . . ."

Endgame: as we wind up the interview and pack up the cassette machines, a young waiter in the restaurant bounds over to cop an autograph and say "Hello, you're Tom Robinson, aren'tcha?"

"I liked 'Motorway' best of all your stuff," he says. "Why don't you do more stuff like that?"

Tom smiles as he scrawls his name and salutation. "We've got some new stuff," he says genially, "which I hope you'll like as much as that."

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SILVER SCREEN

Wet weekends in Wigan — with soggy popsicles

Love And Bullets

Directed by Stuart Rosenberg

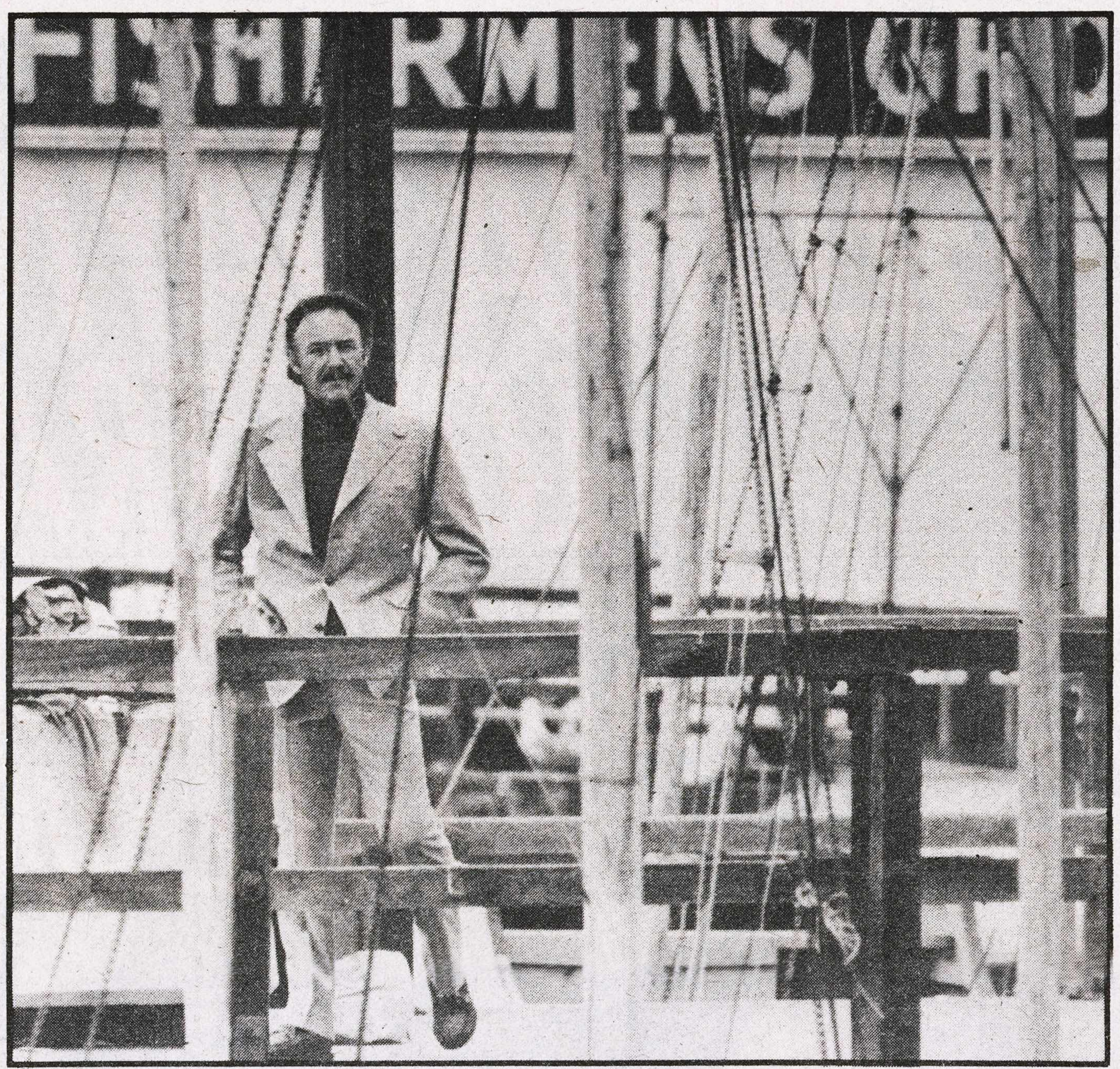
Starring Charles Bronson and Rod Steiger

The Domino Killings

Directed by Stanley Kramer

Starring Gene Hackman

(ITC)



Gene Hackman, an unwilling participant in The Domino Killings.

A fairly incongruous double-bill, which can be recommended only as an alternative to rain-swished beaches.

Love And Bullets marks further the peculiar decline in Stuart Rosenberg's work which — with *Cool Hand Luke* and *WUSA* to his credit — seemed so promising back in the '60s. Not that Charlie Bronson fans will give a hoot since this highly improbable gangster yarn is kept pretty pacey as we follow Our Hero — on the trail of syndicate crime boss Joe Bomposa (Rod Steiger, with a stammer) — from dusty Phoenix to scenic Zermatt.

He's still squinty-eyed and lantern-jawed, but he's far chattier than usual and is actually called Charlie here, which is nice — makes him seem almost human. Which is more than can be said for the assorted zombies he comes up against, particularly a pair of hitmen called Huntz (Paul Koslo, with a deaf-aid) and Farroni (Henry Silva, with a hair-cut). "Blood makes them laugh," says someone, and he's right; the Swiss may like holes in their cheese, but they're not so keen on holes in bodies.

Me, I don't go a bundle on holes in plots but — despite a massive sabotage job by the missus (Jill Ireland, with Dolly Parton wig and squeaky voice) — Charlie just about manages to keep *Love And Bullets* afloat. Routine though it is, it's probably still the best Bronson pic since *The Mechanic.*

The only thing it has in common with *The Domino Killings* is that Fred Koenekamp photographed both *(Phone up Arthur Koestler, quick. — Ed.).* But Fred's not quite so busy as it sounds, because Stanley Kramer's movie was made three years ago.

A flat and implausible addition to the corruption 'n' conspiracy genre, it has gained no credibility through languishing on ITC's shelf, nor by signs of obvious pruning. Gene Hackman, as ever, is eminently watchable as a kind of beleaguered King Midas in reverse (everything he touches turns to shit) but elswhere the staid Kramer has indulged his propensity for inappropriate casting; thus cherubic Micky Rooney is a hardened con, fatherly Eli Wallach a sinister Marine General, lovely Candice Bergen a dowdy housewife.

The Domino Killings is convoluted as hell and empty as Stan Ogden's beer mug. So it's of little consequence that these people are struggling through an ongoing tricky Franz Kafka situation — well, that's how Richard Widmark wearily puts it. I thought they were being obtuse on purpose.

Monty Smith

Same Time, Next Year

Directed by Robert Mulligan

Starring Ellen Burstyn and Alan Alda

(CIC)

1951. Two people meet at a seaside motel, and spend the night together. Though they're both happily married, they're able to talk to each other more successfully than to their respective partners. So they decide to meet again in twelve months.

This implausible relationship continues for 26 years though the film, continuing for a mere two hours, is restricted to visiting them at five-yearly intervals. The changes that Doris (Ellen Burstyn) and George (Alan Alda) go through in this period enable the film to gloss over, with typical liberal tokenism, the great issues of the time; the Vietnam war, the rise of feminism, the therapy movement etc.—all are encompassed by a few glibly witty lines of dialogue between characters forced into a succession of awkward stereotypes.

There are lots of jokes — few of them funny — and a couple of embarrassingly contrived serious moments. Ellen Burstyn and Alan Alda (of TV *MASH* fame) perform miracles with the cack-handed script, but nothing can disguise the film's ultimate hollowness. It's cosy, sentimental, studiously entertaining. There's also a horrible (and unintended) fascination in seeing two such very *nice,* very hung-up people slowly waste away their lives.

One for that rainy afternoon when the TV's broken and all your friends are out of town.

Graham Lock

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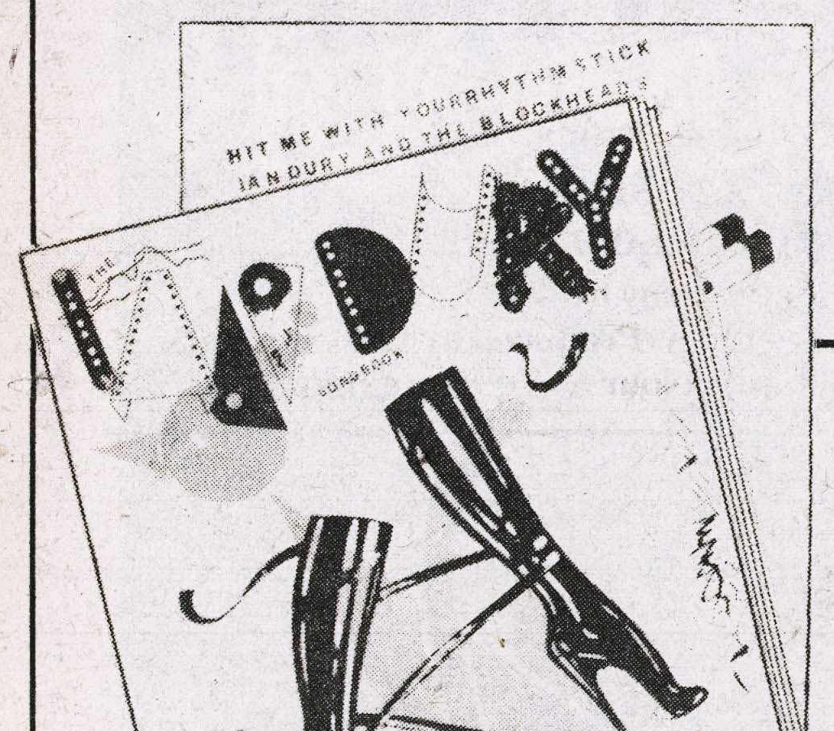

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Ellen Burstyn calls collect, Same Time Next Year

Lemon Popsicle

Directed by Boaz Davidson

Starring Yiftach Katzur and Anat Atzmon

(Entertainment)

Theoretically set in Israel, this movie has been contrived as an *American Graffiti* of the Middle East; 'theoretically' because *Lemon Popsicle* has clearly been designed as two hours of rollicking fun for an international market, and hence takes place in a celluloid nowhere land, in which US influences invariably abound, either through the customary totems of Western lifestyles, or the relentlessly Americanised dubbing.

The lack of atmosphere makes a pair with the film's historical infidelities. The music apart, one of the few attempts to locate the time-period is through a Pathe News film, clearly dated 1957. This deals partly with John Kennedy's presidential campaigning — which actually took place in 1960.

Such ineptitude is of course inexcusable, but it pales beside the grosser shortcomings and regular lapses of taste of this terrible movie. The central characters are three 17-year-olds looking for — do you really need to be told this? — sexual adventure and experience. It's an old-fashioned chauvinist formula, but one which is no more stereotyped than the characters — the winner, the loser, and the fat one.

In the absence of wit, the script relies for its laughs either on the discomforting embarrassments of Fatty, or else on the erstwhile shock tactics of conversations about penis-size, condoms, venereal disease, and suchlike. In short, the kind of humour that would charitably be described as 'schoolboy'.

Naturally, such sexual bravado has its come-uppance, which takes the form of the standard nemesis of films about this era. Indeed, since *Lemon Popsicle* coincides with BBC-2's series The Best Of British, it's been a bad month for unwanted pregnancies *(A Kind Of Loving, Saturday Night And Sunday Morning, Alfie).* The obligatory abortion scene here is entirely distasteful, partly because one resents a film which tackles comedy so crassly pulling emotional chords with such clumsiness, and partly because it's all so unrealistic anyway. Would a 16-year-old have found it that easy to get a pregnancy terminated in Tel Aviv in 1957? Come to that, were Jewish teenagers of the '50s ever this independent of parental control?

One feels sorry for the cast, many of whom try their best, often in unpleasant or downright humiliating conditions. Most of the post-*American Graffiti* movies *(Cooley High, That'll Be The Day, Grease, Animal House)* have had individual merits. *Lemon Popsicle* has none, and hopefully represents the end of the line.

A few final thoughts about the soundtrack, since transistors, juke-boxes and Dansettes blare out the '50s sound so relentlessly that one could believe the dramatic edifice had been constructed simply as pictures to accompany the music. (The movie's publicity actually lists the names of the singers, not of the actors.)

First of all — and this is something that applies to every film of this kind, even *American Graffiti* — the songs are not always of the correct vintage. 'Long Tall Sally', say, was 1957, so that's accurate, but 'Sealed With A Kiss', 'Hey! Paula' and 'Hey! Baby' were all 1962 — and I always understood that five years was a long time in rock'n'roll.

Secondly, you've heard all the songs before. Not 20 years ago, but in last week's '50s nostalgia movie. ('Hey! Paula' also occurred in *Animal House,* for example). For all that his name is never far from anyone's lips, and his image never long off the screen, there are no Presley songs in *Lemon Popsicle.* It's simple — the rights to his material are not available, so it's the same tired old sounds that are always recycled as representatives of their era.

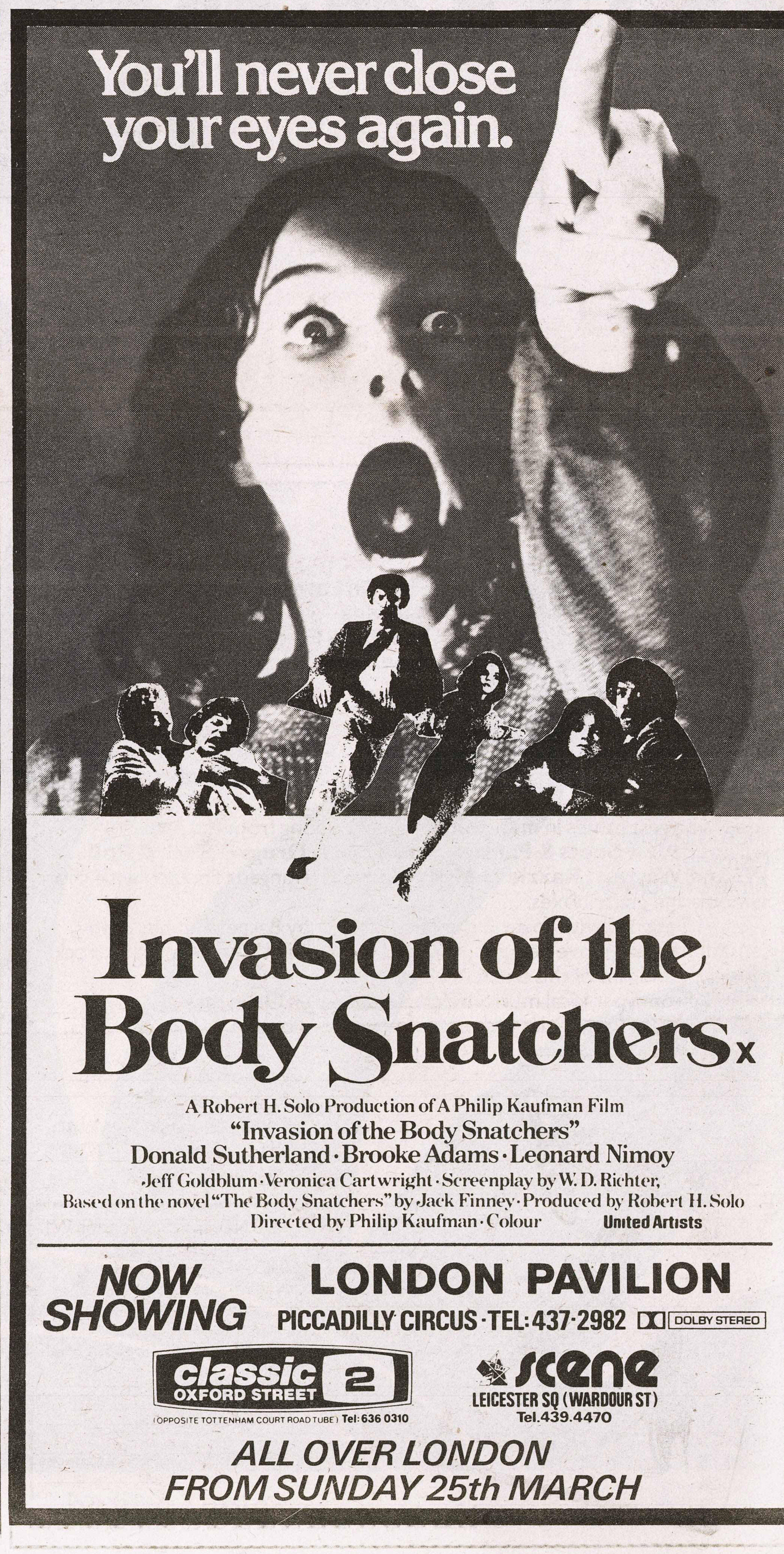
There are, however, songs here by Paul Anka, Domenico Modugno and Marino Marini. In other words, *Lemon Popsicle* finally gets something right, if only accidentally.

The music of the late '50s was by no means the undiluted excitement that the myth-makers pretend, and the film attests to this by including some dire material. During one party scene, three Paul Anka records are played consecutively, and in full.

Does this sound like your kind of movie?

Bob Woffinden

Lemon Testicle: "Yup — eleven fingers!"



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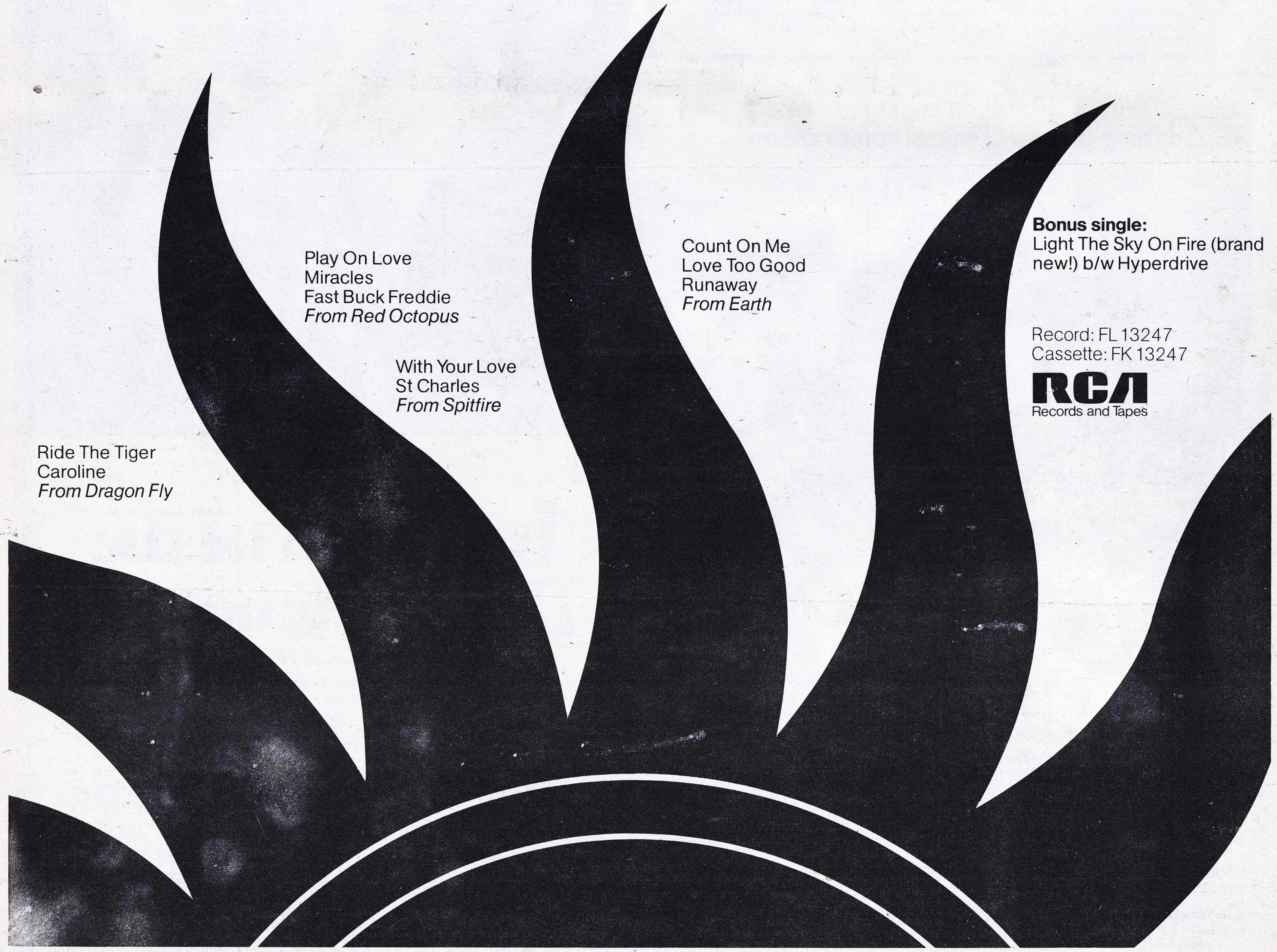


ALBUMS

The Fall: Keep up the good work and there'll be no need to look over their shoulders. Pic: Kevin Cummins.

The Fall land on their feet

THE FALL
Live At The Witch Trials
(Step Forward)

CRASH! SMASH! It's The Fall! The missing link between The Doors and Spherical Objects (sound), the Velvet Underground and O Level (vision). The accessible face of modernistic pop. Not quite in the mainstream, not very far away. You can dance to it *and* pretend it's avant-garde Mark Smith knows: "Eggheads and boneheads queue".

CRASH! RING! This is the way The Fall begin, not with a whimper but a BANG! 'Frightened'. Brooding, alert, scarey. The one track here to equal the stature of 'Various Times'. *"I feel trapped by mutual affection / I don't know how to use freedom / I spend hours looking sideways / To the time when I was sixteen / Cos I'm in a trance / And I sweat some / I don't wanna dance / I wanna go home / I'm frightened."* The music builds, retreats, turns in doomy, foreboding circles. A brilliant beginning.

The rest is a mixture of the good, the slight and the slightly scrappy. Mostly, it's the good — ranging across the edgy, infectious pop of 'Rebellious Jukebox', 'Underground Medicine'; the hypnotic sway of 'Two Steps Back'; the speedy, disconcerting statements of 'No Xmas For John Quays', 'Futures And Pasts'.

Karl Burns excepted, The Fall are not accomplished musicians. His superb drumming holds the album together, drives it along, rescues it from the possibility of formless repetition (and I wonder how they'll fire / fare now that he's gone). The others function well within their limitations. The resonant, minimalist bass of Marc Riley; the catchy three-chord swell of Yvonne Pawlett's keyboards; the versatile spikey-to-screech guitar of Martin Bramah.

When they really coalesce — 'Frightened', 'Rebellious Jukebox', 'Two Steps Back' — it works beautifully. Solid, intriguing music, full of quirky touches and basic power. When sometimes they don't, things tend to drag, clatter or fall apart.

There are disappointments. The too-long, too-negative 'Music Scene'; the too-cryptic 'Mother-Sister'; the too-dreary 'Industrial Estate' (is this a parody, or what?). And there's also the strange title track — Mark Smith announcing "But we're still one step ahead of you. I still believe in the R and R dream, in R and R as primal scream", even though his own singing is mostly flat, as in deadpan (it's not true that the songs are humourless — eg the hilarious line about free festivals as being "like cinemas without films" — it's just the way Mark Smith sings'em).

The Fall are reputed to be sensitive to criticism (thus the title?), and they do play one or two silly defensive games. Like 'Crap Rap 2,' or the opening of 'Mother-Sister' where a voice asks "er, what's it about?" and Mark Smith replies "er, nothing."

But if 'Frightened' and 'Various Times', 'It's The New Thing' and 'Rebellious Jukebox' are indicative of the directions they're taking, The Fall have little to worry about (and incidentally the album contains only previously unrecorded material, so do buy the last single).

And buy this. It's flawed, but at its best 'Live At The Witch Trials' has that true rock energy. That spark inside. The nicest way there is of wasting time.

CRASH! SMASH! CRASH! RING!

The Fall have landed on their feet.

Graham Lock

SUPERTRAMP
Breakfast In America
(*A&M*)

I used to think that Supertramp were *all* style and no substance, but now I think that the word is 'mainly'. In many ways. the blend of voices and keyboards they offer is an exquisite confection, but who wants to eat a gallon of syllabub?

Singer Roger Hodgson has a melodramatic voice that's every bit as mannered as Freddie Mercury's. And that can get obnoxious, but put to the right use it can be quite appealing.

The outstanding song here is called 'Goodbye Stranger' and it shows how good this band can be when the formula works. Their second singer Rick Davies drawls an engaging little melody over a keyboard line that's barely more than a doodle. Compared to the surrounding material the song seems simple and uncluttered. Then suddenly Hodgson chirps up, in a childish sort of voice, with a killer of a chorus, the sort of thing they used to sweat over in the Brill Building.

The lyrics are unbearably corny: *"Goodbye Mary, Goodbye Jane / Will we ever meet again / Feel no sorrow, feel no shame / Come tomorrow, feel no pain."* But then who said that great pop needed a Ph.D. in English Literature? This song's almost as compelling as one of the Beach Boys' minor classics. It's that good.

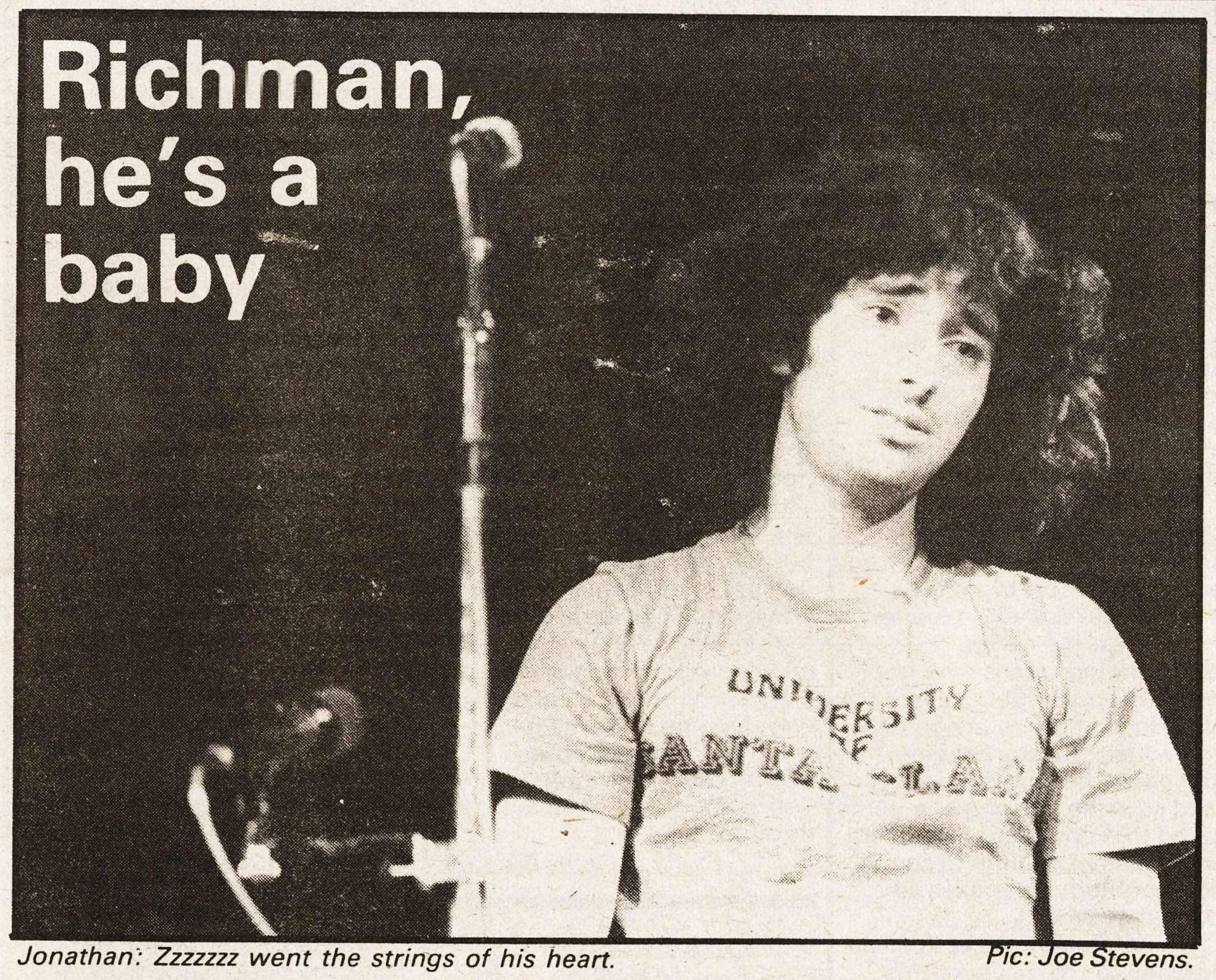
Inevitably, though, one song doesn't make an abum, and while the rest of the tracks provide a luxurious musical texture, the band never get so melodically inspired again.

The opening cut, 'Gone Hollywood', demonstrates the weakness of this kind of thing. Pleasant vocals and a gorgeous woodwind solo. A *nice* experience, but fundamentally unmemorable.

A friend of mine who's a hi-fi buff thinks Supertramp are in the same class as the Floyd. If you like electronic embroidery, then maybe you'll agree.

Bob Edmands

Richman, he's a baby



Jonathan: Zzzzzzz went the strings of his heart. Pic: Joe Stevens.

JONATHAN RICHMAN AND THE MODERN LOVERS
Back In Your Life
(*Beserkley*)

It seems a familiar story. A year ago, Richman was throwing model areoplanes into this audience, and singing "Buzz buzz buzz goes the honey bee — and tweedely tweedely twee goes the bird." Words like enigmatic, innovative, 'eccentric and endearing began to fight for space in his ample — and mostly sympathetic — coverage.

And I don't doubt that 'Back In Your Life' will induce the same people to suspect that Richman and sanity have now got very little left in common. But if this album achieves nothing else, it shows that while a reaction flared up and burnt out around him, his ideas have actually remained both unchanged and unaffected.

Observe the man — he shuns all established means of projection; his songs sketch doleful Disney cartoons; he has a strong affinity with the virtually inanimate ('birdies', moose, mosquitoes, bees, etc); they *understand* him, they talk the same language. He attempts a rose-tinted vision of global 'love politics'. His emotions overflow like bulging bibfuls of Farley's rusks. He is apparently immune to reality. We wonder at times if he has diapers for brains.

Spin the disc and find neither answers nor surprises, but another oblique catalogue of his inadequacies and other earnest trivia, all wrapped in deliriously skimpy arrangements. Generous slabs of '60s rock 'n' roll, doo-wop, ballads and R 'n' B are instilled with the same old cracked sentimentality against a samba / skiffle backdrop. Just to add to the effect, both his oddball, nasal vocals and the precariously tuned guitars make you feel that the Dansette's in constant need of being cranked up.

I hardly need add that the album features a totally wacky performance in both grooves, and will only make Richman's following even more exclusive.

Opening with the typically low-key 'Abdul And Cleopatra' (rhymes with *"I wonder where she's atra"*), it divides loosely between the sentimental and the plain stoopid. Prime examples of the latter are 'Buzz Buzz Buzz' and 'I'm Nature's Mosquito', in which, amid sounds of droning insects, our malarial spokesman claims *"I'm gonna go bite bite / Bitey whitey white, Sir!"* — but in effect hardly even goes skin-deep.

Highlights, apart from the zany doo-wop 'Lydia', are 'Affection' — an accessibly diluted plea for just that and the suppressed rock 'n' roll of 'Party In The Woods Tonight'. Listening to its lines *'The Moose go Miy-ooh / The Deers are there Yiy-ooh / And The Monsters are cooking up their disgraceful soup for you"*, there's more than a hint that such french-fried inspiration derives from a past of committed psychedlia.

Well that's my theory, and I'm sticking to it.

Mark Ellen

THE BAR KAYS
Money Talks (*Stax*)

A sumptuously funky offering from the 'new' Bar Kays — not to be confused, or compared, with the 'original' Bar Kays (of 'Soul Finger' fame), four of whom died on December 10, 1967, in the same plane crash that killed Otis Redding — these gents are most definitely func(k)tioning in an on-going situation, delivering goods of a kind only the best doctors order.

Seductive, powerful, loping, impressive and happy, The Bar Kays play contemporary black music with great finesse and grace.

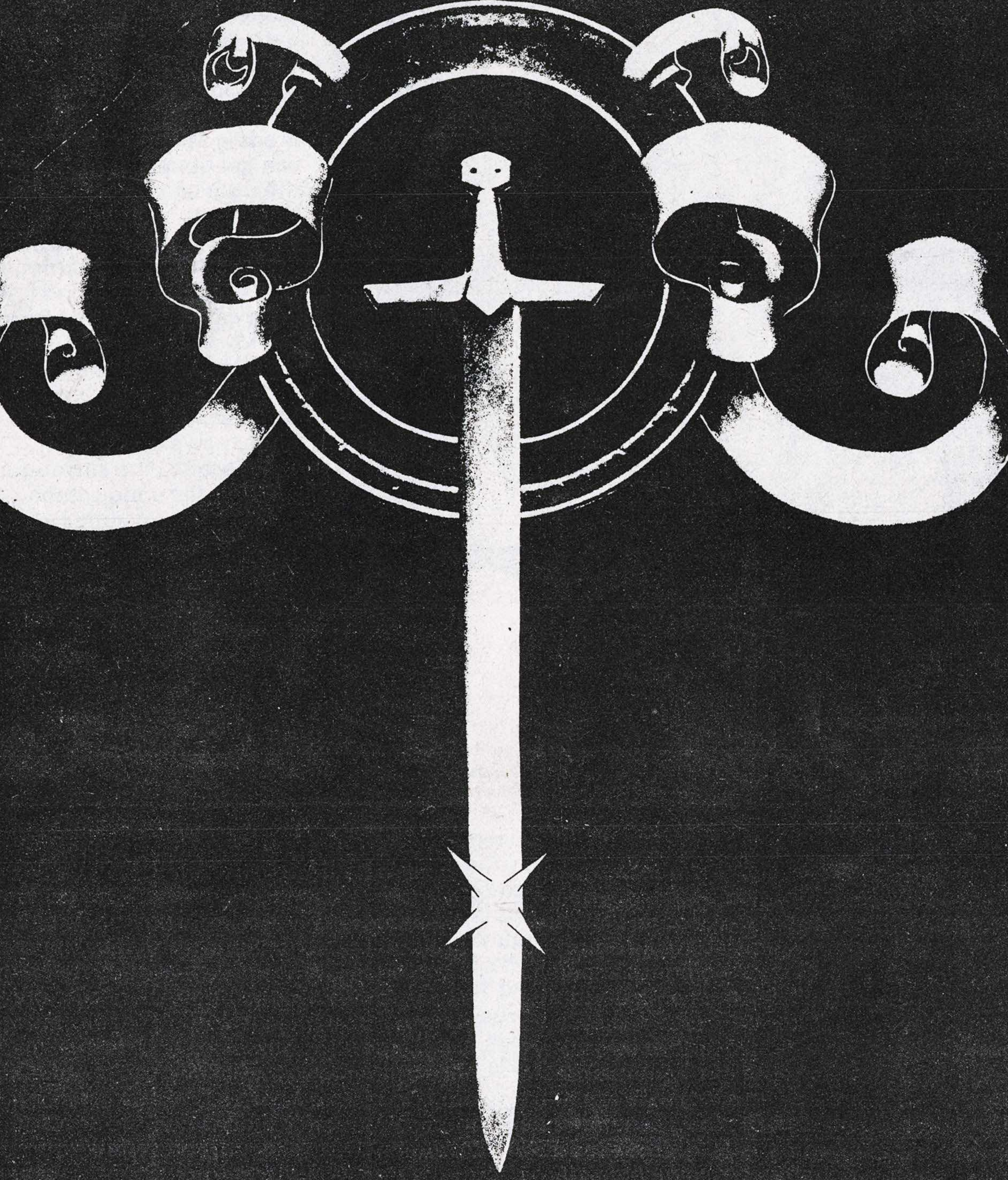
Music to dance to, and music to imagine extraordinary things to. As complex as you care to make it; as comfortable as a pair of old jeans; as smart as a new razor.

Nice to know that the band — and record label Stax — are willing and able to move with the times so effortlessly.

John Hamblett

TOTO

Solid rock with a razor's edge



"The overwhelming attraction of 'Toto' is undoubtedly the level of craftsmanship on display, and the integrity with which it is exercised."
–Harry Doherty, Melody Maker.

Toto is a new band. Steve and Jeff Porcaro, David Paich, Steve Lukather, David Hungate and Bobby Kimball. Between them they've played with just about every rock giant you care to mention.
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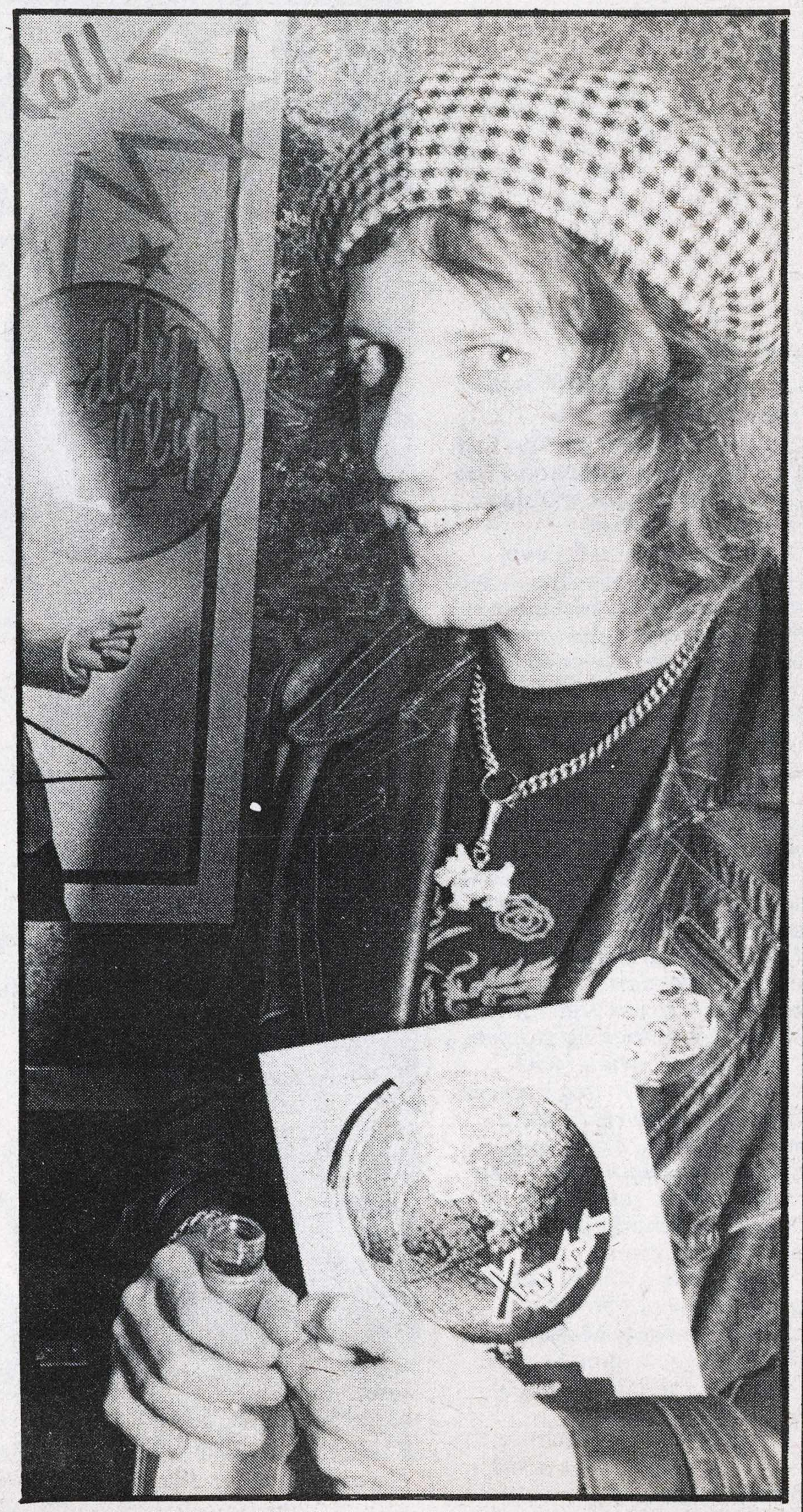
One too few boom-booms



Rare pic of Willie with silly hat and Unigate bottle. Pic: Rob Hall.

WILLIE ALEXANDER AND THE BOOM BOOM BAND
Meanwhile . . . Back In The States ***(MCA)***

The image-buck Willie wants to pass to you — which he hopes will in turn pass the big bucks back to him — is that of an adventurous, amiable, respected modern beat Baudelaire's too-sensitive-to-stay-sober drunk. Well, it's a shame to say, but Willie sounds too much like an old lush wishing he were a young lush here — big difference you know.

Still, he was only the *second* best thing to emerge from Boston's Rat Club — Marc Thor was the greatest and he's still not signed. The rest of the promising went on to sign with Sire or something stupid, where they would immediately flunk out.

Willie meanwhile cut a thick-mixture, kohled pot-pourri, Side Two stinking out the homestead with imagined glam, R 'n' B (whatever that stands for these days), heavy guitar and pop — it was gorgeous. I tried to play Side One quite a lot when we first acquired the work, but I couldn't ever want it — it seemed so plain.

Side Two was awful indulgent and young for such a good old boy, but it was cute and appropriate — *"I feel so depressed/Guess I should have guessed/I feel so blessed/Have I passed the test?"* — and the melodies rolled on like a girl with a vendetta. They sprawled, but like Theda Bara and her magic mascara . . . gorgeously and with an aimed wantoness. 'Kerouac' was lovely, homosexual torch-trickster hero-worship, the first song to practically spell out that hero-worship *is* homosexual. 'Hair' was jokey jive, 'Looking Like A Bimbo' was the old, sad rock and roll truth that only your parents used to be proud enough to see, 'Home Is' was a heartbreaker — they were all stunning, with histrionic, honest to God tunes. Most people love tunes like practically no other entertainment on earth.

Those songs were all so damned *lush* — oops — where the tunes sounded born for the stories, holding each other perfectly upright all the way home to the end, like two old drunks who knew each other since they were kids.

This album just limps haywire. It seems stunningly hurried yet exhumed, exhaustingly so. "All these songs were written between 1971 and 1978 in various bars"; good God forbid that the rest of us should start digging up the stuff *we* wrote in 1971 — the mere thought makes me want to tremble and froth.

Even the bass-heaviness of the Boom Booms can't help them — the bass is a graceful sound, the most dignified thing about that abomination 'rock' — as the songs surrounding it pass over one so soon and smooth, leaving warnings of too many guitars in hands and gaps between the ears. The songs are short and so is the lifespan of a band that prints its lyrics on its inner sleeve, though of course for laughing matters we all wish they would.

There's a little sticky lipstick intangible charm about this thing, only hanging over like a tooth on a thread from my fondness for the first LP . . . an awful lot of bands eke out a sentimental, temporary living these days from being ex-passions of people.

'Modern Lovers' and 'You Looked So Pretty When' would have been at home on Record One Side Two if only Willie had had half as much to drink when he wrote them; their desire for stumbling flesh stunts their sweetness, the alcohol or some other mire causes them to leer and wink instead of sneer and slink like his romantics used to. There's a couple of hurtful lines here (*"You seduced me with a smile and I followed you for miles"* — ohhh) but his tunes seem shot forever. Write all the girls in the Western World a slim beat book, Willie, that would be better.

A lot of bands were signed yesteryear when we were young, en masse and massively, because every fool scout suddenly reckoned that every unsigned band — specially those busy being little cults in little clubs — was 'new wave'. The Boom Booms are one such hangover who'd be happier just mucking about and leaving the precious time of the recording world alone, because they'll never sell and they'll only grieve their labels and get inferiority complexes about not selling. They shouldn't fret — they're sweet little combos — it's just that making records involves time and money and ends up saying HURRY! which inhibits and over-reaches them.

Remember Willie Loco this way, leaning on some bar, waiting on some waitress, resting on some laurels when — boom boom — it all fell through.

Julie Burchill

VARIOUS ARTISTS
No Wave ***(A&M)***

Well in line with recent compilations by other major labels, A&M's 'No Wave' throws the spotlight on nine of their latest signings. It also falls foul of two common "selection disc" pitfalls.

First off, any such mixture of diverse music — in this case, its "new wave" bracket merely *implies* a uniformity — makes it impossible to sit through an entire side without having to regulate the running order. And second, existing as it does to expose weaker acts via the commercial pull of stronger ones, the former don't merit exposure, and the latter don't need it. Hence the album accomplishes zero.

On both sides the dynamic duo, Joe Jackson and The Police, are found rubbing shoulders midway to sustain its otherwise meagre wares. The Police showcase 'Roxanne' and 'Can't Stand Losing You', both tracks as excellent as they're underrated. Jackson's, inevitably, are 'Is She Really Going Out With Him?' and 'Sunday Papers' — likewise, classics the pair of them, though it's crass to confine him to his singles alone when his 'Look Sharp!' album offers a host of more diverse selections.

The fifth and other decent cut is 'Take Me, I'm Yours' (Squeeze) — dance rock grapples with synthesised Eurodisco and comes through an outright winner.

The rest degenerate from Klark Kent's 'Don't Care' and 'Office Girls' — effortless dross by plain-clothes Police; to The Secret with 'Going Down Again' and 'Lucky Lizard' — jerky, derivative cabaret-rock with distant shades of Bonzos; down to The Dickies with the frantic, banal 'Hideous' and the rantings of gonzoid gibbons at large in 'You Drive Me Ape'.

'Urban Gypsy' Bobby Henry takes the bottom line with the boorish, plodding 'Head Case', and shares it with Shrink who has no more to offer than his gold-painted visage, bacofoil suit and a partially-shaved dome.

Stick with the singles or go for the albums but don't break the bank for this one.

Mark Ellen

The boot is metaphysically put well and truly in. Pic: Al Johnson.

CRASS
The Feeding Of The Five Thousand
(Small Wonder)

This isn't an album at all, it's a 12 inch 45 rpm 17 track *very* EP — very good value and very angry, very trite and very boring.

The Clash and TRB's politics are facile but inoffensive whearea Crass are facile and offensive, directing their self-righteous superiority, vehement cluck-clucking disapproval and anachronistic three-chord thrashing at such disgusting rubber-duckies as Securicor guards (you wanna cosh the driver, cut a record with Ronnie?), factory workers (you gonna support the living dead sheep if they quit and move into your Epping commune?) and, of course, them, one system, society (rage and rant but keep it non-specific, spread the guilt, make it painless, make it product).

"The Feeding Of The Five Thousand starts off with a few minutes of silence entitled 'The Sound Of Free Speech' because nobody would press their song, 'Asylum', which was marked to occupy this vinyl. It's no loss — 'Asylum' is more of the contrived, sordid, ignorant piffle (it wasn't Little Lord James who dug the graves at Auschwitz, you sanctimonious shitheads) which proliferates throughout the record. And, not to be outwitted by the jackbooted Whitehouse censor, Crass sulk, pout, spit and slip in so much anti-religion crassphemy beyond the confines of their suppressed 'Asylum' that eventually one feels like subscribing to life-long celibacy and joining the Jesuits.

At least PIL's 'Religion' is a bit of *fun.*

This is a nasty, worthless little record — if I thought it reflected some mass post-punk consciousness I swear I'd pogo mindlessly until the brains were oozing out my ears — and only when the Gumbie-activism unintentionally veers over the edge into pure Charlie Drake parody does it justify its very existence.

"The shit they get/The shit they get/The shit they get/The shit they get/Defense? Shit, it's nothing less than war/And no-one but the Government knows what the fuck it's for./ Mai Lai, Hiroshima,/Know what I mean?"

I enjoyed that bit.

Tony Parsons

DOLL BY DOLL
Remember *(Automatic)*

Oh dear. The title's the first clue. Portentous, vague. Remember *what?* An empty pose, it echoes the contents.

I remember Doll By Doll. At the Rochester Castle last August they were superb, committed, intense; at the Roundhouse in October they seemed ill at ease. Then last month came the dire 'Palace Of Love' single. 'Remember', if it doesn't accentuate this downward curve, does little to reverse it.

Here they sound like a watered-down version of Television trying vainly to be Blue Oyster Cult. Long, meandering songs, heavy riffing, touches of melody, and occasional interruptions of the contrived dramatics: crescendoes, abrupt silences, funereal drumbeats, hardly any of which occur with the necessary element of surprise.

Such creaky devices might still be effective if broached with a large degree of *attack;* the major surprise with 'Remember' is that it's so tame — would you believe *understated* Heavy Metal? What's happened to the fiery passion that epitomised their live gigs? How come 'Butcher Boy' and 'Palace Of Love' — so rivetting on stage — have been reduced to the weak, convoluted gestures they sound on vinyl? One factor is the unassuming, almost monotonous production. Another is the selection of tracks; outstanding songs like 'Strip Show' and 'Teenage Lightning' have been dropped, while a mediocre rocker like 'Lose Myself' is mysteriously retained.

The one really good track is the least ambitious. 'Janice' has an enticingly pretty tune — it obviously should have been the single — and achingly soulful vocals by Jacke Leven. A song of charm and tender regret. Lovely pop — not at all what you'd expect from Doll By Doll.

The songs on 'Remember' are weird, incomprehensible stories of sex, violence and mystery — most of it, apparently gratuitous (though I'm less sure of this than I am of the songs' general lack of clarity).

It's a shame. I remember that first time I saw them as one of the highlights of last year. I'm also all for people who're "gonna change the world".

After 'Remember', the world, alas, looks much the same as before.

Graham Lock

D by D: "Sod it". Pic: Pennie Smith

Amen O'Eno

BRIAN ENO
Music for Airports
(Ambient)
GARY PEACOCK
December Poems *ECM)*
TERJE RYPDAL Terje Rypdal *(ECM)*
FRANK ZAPPA
Sleep Dirt *(Discreet)*

'Music For Airports' is Brian Eno's latest stroll down the supermarket-aisles of Muzak, re-named "ambient music" because, he claims, *his* muzak's intended to alter or modify a listening environment rather than just occupy it.

This is no big deal, and certainly nothing new: LaMonte Young, for one, has tried similar "environmental exercises" which, also depend on the spatial relationship of the listener (Music For Moving Bodies?). Indeed. The Shandar label — Young, Riley, Glass, Reich, etc. — seems to specialise in records with little *overt* action in them.

Then there's the Obscure stuff, the most enduring of which is Michael Nyman's 'Decay Music' more successful as ambient music than either "Airports" or 'Discreet Music', the first of Eno's dabblings in the genre.

The sad thing, of cpurse, is that 'Airports' will sell more (in Britain, at least) than any of these other, more deserving, pieces.

"Ambient music . . . must be as ignorable as it is interesting" sez Eno in his sleeve-note, by which canon he effectively admits defeat: ignorable 'Airports' certainly is, but there's no way it can be considered even *slightly* interesting on any level other than the purely conceptual. So it may be *valid,* but it's still muzak.

Eno threatens more chunks of environmental music, tailored to specific situations. So we can look forward, presumably, to Music For Garages, Bedrooms, Lavatories, Libraries and Lecture Theatres, till we come full circle to — Eureka!—Music For Lounges!

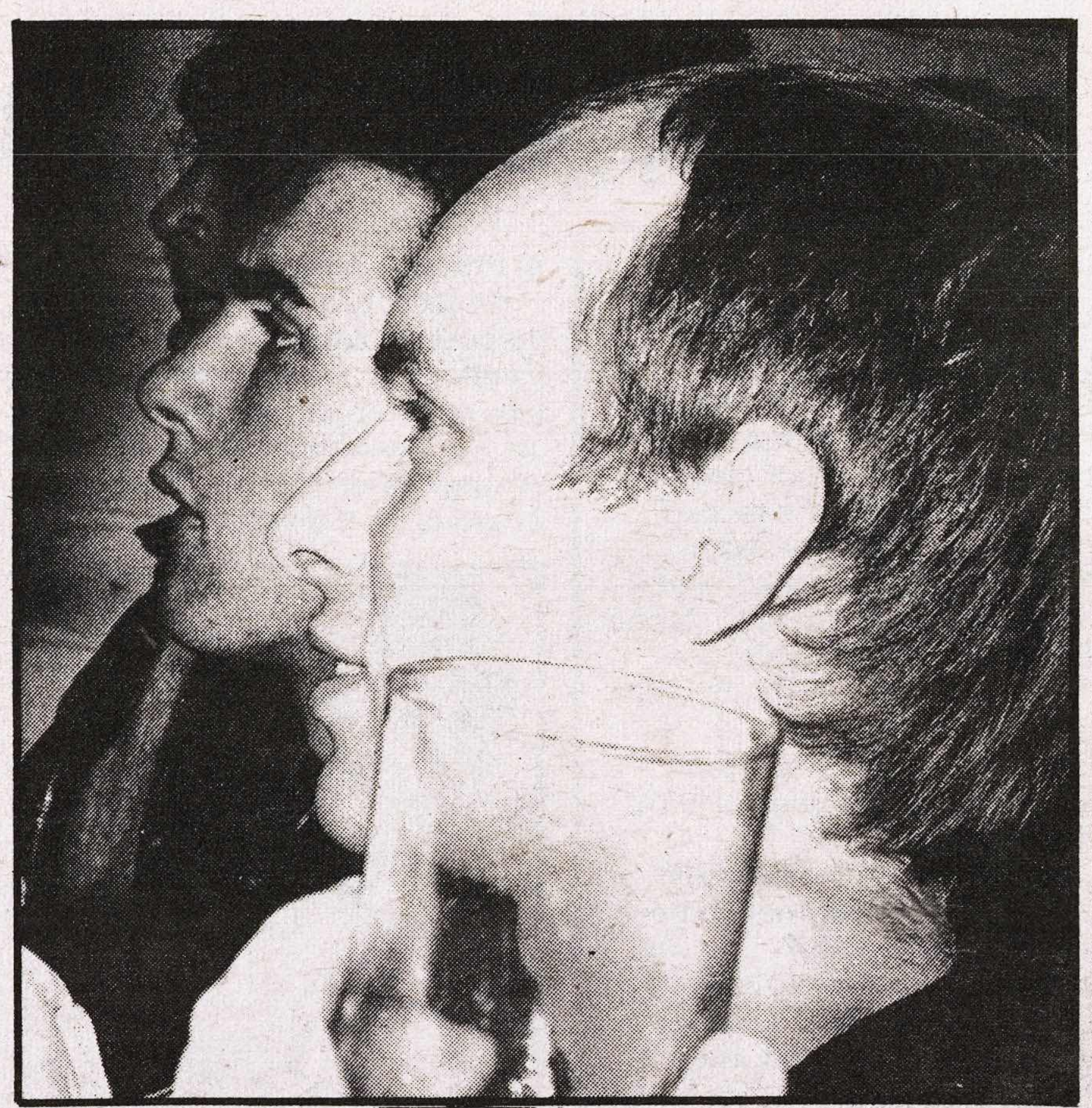
Like Eno, ECM once made interesting albums — Towner, Jarrett, Rypdal, Weber and Garbarek' amongst others all profited at some time from the rigorous, cool cleanliness of the Manfred Eicher production. Now, and more so with each release, ECMs are just so many slices of the same cake; interchangeable, not individual.

The last one to interest me at all was Dave Holland's 'Emerald Tears', so I was hoping for a little more than the usual from Gary Peacock's 'December Poems', a similar solo double-bass affair (save for a couple of Garbarek sax contributions and some uncredited piano-string noodling on one track).

Sadly the sax is usually tasteless, swamping any bass subtleties: the marriage of Garbarek's sharp angularity with Peacock's mellow roundness, interesting on paper, just doesn't gel on record.

Elsewhere, Peacock succeeds in concocting some marvellous ambient music, just as ignotable as 'Airports' but far more interesting than that album when *listened to* rather than heard, especially the gently informal swing of 'Snow Dance' and the delicate fragmentation of 'Flower Crystals'. Unobtrusive, but interesting.

The Rypdal / Vitous / DeJohnette collaboration — another "perm any three from 30" ECM instant-album recipe — embodies all the faults of the ECM malaise, the glaring of which is the narrowness of the emotional range available.



Brian Eno'll drink to that. Pic: Gus Stewart.

Doleful, despairing and depressed would seem to be the gamut of Rypdal's particular emotional expressions, and he holds sway over the album, DeJohnette reduced to an ineffectual tippy-tappy cymbals style imitation of Jon Christensen which is *totally* out to lunch, Vitous coping remarkably well considering the limitations imposed.

Fine if you happen to be in a Norse maiden, clifftop gazing, windblown hair situation, but otherwise . . .

'Sleep Dirt', a Zappa contract-fulfilment job for Warners, exemplifies the opposing extreme to 'Airports', in that it tries too hard to be obtrusive, yet ironically ends up as probably even better muzak. It's so damn full and so damn *cluttered,* the aural plane becomes just as flat and empty as if there was nothing there. An all-instrumental album, 'Sleep Dirt' represents the side of Frank that desperately needs acceptance as A Great Composer. Unfortunately, the present-day composer is effectively dead, reduced to reiterating the same tired cliches in such dull unrelentingly lifeless manner that a good case could be made for considering 'Sleep Dirt' one of Frank's little jokes. Certainly, the noodling cocktail sleaze of "Flambay" is impossible to consider as anything *but* a joke, and the long jazz-rock studio jam "The Ocean Is The Ultimate Solution" (Tee Hee Frank) is surely a *parody* of fashion music . . .?

Surely?

Maybe?

It really doesn't matter in the end.

Andy Gill

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TEES THAT TALK

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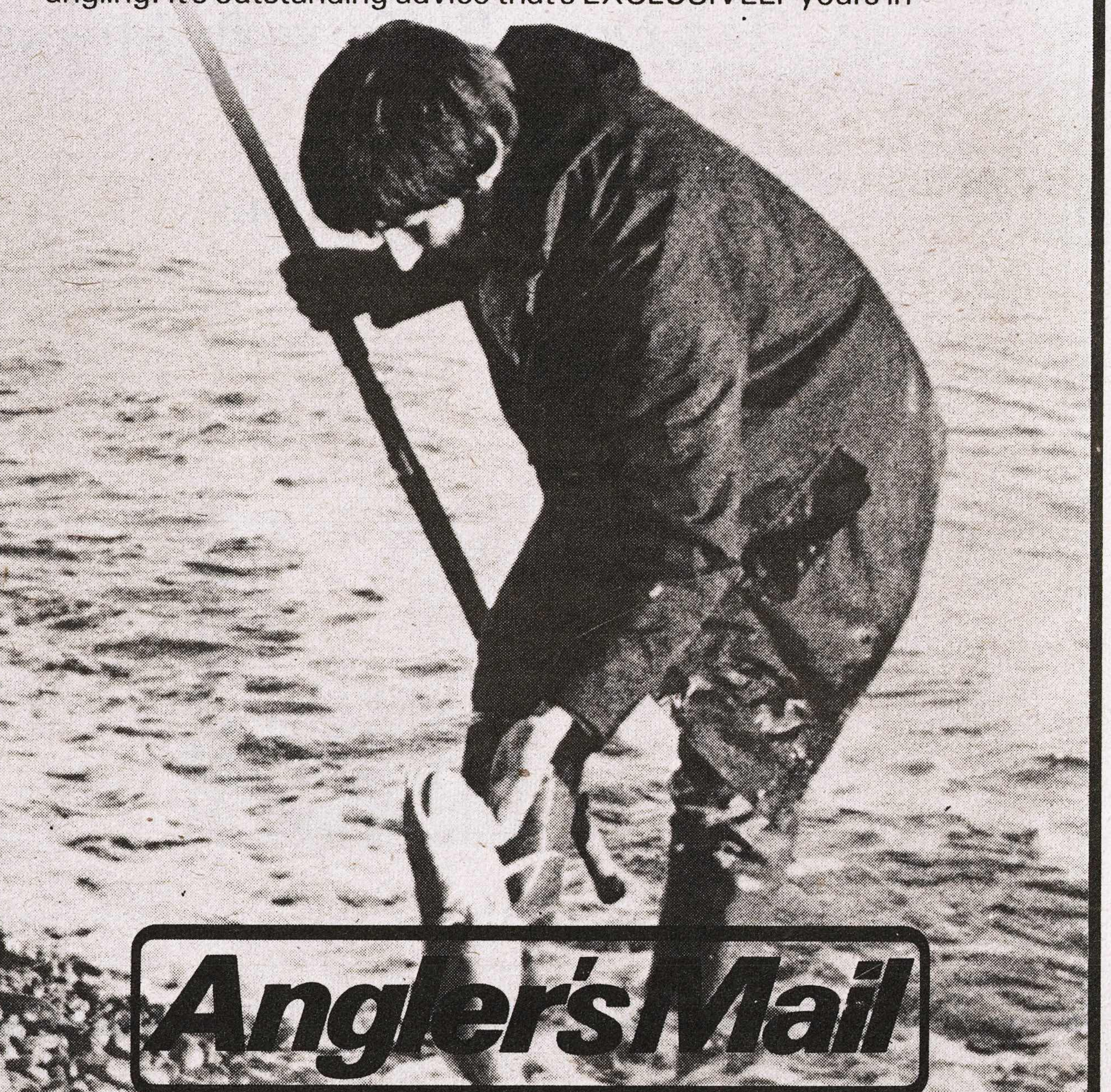
Complete Beach-Angler's Guide...

SHOREFISHING

by John Holden

Angler's Mail is serialising key extracts from this new book that breaks new ground in sea fishing techniques. Part 3 of these extracts, in the "Mail" tomorrow, gives you that essential, inside-the-expert touch on choosing your sinkers and line and using them for truly fulfilling angling. It's outstanding advice that's EXCLUSIVELY yours in



Gloria on points

GLORIA GAYNOR
Love Tracks *(Polydor)*
BONNIE POINTER
Bonnie Pointer *(Motown)*

Gloria Gaynor's album comes complete with major claims on her behalf by the record company. They say she's "Queen of the Discos", and her albums are made to dance to all the way through.

Donna Summer might well argue with the first contention. Many dancers would probably quarrel with the second.

Ms Gaynor's hit single 'I Will Survive' dominates the set, more glorious for being extended to over eight minutes. The song's main appeal is undoubtedly its melody and unrelenting hook. With or without a disco arrangement it would have been a smash. At the same time, there's no denying the power of the rhythm section that propels it along. Notable among them is percussionist Paulinho Da Costa, whose presence is no doubt reflected in the cut's Latin flavour.

It's true, too, that with a voice less distinctive than Ms Gaynor's the song would be less substantial, but the singer's dependence on strong material is glaringly obvious on the rest of the album. Gaynor's so hard-pressed that she opts for a cover version of Clout's 'Substitute' and the old Little Anthony song 'Goin' Out Of My Head'.

Bonnie Pointer — not impressed. Pic: Joe Stevens.

This album has nothing like the compulsive danceability that's achieved by the likes of the French band Voyage, for example. The main problem seems to be that Ms Gaynor's personality is allowed to get in the way. A slow ballad 'Please Be There' is a suitable showcase for her vocal talent. Alas, it slows down the first side in a way that would clear most dance floors.

Bonnie Pointer is an equally personable vocalist. In fact, her range is probably greater than Ms Gaynor's. While Motown were quite right to see her potential, they seem somewhat unsure about how best to deploy her.

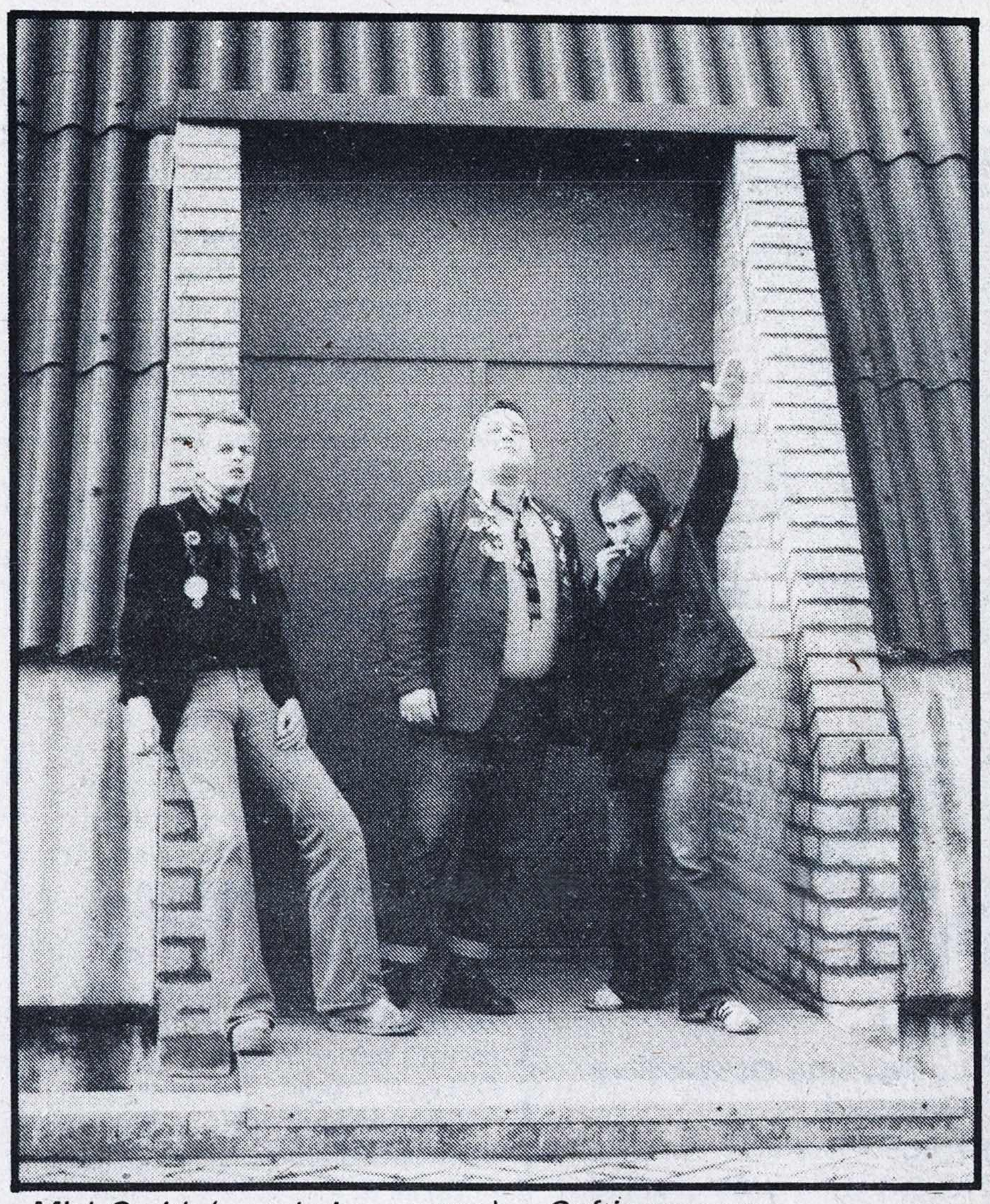
The venerable Berry Gordy co-produces with Jeffrey Bowen, and they immediately invite you to compare Ms Pointer with the stars of Motown's heyday. The opening cut is Smokey Robinson's 'When I'm Gone' and the next but one is Holland-Dozier-Holland's 'Heaven Must Have Sent You'. Great songs, but Ms Pointer deserves something distinctively her own.

In fairness, that's what she gets with 'Free Me From My Freedom,' the cut sandwiched between the oldies. The lyrics look corny written down: *"Darling won't you free me from my freedom/Darling put love's chains back on me."* Yuk.

But the way Ms Pointer sells them, they could be classic romantic poetry. And just to show that Gordy and Bowen are trying hard, you get a banjo solo thrust up in the middle of the song. Oddly enough it works.

Pity they weren't as adventurous on the rest of the two sides.

Bob Edmands



Mick Smith (no relation, centre) — Softie supreme.

Not so soft

THE SOFTIES
Nice And Nasty *(Charly)*

Some of the most inventive flesh and blood rock 'n roll currently available comes courtesy of a 15 stone-plus ex-Damned roadie on a primarily oldies label. This has been a public service announcement.

For Big Mick — sorry, Michael Smith — and his Softies, witty, gritty songs and strong, varied playing are the norm. Allegedly Big In Holland, the band were originally a hobby for guitarist-singer Mick and The Damned's Sensible and Scabies. By the time this album was made, Keith Line (drums) and Texan Jack Boothe (bass) made up The Softies proper.

My initial reaction to 'Nice And Nasty' was amazement that someone of Mick's ability should roadie for *anybody*. Split roughly into one raunchy side and one tough-but-tender, The Softies' personalised mastery of Motors-style overdrive rock is clear from the off.

The current single, 'Killing Time', is a strong man's 'Streets Of London', trading spurious compassion for unfeigned horror: *"Crucified messiahs who never saw the nails / Midnight tube train passengers who never saw the rails"*. These are the dossers, *"waiting on a street called Death / Turn left at Soho Square"*. At once chilling and unhysterical, the song's attack is offset by Mick's unhurried solo and spicy, sparing effects.

'Whiskey Man', John Entwhistle's perverse celebration of alcoholism, continues the mood of understated menace. A tight, appreciative version, it's particularly welcome as the 'Quick One' album has not worn well.

But nimble hard rock is merely the upper portion of The Softies' ice cube. Mick moves from aggression to pity, tenderness or pride without shedding a scrap of credibility, while the rhythm section prove subtle as well as tough. With Jack doubling on keyboards, fiddle and guitar and co-producer Hugh Jones guesting on twelve-string, there's little they can't do. Time-honoured seagull effects open 'We Don't Want You Back', for instance, Mick's plaintive voice somewhere between Bowie and Roy Harper, yet the acceleration into an Abba fairground rhythm seems entirely logical.

The Smith songbook is littered with tangible, no-bullshit images, *"Your memory's so thick / You could cut it with a knife"* and *"I was like a blind man / With no stick to tap"* being but two. 'Lovin' Me The Way You Do' is shamelessly devoted in an aw - shucks - but - we're - old - fashioned way: *"Seems like this don't happen any more / Everybody's creeping behind locked doors"*. Listen and sigh.

Side two's 'Doin' It All Again' and 'Try A Little Bit Harder', the most ambitious tracks, are also the most successful. Mick's knack of making clear, uncluttered language say anything he wants it to is strongly evident on the former, where he bemoans man's inability to learn from history. In bossa nova time, the song glides from a jazzy solo to clean, distant rock lines. Easy as breathing.

Like 'Rusty' on side one, 'Try' celebrates life on the road in Lynott-approved fashion: *"Can't you see that you are free / And what's the use of trying to be / Sad about it"*. No jaded moaners on The Softies' bus.

Line has since left, replaced by ex-Clancy man George Butler, while the addition of Syd Geary on rhythm guitar means there's little here they can't reproduce.

Music this adventurous is rarely this approachable. Why ever not?

Harry George

WILLIE HUTCH
In Tune
(Whitfield)

Yet another Motown quitter, William McKinley Hutchinson has packed his trusty Gibson and hitched a ride on Norman Whitfield's 125 soul train.

Initially, all bodes well as Wah Wah Watson does his chicken run thang on the opening cut, while a second guitarist (Hutch?) floats in some Wes M. octave work and Willie Boy raps enthusiastically about his new record before describing a trip to a disco — at which point everything reverts to mundane partydown.

Most of the album's other tracks — which, apart from a couple of midnight smoochers, are aimed directly at the tootsies — prove equally lack-lustre. Not downright bad — Hutch has got enough going for him, as both musician and vocalist, to keep things above the plimsoll line when it comes to quality.

But for a guy who's penned such long-term royalty gainers as 'California My Way', 'Guess I'll Learn How To Fly' and 'I'll Be There', plus a couple of well-healed soundtracks for *The Mack* and *Foxy Brown*, he seems to have temporarily run out of gas.

Fred Dellar

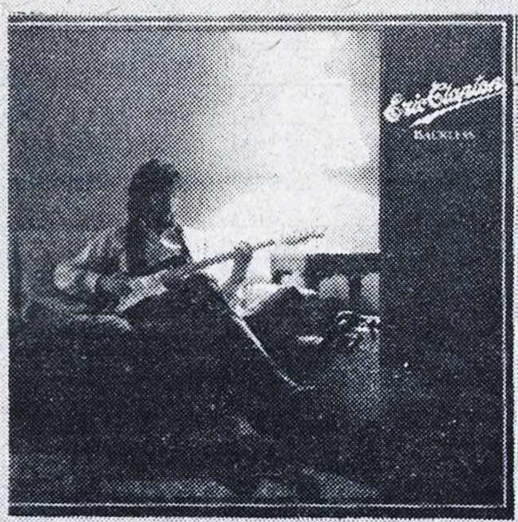
THE NEW SINGLE FROM

Eric Clapton

"IF I DON'T BE THERE BY MORNING"

B/W

"TULSA TIME"



TAKEN FROM THE ALBUM "BACKLESS" AVAILABLE ON RSO RECORDS AND TAPES

RSO

Hank Marvin: *"So there are still young ones . . ."*

CLIFF RICHARD AND THE SHADOWS
Thank You Very Much: Reunion Concert At The London Palladium *(EMI)*

No prize for spotting the instant irony.

The opening song here is 'The Young Ones' — and almost 20 years after it was a hit, Cliff Richard sings it totally straight-faced.

The lyrics, the arrangement, even the Hank B. Marvin guitar solo, are all immaculately in place. Cliff doesn't even change the emphasis of the words to acknowledge the passing years. And quite right, too.

This is a performance and an album that will appeal most strongly to people who were teenagers in the '50s and '60s, and let's not belittle their pleasure. (Well, if you want to . . .)

The implicit rebellion of 'The Young Ones' was hardly as ferocious as performers need to be these days in peddling their product, but no doubt it reflected the mood of the kids at that time.

Okay, everyone knows that Cliff is a soppy Sunday school sort of chap these days, but there's a certain courage involved in an album like this.

Cliff and the Shadows do their golden oldies note perfect, and inevitably that emphasises their commitment to the past — and the redundancy of their music for the new generation. Tunes like 'Apache' sound unbearably tame now, but in their day they had considerable potency. Every '60s beat group took The Shadows as their starting point, and much has evolved from there.

Rock stars of the '60s and '70s have proved to be rather nimbler at disguising their ages than Cliff and the Shads. The Rolling Stones, for example, have simply ignored the implications of growing old. After all, there's a lot of money in it for them.

There's a case for saying that the dignified middle-class middle-age displayed on this album is a rather more honest approach.

Bob Edmands

THE SQUAD
Out For Revenge *(Hav)*

'Out For Revenge' — put together and out, into a cruel, cold landscape. The Squad — three lads from Newcastle, put out and brought together by the cruel, cold response their demo tapes got from that fabled A&R zone.

They built their own studio. Specially to record. Conviction. They're *convinced*, this Squad. Not me. I see no point at all. Me, I can hardly be bothered to go on here. This Squad with their ridiculous anachronistic 'outlaw' 'mystery' 'macho' 'dribble: . . . *you've got a body like a woman.* Hairy chests, boutique haircuts, bomber jackets, world without end, Amen. *'The Road,' 'Honey,' 'Heavy Dudes,' 'Winds Of Change'*. . .

A tepid twilight landscape of twisted romanticism and masculine power trips.

'Out For Revenge'? If any radical feminists want a copy of the album, the address is : Slowbuck Records, 44 Highbury, Jesmond, Newcastle Upon Tyne 2. £3.70 inc. post & packing.

Adios, mes amigos!

Ian Penman

GRAND HOTEL
Do Not Disturb *(CBS)*

They're all here — the shimmering hi-hat, the wire hawser funk bass, those gushing, creamy banks of vocal harmony, the clean, synthetic keyboard sounds — all the *right* ingredients for such 'sophisticated' dance music.

There's some half decent compositions, too, a gentle, persuasive pacing and clever arrangements.

Yet, in lurid dayglo, I sense the word 'artificial' scrawled all over this album. Grand Hotel aim for glamour, for a glossy, illusive sheen. 'Do Not Disturb' is wallpaper for discos, it's canned cocktail party music — it would mingle well with diamante, vermouth and cashew nuts. It's a very insubstantial album, sometimes pleasant, and sometimes unevenly balanced with an excessively hard-hitting rhythm section.

But it is designed solely to motivate feet, and that almost excuses the lack of lyrical inspiration. It dabbles with spaciness ('Atmosphere' and 'Light Years') and in 'Secret Life' it even expounds the dilemma of being another urban Superman possessed of extra-sensory powers.

Basically, Grand Hotel have nothing to day, and say it with enough conviction for you not to notice. It's just dance music, neither appalling nor appealing; a very safe album from a very safe group.

It will not disturb.

Mark Ellen

Imports

Despite the critical acclaim afforded La Belle — the *NME Encyclopedia of Rock* described the group as "one of the most inventive soul acts of the '70s, blending black consciousness lyrics with raunchy delivery" — I always felt that the talent invloved could have been better utilised.

Image was everything, LaBelle came on as space-age super-hip. Real roots took a dive and, frankly, I wasn't worried when black America's answer to *Rock Follies* called it a day. However, since **Patti LaBelle** opted for solo gigs, she has achieved little in the way of kudos on this side of the Laker-run. Her last album, 'Tasty,' didn't even see the light of day here and it's anyone's guess whether 'It's Alright With Me,' Patti's latest Epic release, will ever grace the British catalogue.

At surface level this is understandable, for the album boasts no superstar back-up names, the songs are mainly penned by producer Skip Scarborough — a fact which hardly merits a line on the blurb sheet — and the music ultimately slots into no particular category, being a mixture of disco and 3 a.m. smooch. But Patti LaBelle is a genuine soul lady — her offerings to the Travolta trade are propelled by human heart-beats and not programmed tick-tocks of the Germanic kind. And if her ballads are of the type Barbra Streisand wouldn't mind taking to her hairdresser, so what? For a cling-tight love-song, given guidance by the right set of tonsils, can be a wondrous thing — as Billie Holiday never ceased to prove. Though Patti's no Lady Day, she does share that same ability to get inside such material and turn After Eight mints into boxes of real Black Magic. 'It's Alright With Me' is just that.

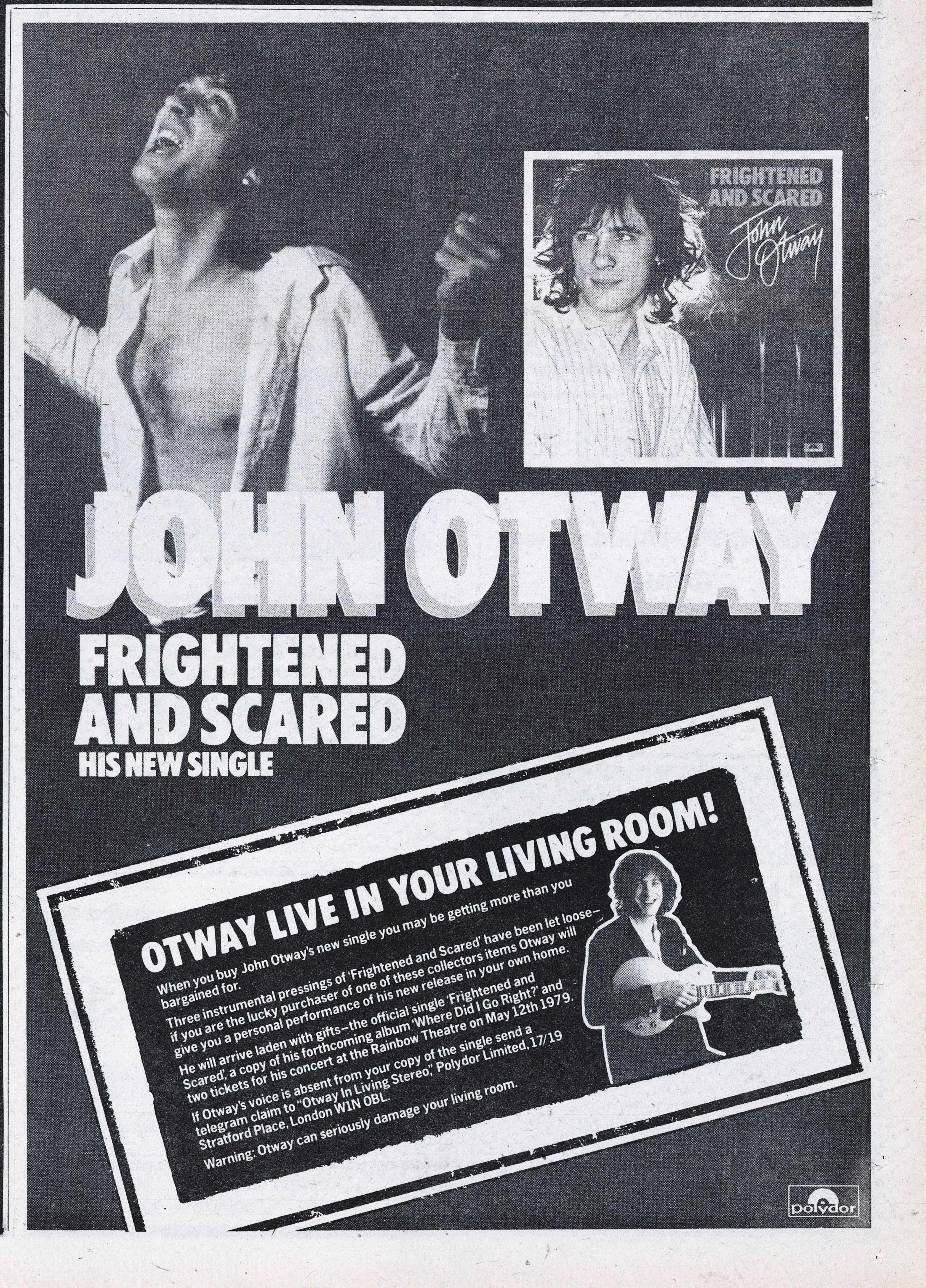
So phooey to trendsetters unlimited and those given to categorisation. May their dreams be plagued by plain everyday folk who refuse to fit into labelled niches and whose only common virtue is one of genuine musical talent.

Talent is where you find it, be it onstage at the Albert or at some acoustic guitar bash in deepest Oldham. In the case of **The Leopards** it's probably some bar-cum-dance hall in the U.S. of A's central state. For the band's album is titled 'Kansas City Slickers' and it appears on the KayCee-based Moon label.

Little info regarding those involved is provided by the sleeve — all you get is a set of four substandard passport shots set among a profusion of veteran ads ("The Commercial Bank pays 3% interest on deposits" etc.) and no names are given. So everything is down to the music, which is lightweight stuff, indicative of Ray Davies in vaudeville mood. If you consider 'Well Respected Man' to be the acme of rock songwriting then 'Kansas City Slickers' will doubtless sit well on your turntable. But if, like me, you found The Kinks of 'All Day And All Of The Night' more appetising then avoid The Leopards by a wide margin — for it's obvious their spots come from eating too much candy-floss.

Finally, a news-flash for hi-fi freaks. Latest in the direct-cut discs heading your way is 'San Francisco Ltd.' (Crystal Clear), on which the admirable **Terry Garthwaite** wraps her chops around Lil Green's 'What's The Matter With Love,' Dylan's 'I'll Be Your Baby Tonight' and Alberta Hunter's 'Reap What You Sow.'

Fred Dellar



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Wed 21 **COVENTRY Lanchester Poly**: Leighton Buzzards, The Piranahs, Barry Forde Band and Special
Thu 22 **SHEFFIELD Poly**: Leighton Buzzards, The Piranahs, Barry Forde Band and local
Fri 23 **LEEDS Poly**: Leighton Buzzards, The Piranahs, Barry Forde Band Sheeny and the Goys
Sat 24 **MIDDLESBOROUGH Teeside Poly**: Leighton Buzzards, The Piranahs, Barry Ford Band and local
Sun 25 **LANCASTER** Leighton Buzzards, Barry Ford Band, The Only Ones and Interference
Tue 27 **EDINBURGH Clouds**: Stiff Little Fingers, Mekons, 15 16 17 and The Freeze
Wed 28 **STIRLING University**: Stiff Little Fingers, Mekons, 15 16 17 and Carol Grimes
Thu 29 **ABERDEEN Music Hall**: Stiff Little Fingers, Mekons, 15 16 17 and Carol Grimes
Fri 30 **BRADFORD Poly**: Stiff Little Fingers, 15 16 17 and local

APRIL

Mon 2 **LIVERPOOL University**: Angelic Upstarts, Aswad, The Only Ones and Tontrix
Tue 3 **MANCHESTER Poly**: Angelic Upstarts, Aswad, The Only Ones and Exodus
Wed 4 **BIRMINGHAM Regal Cinema**: Angelic Upstarts, Aswad, Crisis and Iganda
Fri 6 **NOTTINGHAM Malibu**: Angelic Upstarts, Aswad, Crisis and Slip Hazard
Sat 7 **CARDIFF Sophia Gardens**: Angelic Upstarts, Aswad, Crisis and loca
Sun 8 **LLANELLI Glen Ballroom**:
Mon 9 **EXETER Routes**:
Tue 10 **PLYMOUTH Woods**:
Wed 11 **NEWPORT**
Thu 12 **BRISTOL University**:

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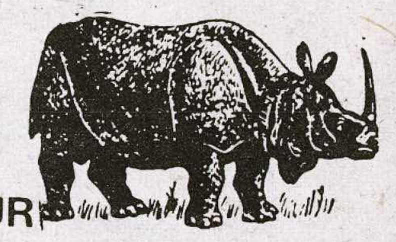
Bands to be confirmed



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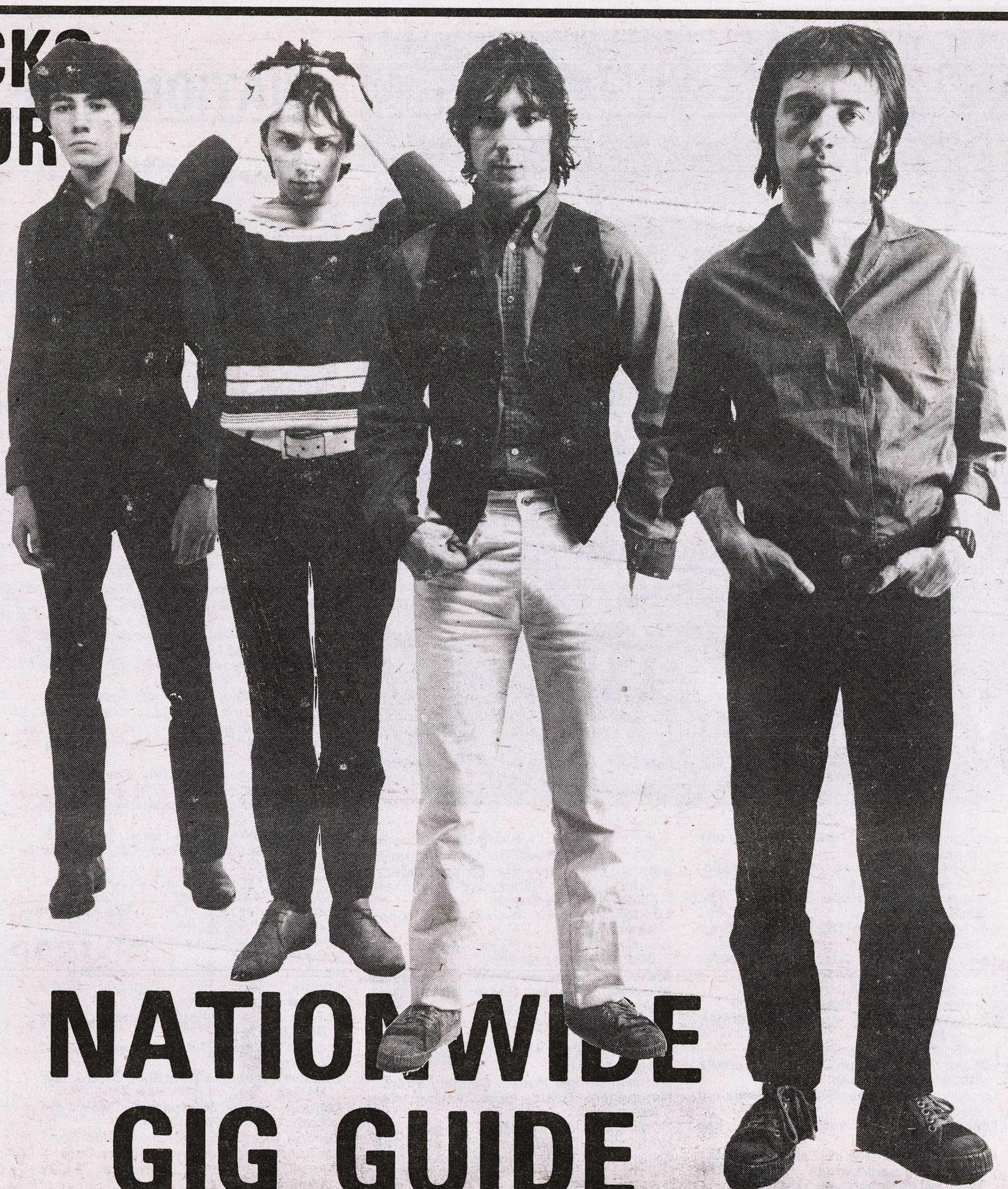
BUZZCOCKS MINI-TOUR

THE BUZZCOCKS, *pictured right, begin their spring mini-tour this weekend. They're playing seven dates in all, and six of them fall in the period of this Gig Guide — at Manchester (Friday), Carlisle (Saturday), Blackburn (Sunday), Peterborough (Monday), Coventry (Tuesday) and Aylesbury (Wednesday), with London's Hammersmith Odeon to follow at the end of next week. They're not planning a full-scale tour until the autumn, so if you want to catch 'em in action, better make the most of this opportunity.*

MOTORHEAD *also go out on the road this week, coinciding with the release of their new album 'Overkill,' which obviously they'll be promoting (what else?). And there's the added novelty of a support act in the sahpe(s) of heavy-metal all-girl band Girls School. First dates are at Cromer (Friday), St. Albans (Saturday), Newcastle (Monday), Edinburgh (Tuesday) and Glasgow (Wednesday).*

FRANKIE MILLER *also starts a new tour with his re-vamped band, aimed at boosting his new single 'Good To See You' and album 'Falling In Love.' He and Full House are playing a total of 25 dates, running through to the end of April, with initial gigs at Colchester (Thursday), Reading (Friday), St. Austell (Saturday) and Cardiff (Wednesday).*

DAVID ESSEX *is touring for the first time since leaving the cast of 'Evita,' and his schedule includes two nights at London Hammersmith on Friday and Saturday. Also this week he visits Ilford (Thursday), Middlesbrough (Sunday), Edinburgh (Monday), Newcastle (Tuesday) and Hull (Wednesday).*



NATIONWIDE GIG GUIDE

COMPILED BY DEREK JOHNSON

Thursday

Ampthill Folk Club: **Andy Caven**
Birmingham Barbarellas: **Straight 8**
Birmingham Mercat Cross: **Special Clinic**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **Orphan**
Birmingham The Bell: **The Clerks**
Birmingham Westhill College: **Speed Limit**
Blackburn Technical College: **Eric Bell Band**
Bournemouth Wallisdown College: **The Wasters**
Bridlington Cock & Lion: **Truth Hurts / Johnny Solo**
Brighton Alhambra: **Fan Club**
Brighton Sussex University: **Jonathan Richman**
Bristol Polytechnic: **The Pretenders**
Burntwood Troubadour: **The Amazing Dark Horse**
Burscough Admiral Lord Nelson: **The Accelerators**
Christchurch Jumpers Tavern: **Tours**
Colchester Essex University: **Frankie Miller's Full House**
Coventry The Climax: **Atlas**
Derby Ajanta Cinema: **The Pop Group/Alternative TV/Manicured Noise**
Derby Havana Club: **Pressure Shocks**
Derby Old Bell Hotel: **Spasms**
Glasgow Apollo Centre: **Journey/Pat Travers Band**
Great Yarmouth ABC Theatre: **Slim Whitman**
Halesowen Tiffany's: **Samson**
Hale Wellgreen Folk Club: **Martin Carter & Graham Jones**
Hanley Victoria Hall: **Klaus Wunderlich**
Harrow The Havelock: **The Chevrons**
Hatfield Forum Theatre: **Roger Whittaker**
Hereford Technical College: **Neon Hearts**
High Wycombe Nags Head: **Lew Lewis Reformer/F.U.X.**
Hucknall Welfare Club: **Bethnal**
Ilford Odeon: **David Essex**
Jacksdale Grey Topper: **Tarot**
Leeds Cavendish Hall: **The Bozos/The Aspberries**
Leeds Polytechnic: **Eddie & The Hotrods/ The Members / The Magnets**
Leeds Viva Wine Bar: **Red Eye**
Liverpool Eric's: **Pink Military Stand Alone**
London Camden Brecknock: **Scarecrow**
London Camden Dingwalls: **Zaine Griff**
London Camden Music Machine: **The Pirates**
London Canning Town Bridge House: **Dog Watch**
London Chadwell Heath Greyhound: **Jameson Raid**
London Chalk Farm Roundhouse: **Billy Harper Quintet/Graham Collier Six**
London Chiswick John Bull: **Electrotunes**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **The Valves/Necromats**
London Deptford Albany Empire: **The Red Lights**
London Epping Folk Club: **Chris Rohmann**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **Ex-Directory**
London Hammersmith The Swan: **Double Xposure**
London Islington Hope & Anchor: **Red Beans & Rice**
London Kennington The Cricketers: **Manyana**
London Kensington De Villiers Bar: **Gold Dust Twins**
London Kensington The Nashville: **Carol Grimes Band**
London Knightsbridge Pizza On The Park: **Martin Taylor & Ike Isaacs**
London Marquee Club: **Inner Circle**
London Maunkberry's: **Miatta**
London Notting Hill Old Swan: **S.W.1**
London Oxford St. 100 Club: **Black Slate**
London Plumstead Green Man: **Future Bodies**
London Soho Pizza Express: **Johnny M & The Midnight Men**
London Southgate Royalty: **Ray Campi & The Rockabilly Rebels**
London St Motitz Club: **Red Tape**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **Secret Seven/Drill**
London Tottenham The Spurs: **Zilch**
Manchester University Owens Park: **Pure Product**
Melton Mowbray Painted Lady: **Chaser**
Middlesbrough Rock Garden: **Patrik Fizgerald**
Middlesbrough Town Hall: **The Only Ones**
Newcastle City Hall: **Elton John**
Newcastle Spennymoor Leisure Centre: **Ralph McTell**
Nottingham Hearty Good Fellow: **The Hormones**
Nottingham Imperial Hotel: **Lap Region**
Nottingham The Bodega: **Art Failure**
Oxford Culham College: **Thieves Like Us**
Plymouth Locarno: **Culture**
Plymouth Palace Theatre: **Max Boyce/Telephone Bill & The Smooth Operators**
Plymouth Polytechnic: **Tom Robinson Band/The Straits**
Portsmotuh Guildhall: **Graham Parker & The Rumour/The Sports**
Poynton Folk Centre: **Pumpkin Pie/Pete Farrow**
Preston Guildhall: **Nana Mouskouri**
Rochford Rocheway Community Centre: **The Bothy Band**
Royston Bull Hotel: **Foggy**
Sheffield Limit Club: **The Smirks/The Jags**
Sheffield Polytechnic: **Barry Forde Band/The Leyton Buzzards/The Piranhas**
Slough Fulcrum Centre: **Bill Haley & The Comets/Flying Saucers/The Wild Angels**
Southend Scamps: **Grinder**
St Albans City Hall: **Matchbox**
Stoke Gaiety Bar: **Mistress**
Sunderland Fusion Disco: **Delegation**
Swansea Hafod Inn: **Sleever / Johnny & The Jets**

Friday

Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Bright Eyes**
Birmingham Regale Social Centre: **Culture**
Birmingham Elizabethan Days: **Bad Earth**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **Spitfire**
Birmingham (Small Heath) The Sydenham: **The Crack**
Birmingham The Sheldon: **Orphan**
Bishops Stortford Triad Leisure Centre: **Minotaur**
Bolton Farnworth Veterans Club: **Houndog**
Brighton Adur: **Shakedown**
Brighton Alhambra: **Nightrider**
Brighton Bombay Bar: **Devil's Dykes/The Parrots/Woody & The Splinters**
Brighton Conference Centre: **Bad Company**
Bromsgrove Stars Nightclub: **The Foundations**
Canvey Island Goldmine Club: **Light Of The World**
Carmarthen Trinity College: **Hi-Fi**
Cheltenham Gloucester Technical College: **The Pretenders**
Chiddingly Six Bells: **Snoots**
Coventry Climax: **Urge**
Cromer West Runton Pavilion: **Motorhead/Girls School**
Croydon Fairfield Hall: **Klaus Wunderlich**
Dudley J.B.'s Club: **Jameson Raid**
Dundee Bowling Alley: **List-D**
Dundee College of Technology: **The Trendies**
Eastbourne The Cavalier: **The Dials**
Etchingham Arms: **John Thomas**
Falkirk The Magpie: **The Freeze**
Harrow College of Higher Education: **The Bozos/Indecent Exposure**
Hemel Hempstead Cellar Folk Club: **Foggy**
Ipswich Gaumont Theatre: **Slim Whitman**
Kettering Windmill Club: **The Bearshank Band**
Kirklevington Country Club: **Grand Hotel**
Knaresborough Folk Club: **John Leonard & John Squire**
Kingston Eel Pie Rock Club: **Strangeways**
Leeds Polytechnic: **Barry Forde Band/The Leyton Buzzards/The Piranhas/Sheeny & The Goys**
Leeds Trinity & All Saints College: **Capital Letters**
Leicester Phoenix Theatre: **Pressure Shocks**
Liverpool Eric's: **Patrik Fitzgerald / The Molesters**
London Acton Kings Head: **Paz**
London Camden Brecknock: **The Vipers**
London Camden Dingwalls: **Straight 8/N.W.10**
London Camden Dublin Castle: **ABC**
London Camden Music Machine: **Fashion**
London Camden Southampton Arms: **Jellyroll Blues Band**
London Camden Town Hall: **The Bothy Band**
London Canning Town Bridge House: **Lea Hart**
London Chalk Farm Roundhouse: **Ian Carr/New Alan Holdsworth Band**
London City Polytechnic: **Bram Tchaikovsky/Stops**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **Crazy Cavan & The Rhythm Rockers**
London Elephant & Castle College of Printing: **Radio Stars / Bobby Henry / Shrink**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **Jackie Lynton's Happy Days**
London Hammersmith Odeon: **David Essex**
London Harrow Rd. Windsor Castle: **C Gas 5/The Resisters**
London Highbury Grove Ladbroke House: **Sounds of Soulyard**
London Islington Hope & Anchor: **Tribesman**
London Islington North Polytechnic: **Belt & Braces Band**
London Kensington The Nashville: **Supercharge**
London Kingsway College: **U.K. Subs**
London Lewisham Black Bull: **Shot Rod**
London Marquee Club: **Inner Circle**
London Middlesex Polytechnic: **Bethnal**
London Oxford St. 100 Club: **George Melly & The Feetwarmers**
London Paddington Western Counties: **First Aid**
London Putney Star & Garter: **Greig & Nigel's Folk and Blues Night**
London Soho Pizza Express: **Benny Waters Quartet**
London Southall Hambro Tavern: **The Chevrons**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **The Crooks/The Carpettes**
London Upstairs at Ronnie Scott's: **Tokumbo**
London Victoria The Venue: **David Sancious**
London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: **The Psychedelic Furs / The Reds / The Veins**
London Willesden White Horse: **Flying Saucers**
London W.1 Portman Hotel: **Roger James Band**
London W.10 Acklam Hall: **Split Rivitt-/Mat Stagger/Action Replay/The Planets**
Manchester Belle Vue King's Hall: **The Buzzcocks**
Manchester Free Trade Hall: **Nana Mouskouri**
Manchester New Century Hall: **Rokotto**
Manchester New Osbourne Club: **Ray Campi & The Rockabilly Rebels**
Manchester Russell Club: **The Skids**
Melton Mowbray Painted Lady: **Chaser**
Middlesbrough Rock Garden: **Eric Bell Band**
Newcastle Mayfair Ballroom: **Journey/Pat Travers Band**
Newcastle Polytechnic: **The Only Ones**
Newport The Village: **Little Acre**
Nottingham Hearty Good Fellow: **Last Call**
Nottingham Sandpiper: **The Red Crayola/Laura Logic/Scritti Politti**
Nottingham Trent Polytechnic: **Wilko Johnson's Solid Senders/The Young Ones**
Oxford Polytechnic: **Gino & The Sharks**
Plymouth Palace Theatre: **Max Boyce/Telephone Bill & The Smooth Operators**
Port Talbot Troubadour: **After The Fire**
Preston Guildhall: **Elton John**
Reading Hexagon Theatre: **Frankie Miller's Full House**
Reading Wokingham Rock Club: **The Beevers/The Fast Crowd**
Redhill Centre: **Matchbox**
Retford Porterhouse: **The Smirks**
Rowley Regis Four Ways: **Ocean Boulevard**
Scarborough Penthouse: **The Jags**
Sheffield Limit Club: **Panties**
Sheffield Polytechnic: **Ralph McTell**
Sheffield Top Rank: **Eddie & The Hot Rods/The Members/The Magnets**
Siloth Rugby Club: **The Accelerators**
Southampton Holbury Old Mill: **Eyes**
Stafford North Staffs Polytechnic: **Pressure Shocks**
Stalybridge Rose & Crown: **Martin Carter & Graham Jones**
Stevenage The Swan: **John Grimaldi's Cheap Flights**
Stockton Teessider Club: **Basczax**
Stoke Green Star: **Prey**
Stourport Civic Centre: **The Big Nose Band/Regime**
Swinton Youth Centre: **Fast Cars**
Uxbridge Brunel University: **The Movies**
Uxbridge Unit One: **Canis Major**
Wolverhampton Lafayette: **The Pirates**
York The Revolution: **The Drones**
York Winning Post: **Ethel The Frog**

Saturday

Aberdeen 72 Club: **Patrick Fitzgerald**
Barkingside Old Maypole: **Gina 'n' The Rockin' Rebels**
Basildon Double Six: **Dog Watch**
Belfast Ulster Hall: **Tom Robinson Band / The Straits**
Birkenhead The Gallery: **Panties**
Birmingham Barbarella's: **Bram Tchaikovsky**
Birmingham Bogarts: **Dangerous Girls**
Birmingham (Kings Heath) Hare & Hounds: **Mike Elliott**
Birmingham Odeon: **Nana Mouskouri**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **School Sports**
Birmingham (Yardley) Bulls Head: **Lol Coxhill / The Utensils**
Bishops Stortford Triad Leisure Centre: **Analog System**
Bolton Institute of Technology: **The Passage / Auto Da Fe / Manchester Mekon / The Liggers**
Brighton Conference Centre: **Graham Parker & The Rumour / The Sports**
Bristol Crown Cellar Bar: **The Wild Beasts**
Burntwood Troubadour: **Ocean Boulevard**
Carlisle Market Hall: **The Buzzcocks**
Carshalton St Helier Arms: **Ray Campi & The Rockabilly Rebels**
Cheltenham Plough Inn: **The Red Crayola / Laura Logic / Scritti Politti**
Chiddingly Six Bells: **The Dials**
Cromer West Runton Pavilion: **The Movies**
Dudley J.B.'s Club: **The Pirates**
Dundee Barracuda Club: **Delegation**
Gravesend Prince of Wales: **Too Much**
Guildford Star Hotel: **The Volunteers**
Halifax Good Mood Club: **Capital Letters**
Haverfordwest Masonic Hall: **Ritual**
Hazel Grove Three Tuns: **Martin Carter & Graham Jones**
Huddersfield Polytechnic: **The Jags**
Ilford Oakfield Hall: **Belt & Braces Band**
Ipswich Gaumont Theatre: **The Hollies**
Kingston Polytechnic: **Bethnal**
Leatherhead Leisure Centre: **Annie Day & The House Band**
Leeds Haddon Hall: **Agony Column**
Lincoln R.A.F. Swinderby: **Strange Days**
Liverpool C.F. Mott College: **Gaffa**
Liverpool Eric's: **The Pretenders**
London Camden Brecknock: **The Vipers**
London Camden Dingwalls: **The Lightning Raiders / White Lightning**
London Camden Music Machine: **Wilko Johnson's Solid Senders**
London Canning Town Bridge House: **Jackie Lynton's Happy Days**
London Chalk Farm Roundhouse: **Chet Baker Quartet / New Music Orchestra**
London City Polytechnic: **The Resisters / Oxeyes**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **Lew Lewis Reformer**
London Deptford St Paul's Crypt: **The Monitors**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **Ricky Cool & The Icebergs**
London Fulham Greyhound: **Straight 8**
London Hammersmith Odeon: **David Essex**
London Hammersmith The Swan: **London Zoo**
London Islington Hope & Anchor: **The Soft Boys**
London Islington Pied Bull: **The Fixations**
London Kensington The Nashville: **The Inmates / John Potter's Clay**
London Kingsbury Bandwagon: **Witchfynde**
London Lewisham Black Bull: **Crazy Cavan & The Rhythm Rockers**
London Manor Park Three Rabbits: **Raised On Robbery**
London Marquee Club: **The Young Bucks**
London Plumstead Green Man: **Earthbound**
London Rainbow Theatre: **Culture**
London Regent's Park Cecil Sharp House: **Martin Simpson**
London Royal Festival Hall: **Klaus Wunderlich**
London Soho Pizza Express: **Ron Russell Band**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **Big Chief**
London Upstairs at Ronnie Scott's: **Tokumbo**
London Waterloo Royal Vic: **Sweet Substitute**
London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: **Split Rivitt / Zero Zero**
London Woolwich Thames Polytechnic: **Punishment Of Luxury**
Lytchett Matravers Chequers: **Raw Deal**
Maidstone Dunning Hall: **RAF / Music Familiar / The Klingons**
Manchester Apollo Theatre: **Eddie & The Hot Rods / The Members / The Magnets**
Manchester Polytechnic: **Grand Hotel**
Melton Mowbray Painted Lady: **Chairman Of The Board**
Middlesbrough Rock Garden: **The Skids**
Middlesbrough Teesside Polytechnic: **Barry Forde Band / The Leyton Buzzards / The Piranhas / The Barbarians**
Northampton County Ground: **Radio Stars**

CONTINUES OVER . . .

MOTORHEAD

NATIONWIDE GIG GUIDE

Nottingham Boat Club: **Eric Bell Band**

Nottingham Club Malibou: **Jonathan Richman**

Nottingham Hearty Good Fellow: **Outward Band**

Nottingham Sandpiper: **The Smirks**

Passfield The Royal Oak: **The Little Jimmies**

Perth Riverside Inn: **The Trendies**

Peterborough ABC Theatre: **Slim Whitman**

Reading Target Club: **Moonraker**

Reading University: **Tot & The Girls In Room 419**

Redruth Carn Brae Leisure Centre: **Max Boyce / Telephone Bill & The Smooth Operators**

Retford Porterhouse: **Atlas / Ponders End**

Rochdale Champness Hall: **John Pantry / Bill Mason Band**

Rotherham Dickens Inn (lunchtime): **The Accelerators**

Sheffield City Hall: **Journey / Pat Travers Band**

Southampton Holbury Old Mill: **Real Ale & Thunder Band**

Southend Minerva: **Matchbox**

Southport New Theatre: **Ralph McTell**

Stafford North Staffs Polytechnic: **Leargo**

St Albans City Hall: **Motorhead / Girls School**

St Austell Band Club: **Lipservice**

St Austell Cornish Riviera: **Frankie Miller's Full House**

Stoke Out Of Town Inn (lunchtime) and New Penny (evening): **Prey**

Stratford-on-Avon Ettington Park Manor: **Orphan**

Tonypandy Naval Club: **After The Fire**

Torquay 400 Club: **High Flames**

Walsall Town Hall: **Inner Circle**

Warrington Parr Hall: **Julie Felix**

Watford Red Lion: **Canis Major**

Wishaw Crown Hotel (lunchtime): **The Pests**

York The Revolution: **The Squares**

Sunday

Bakewell Monsal Head: **Witchfynde**

Barrow Civic Hall: **"Up Country" with Martin Paul & Country Velvet/Gordie West/Snuffy Garrett**

Birmingham Barbarella's: **Deep Throats**

Birmingham Railway Hotel: **Prima Donna**

Birmingham Odeon: **Bad Company**

Birmingham Shirley Red Lion: **The Crack**

Birmingham Town Hall: **Eddie & The Hot Rods/The Members/The Magnets**

Bishops Stortford Triad Leisure Centre: **Tracks (lunchtime)/Villages (evening)**

Blackburn King George's Hall: **The Buzzcocks**

Bradford Alhambra Theatre: **Ralph McTell**

Bradford Princeville Club: **Snoots**

Bromley The Northover (lunchtime): **Bill Scott & Ian Ellis**

Chelmsford Chancellor Hall: **Bethnal**

Chester Arts Centre: **White Raven**

Christchurch Saddle Bars: **Raw Deal**

Dunfermline Kinema: **The Skids**

Ipswich Kingfisher: **Boy Bastin**

Lancaster New Planet City: **The Only Ones/Barry Forde Band/The Leyton Buzzards/Interference**

Leeds Fforde Green Jotel: **Grand Hotel**

Leeds Victoria Hotel (lunchtime): **Best Friends**

Leeds Viva Wine Bar: **Howard Ellis Band**

Leicester De Montfort Hall: **Nana Mouskouri**

London Acton Kings Head: **Geoff Castle's Strange Fruit**

London Battersea Nags Head: **Jugular Vein**

London Camden Brecknock: **London Zoo**

London Canning Town Bridge House: **Remus Down Boulevard**

London Charing Cross Duke of Buckingham: **The Invisibles (for four days)**

London Chiswick John Bull: **First Aid**

London Clapham Two Brewers: **Live Wire**

London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **Portraits**

London East Ham Ruskin Arms: **Dog Watch**

London Finchley Torrington: **Bobby Henry Band**

London Fulham Golden Lion: **The Sunday Band**

London Greenwich Theatre: **Amber/Jona Lewie/The Squelch**

London Harrow Road. Windsor Castle: **The Soul Boys**

London Islington Hope & Anchor: **The Sinceros**

London Kensington The Nashville: **Bram Tchaikovsky**

London Lewisham Concert Hall: **George Melly & The Feetwarmers**

London Marquee Club: **The Cure**

London Palladium: **Roger Whittaker**

London Peckham Montpelier (lunchtime): **Blue Moon**

London Rainbow Theatre: **Culture**

London Shaftesbury Avenue Appollo Theatre: **Tina Turner**

London Soho Pizza Express: **Benjamin Waters**

London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **Lea Hart**

London Strand Lyceum Ballroom: **Stiff Little Fingers/Human League/The Fall/The Mekons/Gang Of Four**

London Victoria The Venue: **Duffo**

London Waterloo Royal Vic: **Sweet Substitute**

London Woolwich Tramshed: **Monty Sunshine Band**

London W1 Portman Hotel (lunchtime): **Midnite Follies Small Band**

Middlesbrough Town Hall: **David Essex**

Newbridge Memorial Hall: **After The Fire**

Newquay Central Hotel: **The Winners**

Norwich Boogie House: **Electrotunes**

Nottingham Hearty Good Fellow: **Medium Medium**

Paignton Fetival Theatre: **Max Boyce/Telephone Bill & The Smooth Operators**

Poole Arts Centre: **Klaus Wunderlich**

Poynton Folk Centre: **Jo-Ann Kelly/Terry Walsh**

Reading Hexagon Theatre: **Graham Parker & The Rumour/The Sports**

Ringwood Elm Tree: **Real Ale & Thunder Band**

Stockport Davenport Theatre: **Slim Whitman**

Stratford Ettingdon Park Hotel: **Speed Limit**

Uxbridge Brunel University: **Lew Lewis Reformer**

Walsall Dirty Duck (lunchtime): **The Amazing Dark Horse.**

Monday

Belfast Whilta Hall: **Elton John**

Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Fashion**

Birmingham Mercat Cross: **Orphan**

Birmingham Odeon: **Bad Company**

Birmingham Railway Hotel: **Video**

Brentwood Hermit Club: **Tour De Force**

Bristol Stonehouse: **Juan Foote 'n' The Grave**

Coventry Theatre: **Nana Mouskouri**

Edinburgh Odeon: **David Essex**

Exeter Routes: **The Pretenders**

Guildford Civic Hall: **Eddie & The Hot Rods/The Members/The Magnets**

Ilford Cauliflower Hotel: **Original East Side Stompers**

Leeds (Yeadon) The Peacock: **Son Of A Bitch**

Leicester De Montfort Hall: **Graham Parker & The Rumour/The Sports**

Liverpool The Crown: **The Clerks**

London Camden Brecknock: **Urchin**

London Camden Dingwalls: **KHz/Girls School/Disturbance**

London Camden Music Machine: **U.K. Subs/Bitch**

London Canning Town Bridge House: **Warm Jets**

London Clapham 101 Club: **Thief**

London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **Soulyard/Geneva**

London Fulham Golden Lion: **Joe Brown**

London Hammersmith Odeon: **Journey/Pat Travers Band**

London Islington Hope & Anchor: **The Monos**

London Kensington The Nashville: **The Valves/Pinpoint**

London Marquee Club: **The Movies**

London New Cross Goldsmiths College: **Nicky & The Dots**

London Putney Half Moon: **Noel Murphy Banned**

London Putney Star & Garter: **Penny Royal**

London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **Stan's Blues Band/The Little Jimmies**

London Tottenham Fox: **Flying Saucers**

London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: **Neo/The Crooks**

London Woolwich Thames Polytechnic: **The Sweat**

London W.10 Acklam Hall: **The Wall/Crass/Poison Girls**

Manchester Band On The Wall: **The Tunes**

Manchester Golden Garter: **The Drifters (for a week)**

Milton Keynes Crawford Club: **After The Fire**

Newcastle City Hall: **Motorhead/Girls School**

Norwich Boogie House: **Capital Letters**

Nottingham Hearty Good Fellow: **The Party**

Nottingham Imperial Hotel: **Gwaihir**

Nottingham Theatre Royal: **Ralph McTell**

Oxford Corn Dolly: **Thieves Like Us**

Oxford New Theatre: **Roger Whittaker**

Oxford Oranges & Lemons: **Patrik Fitzgerald**

Paignton Festival Theatre: **Max Boyce/Telephone Bill & The Smooth Operators**

Peterborough Wirrana Stadium: **The Buzzcocks**

Portsmouth Guildhall: **Klaus Wunderlich**

Portsmouth Polytechnic: **Punishment Of Luxury**

Rayleigh Crocs: **Gina 'n' The Rockin' Rebels**

Rugby Railway Club: **The Red Crayola/Laura Logic/Scritti Politti**

Sheffield City Hall: **Billy Connolly**

Sheffield Fiesta Club: **Freddie Cole (for a week)**

Stockton Fiesta Club: **The Dooleys**

Stoke Jollees: **Acker Bilk Band**

Warrington Carlton Club: **The Straits/The Squares**

Tuesday

Belfast Whitla Hall: **Elton John**

Birmingham Barbarella's: **Neon Hearts**

Birmingham Digbeth Civic Hall: **The Pop Group/Alternative TV/Manicured Noise**

Birmingham Fighting Cocks: **Brujo**

Birmingham Mercat Cross: **Killer**

Birmingham Railway Hotel: **Speed Limit**

Bishops Stortford Triad Leisure Centre: **Angel Witch**

Blackburn King George's Hall: **Ralph McTell**

Brighton Richmond Hotel: **Dirty Weekend**

Bristol Colston Hall: **Klaus Wunderlich**

Cannock Star & Garter: **Ocean Boulevard**

Cardiff Great Western Hotel: **Zipper**

Coventry Locarno: **Tom Robinson Band/The Straits**

Coventry Theatre: **The Buzzcocks**

Croydon Fairfield Hall: **Roger Whittaker**

Dartford Folk Club: **Martin Carter & Graham Jones**

Eastbourne (Norman's Bay) The Star: **Shakedown**

East Grinstead Clouds: **Airport**

Edinburgh Clouds: **Stiff Little Fingers/The Freeze/The Mekons/15–16–17**

Edinburgh Odeon: **Motorhead/Girls School**

Greenock Victorian Carriage: **The Motels**

Hemel Hempstead Scamps: **Really Free**

Huddersfield Polytechnic: **The Skids**

Leeds Fan Club: **Sound On Vision**

Leicester De Montfort Hall: **Journey/Pat Travers Band**

London Camden Brecknock: **Street Chorus**

London Camden Dingwalls: **Toyah**

London Camden Music Machine: **Punishment Of Luxury**

London Canning Town Bridge House: **Zaine Griff**

London Clapham 101 Club: **The Fridges**

London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **Tot & The Girls In Room 419/Shocking Stockings**

London Fulham Golden Lion: **Too Much**

London Islington Hope & Anchor: **Pinpoint**

London Kensington The Nashville: **Shrink/Bobby Henry**

London Marquee Club: **The Leyton Buzzards**

London Maunkberry's: **Freddy & The Square Pegs**

London Putney Half Moon: **Le Cheile**

London Soho Pizza Express: **Eddie Thompson Quartet**

London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **Scandal/The Tigers**

London Waterloo National Theatre Foyer: **Alisha**

London Wembley Conference Centre: **The Hollies**

London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: **Fashion/Vermillion**

London Woolwich Tramshed: **Skin Deep**

London W.C.1 Conway Hall: **The Cure**

Manchester Apollo Theatre: **Billy Connolly**

Manchester Band On The Wall: **I.Q. Zero/Fast Cars/Staff 9**

Newcastle City Hall: **David Essex**

Northolt Target Club: **The Ruts**

Nottingham Imperial Hotel: **Gaffa**

Oxford New Theatre: **Nana Mouskouri**

Plymouth Fiesta Suite: **The Pretenders**

Poole Arts Centre: **Max Boyce/Telephone Bill & The Smooth Operators**

Portsmouth Locarno: **Eddie & The Hot Rods/The Members/The Magnets**

Redhill Noke Drive Centre: **John Thomas**

Stockton Fiesta Club: **The Dooleys**

Swindon Brunel Rooms: **After The Fire**

Walsall Dirty Duck: **The Amazing Dark Horse**

Wrexham North-East Institute of Wales: **Leargo**

Wednesday

Aylesbury Friars: **The Buzzcocks**

Belfast The Pound: **Patrik Fitzgerald**

Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Brujo**

Birmingham Odeon: **Journey/Pat Travers Band**

Birmingham Railway Hotel: **Rainmaker**

Birmingham (Yardley) Bulls Head: **Roses**

Bishops Stortford Triad Leisure Centre: **Disco Students**

Bournemouth Grand Hall: **The Only Ones**

Bournemouth Pinecliff Hotel: **Raw Deal**

Bournemouth Tralee: **Real Ale & Thunder Band**

Brighton Alhambra: **Dirty Weekend**

Brighton Top Rank: **Eddie & The Hot Rods/The Members/The Magnets**

Bristol Crown Cellar Bar: **Juan Foote 'n' The Grave/Les Mistons**

Canterbury College of Art & Design: **Neon Hearts/Capital Letters**

Cardiff New Moon Club: **Zipper**

Cardiff Top Rank: **Frankie Miller's Full House**

Carshalton St. Helier Arms: **The Wild Angels**

Cheltenham Plough Inn: **Roadsters**

Derby Assembly Rooms: **Graham Parker & The Rumour/The Sports**

Dublin RDS Hall: **John Denver**

East Grinstead Clouds: **Airport**

Glasgow Apollo Centre: **Motorhead/Girls School**

Great Yarmouth Wheels: **Boy Bastin**

Hull Dorchester Theatre: **David Essex**

Leamington Spa Crown Hotel: **Leargo**

Leicester (South Wigston) Stars & Bars: **Yakety Yak**

London Camden Brecknock: **Scarecrow**

London Camden Dingwalls: **Pressure Shocks**

London Camden Dublin Castle: **X-Films**

London Canning Town Bridge House: **Too Much**

London Clapham 101 Club: **Ego**

London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **The Resistance**

London Elephant & Castle Duke of Clarence: **Skin Deep**

London Fulham Golden Lion: **Pete Kirtley's Mob/Art**

London Fulham Greyhound: **Tour De Force**

London Islington Hope & Anchor: **Warm Jets**

London Knightsbridge The Grove: **Free Beer**

London Marquee Club: **The Skids**

London Maunkberry's: **Eric Roberts**

London Peckham Montpelier: **Blue Moon**

London Putney Star & Garter: **Dana Simmonds & Greig's Folk and Blues Showcase**

London Soho Pizza Express: **Velvet**

London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **Kangaroo Alley/Razar**

London Tooting Castle: **Snoots**

London Victoria The Venue: **Dan Hicks**

London Wembley Conference Centre: **The Hollies**

London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: **Gino & The Sharks/The Cannibals**

London Wimbledon F.C. Nelson's Club: **Hotpoints**

Loughborough Sea Of Rounders: **Gaffa**

Manchester Ashton Tameside Theatre: **Ralph McTell**

Middlesbrough Madison Club: **Light Of The World (for four days)**

Newport Stowaway Club: **The Pretenders**

Nottingham Hearty Good Fellow: **Gwaihir**

Nottingham Imperial Hotel: **Some Chicken**

Oxford Cape of Good Hope: **Beast**

Plymouth Woods Centre: **The Pirates**

Poole Arts Centre: **Max Boyce/Telephone Bill & The Smooth Operators**

Preston Guildhall: **Billy Connolly**

Rayleigh Crocs: **Toyah/Steve Hooker Band**

Slough Thames Hall: **Roger Whittaker**

South Woodford Railway Bell: **Original East Side Stompers**

Stirling University: **Stiff Little Fingers-/Carol Grimes Band/The Mekons/15–16–17**

Sunderland Mayfair: **Tom Robinson Band/The Straits**

Watford Mex's Palace: **Crush Biston Band**

York Barge Club: **Best Friends**

York Pop Club: **U.K. Subs**

FRANKIE MILLER

DAVID ESSEX

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STRAND, W.C.2
SUNDAY 1st APRIL at 7·30
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Friday March 23rd 50p ★ LEA HART JNR ★	Tuesday March 27th 50p Live Recording ZAINE GRIFF
Saturday March 24th 50p JACKIE LYNTON'S H.D. BAND	Wednesday March 28th 50p THE BRAKES + TOO MUCH
Sunday March 25th 40p REMUS DOWN BOULEVARD	Thursday March 29th 40p DOG WATCH + Support

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Bar Lounge 8pm 50p
THE PORTRAITS
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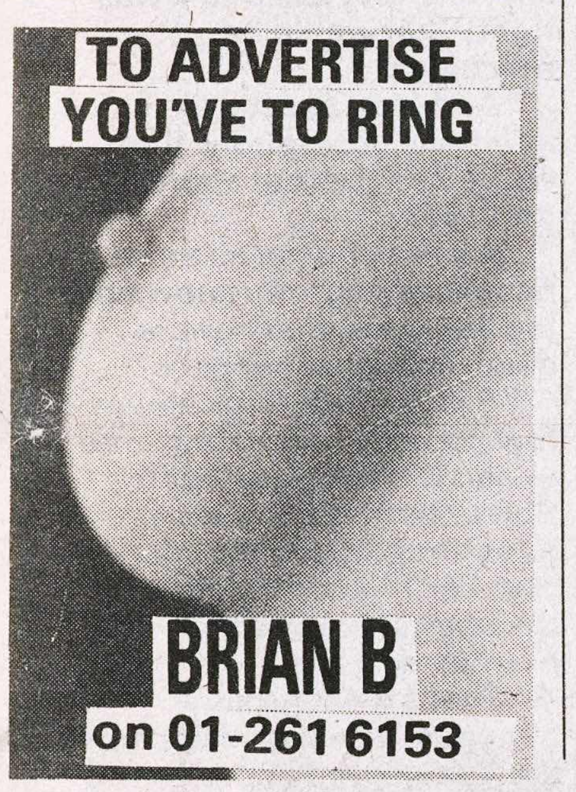
Friday 23 March
NUS/Nurses card holders only



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ART FAILURE
IN BRITAIN

STRAIGHT MUSIC PRESENTS
THE FALL
THE MEKONS
STIFF LITTLE FINGERS
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HUMAN LEAGUE
LYCEUM
STRAND, W.C.2
SUNDAY 25th MARCH at 6·30
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THAMES POLYTECHNIC S.U.
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Tuesday March 27th Free SCANDAL + THE TIGERS
Wednesday March 28th Free KANGAROO ALLEY + RAZAR

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MICKEY JUPP
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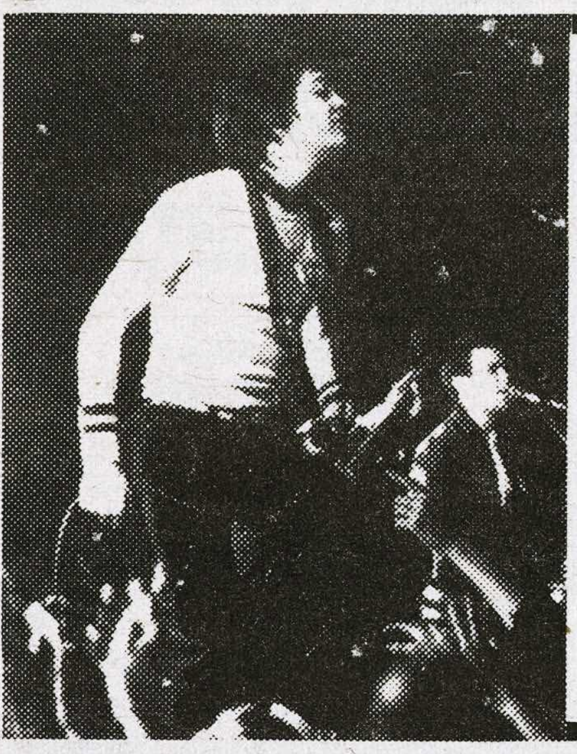
Friday March 23rd DAVID BLOSSE BAND
Saturday March 24th JOHN GRIMALDI'S CHEAP FLIGHTS
Sunday March 25th PHAZE
Tuesday March 27th SCANDAL

LIVE PAGE



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EDDIE AND THE HOT RODS
THE MEMBERS
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THE PRETENDERS
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live recording of the DEBUT ALBUM
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Wed 28th March at THE MOONLIGHT CLUB
Gino and the Sharks
Plus the cannibals & private vices

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GALA RAG BALL
WITH RADIO STARS
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THE DAMNED
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LYCEUM
STRAND W.C.2.
SUNDAY 8th APRIL AT 7.30
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SCANDAL
Shouldn't be allowed at
THE PEGASUS
Tuesday March 27th
Debut single available soon on Local Records
COMIC BOOK HEROES c/w CASUALTY OF LOVE
Scandal would like to thank everyone for their support at the Horn of Plenty, especially Gary.
Band enquiries: 01-804 2768

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CAROLINE Roadshow
MARCH
Thur 22 GRAYS Civic Hall, Blackshott Lane, Essex
Fri 23 BRAINTREE, Braintree Technical College, Church Lane, Bocking
Sat 24 CHATHAM, Chatham Town Hall, Kent
Mon 26 TONBRIDGE, Hillingdon Manor, London Road, Kent
Thur 29 ASHFORD, Kempton Manor, Hothfield, Nr Charing, Kent
Fri 30 SOUTHEND, Southend United Football Club
Sat 31 ST IVES, St Ivo Centre, Westwood Road, St Ives
APRIL
Thur 5 FOLKESTONE, Leas Cliff Hall, with *****LYNX*****
Fri 6 CHELMSFORD, Chancellor Hall, Market Road
Fri 6 IPSWICH, Suffolk College, Rope Walk
★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★
Sat 7 LONDON GREYHOUND, FULHAM PALACE ROAD
Coaches will run from Maidstone and Chelmsford. Tickets available at all roadshows.
★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★
CAROLINE ROADSHOW ROCK CONCERT IPSWICH GAUMONT Saturday April 28th 1979 Admission £2 with LIAR
★ *Lightshows supplied by Pulsar, Pluto, F.A.L., and Zero 88. Lasers by Torial Electrical.*

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CITY HALL, ST. ALBANS
Saturday March 24th at 8 p.m.
Can't have too much overkill . . . .
MOTORHEAD
+ GIRLS SCHOOL
Mary Jane Disco : Bar : Food
Tickets £1.90 in advance, £2.00 on door
Friday March 30th at 8 p.m.
The Toast of London . . . .
STREETBAND
+ TOAD THE WET SPROCKET
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All tickets from Box Office, 37 Chequer Street, St. Albans, tel: 64511 or available on door.
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A.J.'s Club
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Live Music Every Friday
Friday March 23rd at 8pm
Léargo
+ THE BRICK WALL BAND
(Genesis style, with fantastic light show, lasers and dry ice)

Who's Kissing Astrid Proll?
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Railway Hotel, West Hampstead
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Mar. 26 JOURNEY
Mar. 30 EDDIE & THE HOT RODS
Mar. 31 BUZZCOCKS
Apr. 1 MOTORHEAD
Apr. 1/2 JOHN DENVER
Apr. 2 RALPH McTELL
Apr. 2/3 GRAHAM PARKER & THE RUMOUR
Apr. 3. JOHN DENVER
Apr. 4 JEAN LUC—PONTY
Apr. 5/7 GLORIA GAYNOR
Apr. 7 TOM ROBINSON BAND
Apr. 7 SIOUXSIE & THE BANSHEES
Apr. 12 JAPAN
Apr. 12 RENAISSANCE
Apr. 13 MOTORHEAD
Apr. 15 PLANXTY
Apr. 16 BURL IVES
Apr. 19/21 DUSTY SPRINGFIELD
Apr. 19 PLAYERS ASSOCIATION
Apr. 20 JOHN MILES
Apr. 21 PENETRATION
Apr. 22 INNER CIRCLE
Apr. 28/29 MIKE OLDFIELD
Apr. 22/28 NEIL SEDAKA
Apr. 25 IGGY POP
Apr. 26/27 NATALIE COLE
Apr. 29 STYLISTICS
Apr. 29 FRANKIE MILLER
Apr. 30/May 5 HELEN REDDY
May 4/7 RUSH
May 7/12 ANTHONY NEWLEY
May 13 IGGY POP
May 16/18 ROXY MUSIC
May 19 STYLISTICS
May 21/27 TUBES
May 28/29 JUDAS PRIEST

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VROOM VROOM, VROOM VROOM
So an Anglia was all you could get for The Motors gig.
Your fault — you should have consulted the NME expert Brian B. He will tell you how to fill the place with people.
In a word — ADVERTISE
Ring Brian B on 01-261 6153 for details

THE RUTS

■ *From page 29*

never goes on to achieve anything greater in tangible terms than gigs as good as the weekend's tour curtain-raiser, they will still be more than serving their purpose.

Those early Ruts-Misty gigs, however, were not without their problems.

"There is a National Front group in Southall", explains Malcolm. "They're not that strong because the black and white community is so closely knit, but they did attack one of our gigs in Southall.

"It was an organised attack — all these cars arrived at about 11.30 this night just as the gig was finishing. So we gathered together everyone in the building and went out to the door together and they just scarpered.

"Then at another gig we had a bomb scare. Some bloke had phoned up Scotland Yard and said that there was a bomb at this RAR gig.

"So like, there were hundreds of punks waiting outside to get into the gig, while the bomb squad were inside searching the building. They did find a box hidden inside but there was nothing in it."

THE RUTS boast an 18-song set, all but two being their own compositions — most of them the work of Paul and Malcolm. The two exceptions are 'Eat Your Heart Out' and 'Sus'.

The first is an awesomely bad riffy dirge given to the band gratis by Phil Lynott, a friend in the biz. It was originally earmarked for inclusion on the man's solo album, but offered to The Ruts when that particular project was scrapped last year. The Ruts should be so lucky.

The second is a song based around the notoriously abused 'sus' laws in this country under which the police may arrest and charge anyone they choose if they decide that person to be 'acting suspiciously'. It was written by one of the band's Southall devotees, a kid called Manah.

"He just showed us these words that he'd written about 'sus' and they were really great words", recounts Malcolm.

"And we had a tune that we'd been working on at the time, so we just fitted the two together. It's a really simple song, but if any of those Southall kids gave me a song and we thought that it was good then we'd do it."

The single 'In A Rut', released on the People Unite lebel, run by Misty manager Chris Bolton, is fairly indicative of what The Ruts do. The titles — 'Babylon's Burning' and 'Out Of Order' — are more or less self explanatory; bitter and occasionally clumsy attacks on easy and obvious targets for sure, but none the less vital for that.

'H-Eyes', the B-side of the single, is a vicious condemnation of hard drugs based on the personal experience of a friend of Malcolm.

'It Was Cold', a horrified vision of a nuclear holocaust, displays some stunning dub-wise texturing, a facet of their music encouraged by Misty — a debt The Ruts readily acknowledge.

Says Malcolm: "I was reading something in the music press the other day saying that it was really trendy for a white band to do a reggae number. That's what they said.

"But the reason that we do a reggae song is that it sounds right, not 'cos it's hip or any of that bollocks. We wouldn't do it if we didn't feel that it was right. That would be ridiculous.

"And I feel exactly the same about the accusations that we've had that our sound is 'too 1977'.

"It's like you get all these people saying, you know how the line goes, that Punk is dead, and what happens?

"The first real Punk album that comes out in a long time — and I'm talking about the Stiff Little Fingers record — goes straight into the chart at number 14 and straight into the alternative chart at number one.

"That's what fuckin' happens! It proves that people are just starved of that type of music.

"I'd like to think that our music has gone on that little bit further as well," adds Paul.

"Basically the difference between 1977 and 1979 is that it is more thought out now, more aware now than it was then.

"In '77, it didn't matter what you sounded like or what you played like. Now, in 1979, you've got to take things into consideration a bit more. But we've still got that same fire and energy.

"Basically we're a band who want to give people a good evening out without too much palava. Really, it's purely down to the music.

"If you were observing us from a distance you'd probably say that we were a left wing SWP band, but I wouldn't say that we're that political.

"We're against racism, we love music, we love playing with reggae bands. It's great at gigs like this where you get different bands, different people together under the roof of rock and roll."

GREYHOUND, FULHAM PALACE ROAD
Wednesday March 28th
BIG WILL'S ROADSHOW
invites
TOUR DE FORCE
Admission 50p
For enquiries regarding Big Will's Package Deal ring Atlantis Agency on Romford (70) 26563

Harvey Goldsmith Entertainments presents
Natalie Cole
+ support
THEATRE ROYAL, DRURY LANE
Thursday & Friday 26th & 27th April at 8pm
Tickets £5.50 £4.50 £3.50 £2.00
From the Theatre Royal Box Office, Drury Lane, London WC2 01-836 5876 and the Harvey Goldsmith Box Offices at Chappells 50 New Bond Street, London W1 01-629 3453 and the Great Gear Market, 85 Kings Road, London SW3 01-352 9363
(25p booking fee)

ON THE TOWN

George Thorogood And The Destroyers Albert Collins Lew Lewis Reformer

Electric Ballroom, Camden Town

Friday's gig nearly wasn't — see *T-zers* — but went ahead minus bar facilities. Fortunately a humane pass-out system permitted a steady flow of Pils and light ale, the minimum requirement for an evening of quintessential drinking music.

Aided by a combative guitar trio, Lew Lewis is currently shedding the stigma of past untogetherness with a series of super-pro pub gigs throughout the capital. Ace harp and unquestionable spirit outweigh any vocal limitations, while 'Lucky Seven' and bassist Johnny Squirrel's excellent 'Night Talk' are the standout originals.

Which is a long way of saying I missed them on the night — circs. beyond my control, honest. Don't let it happen to you.

Black artist plus British pick-up band usually equals rip-off, but Albert Collins used these guys last year, barring Lou Martin (keyboards). If Sinceros drummer Bobbi Irwin and veterans Martin Stone (guitar) and Paul Riley (bass) don't set the skies alight, they never allow the simple grooves to drag.

Though adding an occasional crackliness to his clean, BB-like tone, Collins never really establishes a sound of his own, while his voice is agreeable rather than stirring.

Bearded and cuddly, the resemblance to a black Rolf Harris is heightened by a severe case of BB's syndrome, a.k.a. The Blues As Showbiz — 'Nice of you to have me', farewell peace signs etc. But, fuelled mainly by Martin's organ surges, it's a while before he puts a foot wrong, excelling on the strutting, orthodox 'Talking Woman Blues'.

Preferring to back up some tedious innuendo with face-pulling and nudge-nudge gestures, Collins ditches his axe for the first part of 'Conversation With Collins' — you've seen my Rolf Harris, here's my Benny Hill. A mildly amusing talking guitar sequence hardly compensates.

'Frosty', one of the man's many sub-zero titles, starts promisingly with well-controlled effects then degenerates into total hokum. Soloing from the audience probably works a dream in the clubs, but an endless excursion of minimal musical interest palls even quicker when you can't see the perpetrator.

You want craftsmanship *and* flash? You want barnstorming excitement overlaid with delicacy and control? You want Thorogood. Believe everything you've read — most of it, anyway.

The records are wonderful, but this was better. Live, the bass and drums lose their ham-fistedness, bringing the leader's astonishing guitar into even sharper focus. George Thorogood's knack — shared with Dave Edmunds — is to let other people's songs and styles speak for themselves, while his own character seeps through.

There's no attempt to be George Lee Hooker on 'One Bourbon, One Scotch, One Beer' for instance, yet he can add a throwaway line like 'There's nobody but me and Albert Collins left in the bar' without diluting the song's effect. At other times he hogs the shadows like somebody's sideman, wandering intently stage left or towards Jeff Simon's drums.

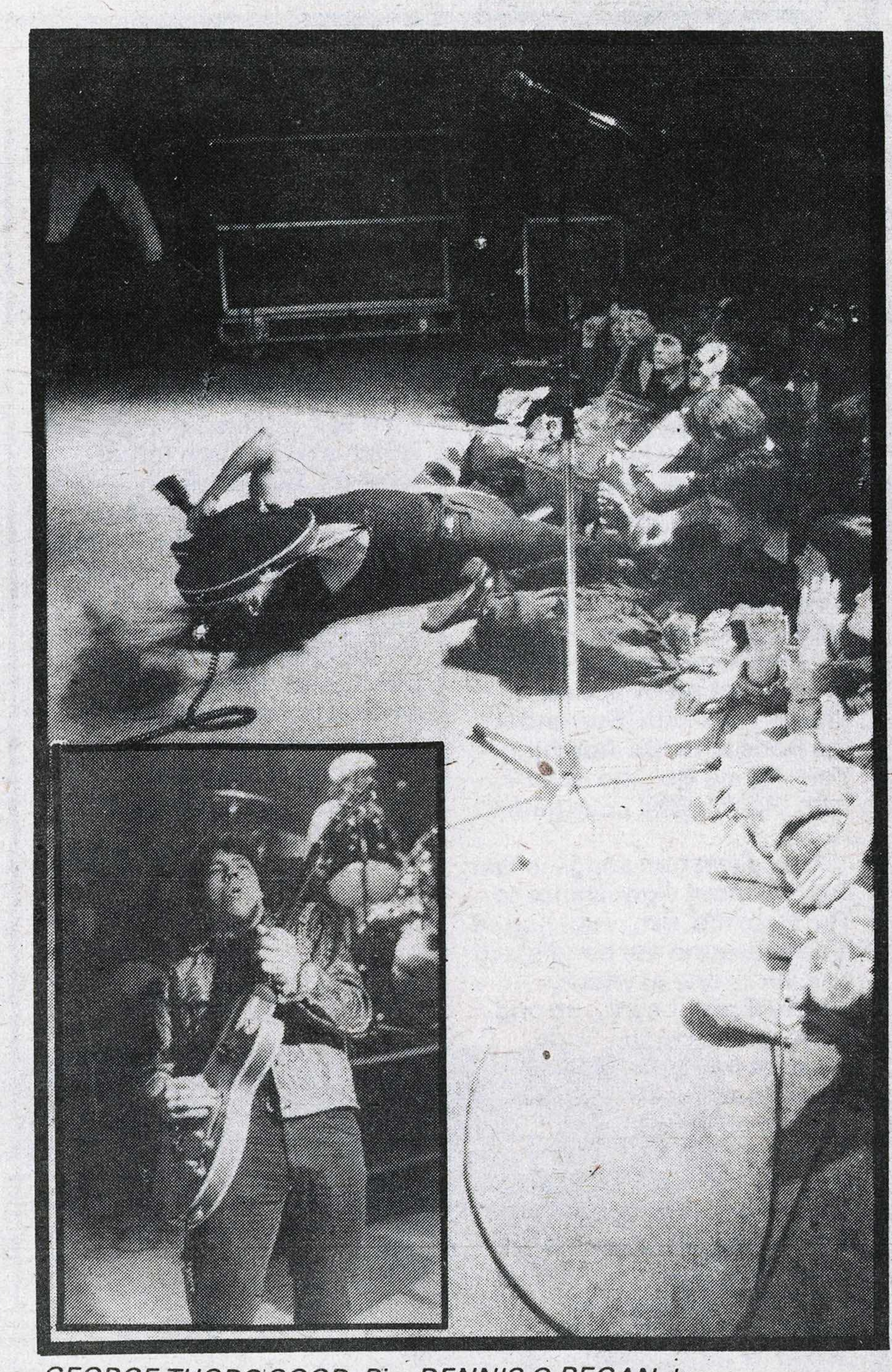
The snakeskin jacket soon comes off: 'We got John Lee Hooker, Johnny Cash, Bo Diddley — who've we left out?' The Berry intro rings out like it was conceived that minute: give this man anything from the rock 'n roll canon and he'd add something of his own to it. What makes George Thorogood such a magnificent, unhackneyed rocker is his assimilation of so much that went before.

After years of bludgeoning by the likes of Jeremy Spencer, the ghost of Elmore can again walk tall. On 'The Sky Is Crying', Thorogood's slide contrives to be fiery, precise and languid at the same time — sure, he could get by on straight boogie, but then this isn't Alvin Lee.

Forget the cloying folksiness of the 'Move It On Over' sleeve notes — you don't swap the Innocense of the blues bars for the Experience of supercult status without the ground rules shifting. Come the '80's, the pressure to redefine as well as celebrate will grow.

But in March '79, George Thorogood's music has a liberating quality that transcends mere revivalism. Collective ecstacy is no more than he deserves.

Harry George



GEORGE THOROGOOD. Pic: DENNIS O REGAN. Inset pic by DAVID CORIO.

TINA TURNER. Pic: CHRIS HORLER.

TWO KINDS OF ECSTASY

Tina Turner

Hammersmith Odeon

"A boiling, foaming cauldron of rough, sophisticated sexuality," gushes the souvenir programme.

That's pitching it a little high, but the lady's vocals alone still pack enough raunch and soul to make your knees melt, your teeth tango, and your string vest run up your back like a window blind.

The whole brazen seductive strut is a tag she'll never lose, even when it becomes totally inapplicable. Right from the second she snakes on stage, embraces the mike stand, and breathes "Are you ready for *me?* . . . (hoots, wails, rampant shrieks) . . . 'Cos I'm ready for *YOU!"*, on both sides it's an accepted charade.

The Tina Turner Revue spells excess in every detail — two hours of high tensile disco-boogie and R 'n' B, exhaustively choroegraphed, subtely paced, affectionately delivered, and so engaging that the audience need the 20 minute interval about as much as she does.

She's backed by a smaller, less flamboyant band than last year (piano, keyboards, guitar, drums and the supreme Billy Haynes with funky bassline and Inner Circle waistline), together with two pairs of dancers who complement Tina's own fearsome bump 'n' grind with some deliciously loose routines and a sharp line in form-hugging catsuits.

Behind this semi-slick Vegas sheen, the feel is still far from automated. Those unbelievably gripping, gravelly vocals level out Jack Good's uneven song package into an absorbing and truly spontaneous show which at times includes a few brave reading of some appallingly bland material.

"There's crooners, there's croakers, and there's jokers," comes the husky intro to the first half. "Ah don't consider mah-self a crooner, and Ah'm *definitely* not a joker . . . for the next few minutes Ah'm gonna *croak* for yer."

And croak she does, through the slinky, persuasive 'Crazy Cajun Cakewalk Band,' the inevitable 'River Deep, Mountain High' and 'Nutbush City Limits' — both dynamic and scored with faintly ludicrous Tiller Girls workouts—and the true grit of 'Life In The Fast Lane.' Her control is immaculate, taking it right down for 'I've Been Loving You Too Long,' holding those long, sensual notes, those seething pauses, and then hauling back with the likes of 'Don't Leave Me This Way.'

For the second half she stalks out, to single bass notes, in a red satin two-piece plus feather boa, for a simmering version of 'Fever.' Then recklessly stripping off this garb, she breaks into 'Disco Inferno' clad in only a drastic black bodice that doesn't leave a lot to the imagination.

Some mighty turgid tunes follow, notable offenders being that lumpen disco hit 'Every One's A Winner' and the soggy sentimentality of 'Sometimes When We Touch.'

From then on, with yet another costume change (a pink spray-on chorus line outfit, fashion fans), it all just *flows,* throwing together 'Proud Mary' and Chic's 'Freak Out,' and with encores airing a fair selection of Old Stones, 'Gypsy Acid Queen,' and the new, and eminently powerful 'Hollywood Nights On the Hollywood Hills.'

Sheer magic.

Mark Ellen

Bill Haley

Rainbow Theatre, London

Edwardians from Enfield to Egham, Greasers from Grove Park to Greenford, Bikers from Balham to Borehamwood, their assorted parents, offspring and weaponry have crammed en masse to acknowledge tonight's ongoing blast from the past.

I arrived in time to catch the tail end of The Wild Angels' set. Appearance-wise they live up to their name. They stormed through 'Roll Over Beethoven' / 'Johnny B.Goode' in solid (as in BSA or Royal Enfield) fashion.

Their brightest star is a boogie pianist who tickled the ivories in 12 yoga positions, deftly removing sock and boot in the middle of 'Lucille' to get this toes into the act.

Enter Bill & Co amid Tru-gelled tumult.

Without wishing to diminish their status, popularity, dedication, or their sheer moxie for keeping a roadshow alive when they could be collecting telegrams from the Queen, I feel that The Comets were never the hottest combo in Rockerama.

As a vocalist, Bill was generally regarded as a benign curiosity, with a flat C&W style voice, fronting a team of five hep uncles.

Tonight Bill was accompanied by two original (almost) Comets, Ray Parsons on guitar and, surprisingly, most of the lead vocals, and Jim Liback, the bionic bassman, who played electric for most of the set but stole the show with some dandy duets with the Big Box.

Most of the musical muscle was provided by younger sidemen — Joey Tilley and Pete Spencer playing workmanlike but occasionally dazzling guitars; Jeff Driscoll, who honked a mean sax, and Steve Gray who thrashed a meaner drumkit.

It was a short set — they rocked around 50 minutes of the clock, chugging through a satisfying gamut of raunchy perennials — 'See You Later Alligator', 'Whole Lotta Shakin' Going On', 'Shake Rattle & Roll', etc., plus a wonderfully sleazy rockabilly / tango hybrid.

And so the legend continueth. At times the performance had that Barnum & Bailey big shoe shuffle flavour but overall, it was highly enjoyable lightweight boogie.

Rick Joseph

Alive, young and confusing

The Pop Group

St. Paul's Church, Covent Garden

The Pop Group spark confusion, produce excitement and create powerful dancing shadows that are difficult to pin down and hard to confront. They play out ideas in sharp and constant streams, perhaps too many ideas in too short a space. Perhaps they should employ more self-control, more discipline. (Perhaps I just want to make things easy for myself.)

The Pop Group are young, enthusiastic, full of notions and motives, but I would hesitate to call them a rock'n'roll band. They embody the ideals — excitement, youth, power, hysteria, fun, change — but refuse to conform to the musical ethos.

Perhaps they *are* a rock'n'roll band. Their impulsive tribal mannerisms make compulsive viewing, Their wild, jumping, rhythmic music is for moving bodies and mobilising imaginations. They toss rhythms around like confetti.

To make an 'interlectual' issue of their music would be unfair and pointless: The Pop Group are not elitist. Their music draws freely on many sources: rock'n'roll, jazz, soul: music to experience, a celebration of being alive and young (and confused).

They are provocative, arrogant and dramatic.

Their music is certain to produce a reaction, and whether that reaction is negative — alienation, distrust, anger, confusion — or positive — enthusiasm, wonder, constructive thought, dancing — is largely immaterial. They are not a soft option, but they do pose an interesting question; I hope they don't claim to have the answer.

The Pop Group are very special. They make you feel that there is hope, make you want to talk about contemporary music; rock'n'roll. The Pop Group are not the whole answer, but they are a vital part of the picture. See them.

John Hamblett

RETURN OF THE IG

■ *From page 8*

minor league credibility — while the main task at hand — the Bowie mega-star schism — was taken care of.

When Iggy, fresh off a methadone cure, curtly informed Defries that *he* the artist, was bringing over James Williamson (then referred to as "my alter ego") with him to London in order to start a band the manager was not exactly pleased. Finally bringing over the Asheton brothers as well, Defries, amid promises of a tour, allowed the band into the studio to record what would become the precursor to 'Raw Power' featuring numbers like 'Fresh Rag', 'Gimme Some Skin', 'Scene Of The Crime', 'I'm Sick Of You', 'Penetration' (a totally different version lyrically and riff wise to its antecedent), 'Tight Pants' and 'Search and Destroy'. Defries however found the music too extreme and gave a thumbs up only to 'Search and Destroy' and the riff 'Tight Pants' (later re-named 'Shake Appeal') and sent them back to record 'Raw Power'.

Iggy is adamant that this phase of his new career was responsible for him returning to heroin. "I had no recourse but to return to smack just to blank out the misery of living in limbo."

With Williamson, Pop made the best music the Stooges produced, but the whole pattern of negativity and destruction was etching itself ominously. A break with Defries caused tha band, at that time touring the States in a ridiculous zig-zag fashion, to fall even lower than before. The signs were obvious and Iggy chose to dynamite his career yet again. 'Metallic KO' documents the final fireworks more vividly than any stream of mondo-strafed imagery could hope to.

The two years following were the pits, with Iggy and the band's reputation branding them eternal losers. New depths were plummeted and Iggy admits now to having lost every shred of self-respect in his months in the snake pit. Finally thrown out of Williamson's house, he went to a doctor — an archetypal LA croaker up for dispensing bent scripts — and picked up a sizeable quantity of quaaludes, valium and reds. Having downed a suitably gargantuan dose, he sat down at some bar stool in a local LA diner only to find himself surrounded by policemen pulling him up from the prone position attained from having passed out, falling backwards off the stool and smashing the back of his head into someone's meal.

He was given a choice: jail or a white van. He chose the latter, but after 20 hours, left the mental hospital taking with him what remained of the legally prescribed pills. Hitching a ride he continued downing the pills along with his new-found damaged partner and ended up at some unknown precinct puking vivid green bile uncontrollably. He was frightened enough by this occurrence to return to the psychiatric clinic and volunteered to be taken in as a patient. Slowly he was rehabilitated, stripping away the layers and layers of self-deluding psyche until he grasped onto the roots of his psychological addiction and yanked them out. Upon leaving he admits to returning occasionally to his old tricks, but the urge for stimulants grew less and less and finally termination was achieved when Osterburg passed a successful psychiatric programme situated in LA.

ENTER David Bowie. At this point Bowie was living in LA, a somewhat excitable, and unnerving character continually dreaming up new schemes, new projects with which to kill his time. Iggy was still a force to be reckoned with, Bowie considered, whether it was an actor in a pipe-dream concept of a movie entitled *Dogs* for which Bowie also had Terence Stamp in mind, or as a singer and performer.

Before the mental hospital episode a quaaluded Iggy had worked with Bowie in the studio where the archetype for 'Turn Blue' was first conceived and executed gratis Geoff McCormick (aka Warren Peace) and Bowie, with Iggy remembering the high class bordello on Sunset Boulevard directly across from James Williamson's appartment.

After a stab at a retread of 'Sell Your Love', the session ended, as Iggy's stupor and Bowie's restlessness coincided. But when some months later, Iggy was in mental hospital, Bowie visited him and again vague plans were made. The upshot of all this was Bowie paying Iggy's mealticket throughout the entire 'Station To Station' tour with vague ideas of a one-off single to be recorded. Bowie had a song 'Sister Midnight', recently composed with Carlos Alomar's chilling riff and Bowie having worked out lyrics for a first verse, and the first instalment of what was to become 'The Idiot' was conceived.

Finally the project turned into an album, with time booked at the French Chateau d'Heurveville.

The album completed, and Bowie's clout with RCA providing a lucrative contract, the next move was a tour. Bowie true to his then current penchant for low-profile, played musical director, seated austerely in the background playing keyboards, but Iggy's credibility was well and truly on the line. He first had to prove that he was not Bowie's puppet, and second, had to come to terms with the mythology that had him cast as some wild-eyed superman — the all purpose breath-taking phenomenon.

"I knew exactly what was on the line and so I gave them an Iggy Pop who was safe, professional, fast, dependable. A responsible entertainer who was going to give all the paying customers a good disciplined rock show, with a little extra something that is uniquely mine, and something they can't get anywhere else."

The critics of the London gig expected something different and contradicted themselves endlessly, one demanding a new show devoid of old songs (although two thirds of the set was new material), another craving the old devil-may-care stones dips and dives.

The 'Idiot' tour however went from strength to strength in the States, climaxing with the LA gig drawing Iggymania raves. Following 'The Idiot', 'Lust For Life' was brusquely recorded using the touring band. This time themes came closer to prospective read-outs in Iggy's old junkie days with narcotics references, filling songs like 'Turn Blue', 'Tonight', 'Some Weird Sun', and the title song itself. "It was the first time I could ever get that whole experience into perspective." Iggy claims now. A powerful, outward going album that stretched its clout from the classic to the dispensible, the accompanying tour of England however was a disaster.

His recourse to dealing with the dilemma of breaking in a new band member, Scott Thurston, as well as dragging round an inferior band, was to take amphetamines and cocaine to see him through. Gig potential would be measured strictly by the availability of uppers on the given night. One show could be great, one strained, exhausted, depressing to behold.

By the time the tour hit the States all went well. But it took the two night stand at the Music Machine, with Pop supported by Fred 'Sonic' Smith's Rendezvous Band plus Scott Thurston to grant London a good Iggy Pop gig.

More important Fred Smith noted Iggy's burgeoning ability as a guitarist and eagerly encouraged him to pursue a real mastery of the instrument that would finally allow him freedom from all important collaborators.

"See, with James Williamson I was basically into what David (Bowie) calls 'guitar worship'. It's rampant among singers — I can tell without even knowing for sure, that Keith Richards will always have it over Mick Jagger. But Fred, God bless 'im, freed me from all that, Fred Smith my former idol who is a great guy, a great guitarist, and if he's drinking a beer right now you can be sure he'll be a great drinker (laughs). No, Fred just took me to one side, and said 'Jim, stick to playing that guitar because you've got it, don't believe anyone else because they don't know.' "

SO Jim Osterburg severed ties with RCA via the execrable 'TV Eye Live', got friend Esther to hock her jewellery and manager Pete Davies to sell his stereo while he lived at subsistence level, playing guitar daily, until 18 songs were written.

Then with Arista's support he flew to LA and teamed up with James Williamson.

With a basic nucleus of German drummer Klaus Kruger, bassist Jackie Clarke and Scot Thurston on guitar and keyboards, twelve tracks were laid down at Paramount Sound.

"I chose not to play guitar myself because I felt I wasn't quite ready for that, so I taught Scott every damn lick, every single note."

The result is an album — at first entitled 'Don't Look Down' but changed at the last minute to 'New Values' — that both follows in the tradition of previous Iggy works, whilst clearly aiming for a more mainstream appeal than previous works, but without blunting the stab of the muscle of Pop's music. The rockers, like 'Five Foot One', 'New Value', 'Curiosity', 'Girls', and 'Billy Is A Runaway' have all the sting of 'Shake Appeal', but with a cleaner (as in less messy) thrust. Also there is the truly haunting, 'Don't Look Down' and the inspired chord changes of the 'How Do Yo Fix A Broken Part'.

'New Values' is both prime Iggy fare and a strong commercial proposition, taking the most accessible stringency in all his previous music and shaping it into a forceful manifesto.

In the first interview I asked Iggy what the dominant themes of 'New Values' were for their creator.

"Okay then dominant themes . . . (pause) alright, I'll tell ya, I think the time has come for me to put out, right up front, my real, personal James Osterburg feelings. My emotions, all the hideous things I've been through, and the things that have affected me that I should never have let affect me in the first place.

"This record tells you what things James Osterburg does and the fact that James Osterburg is interested only in Iggy Pop.

"It's a blatant attempt on my part to throw out all the trendiness and to be as personal as possible. Hey, and if *they* don't like it they'll get it somehow whether I have to bully 'em or trick 'em into it.Because now I have it all totally under control. I've been through it all, I've been a puppet, the arsehole, the dupe, the junkie, and I've come through it all and proved that I'm the equal to anybody you'd care to mention."

The Records: Mission Impossible?

The Records

Music Machine

The Records have a mission: to propagate power pop and, in so doing, prove that it's not just a nostalgic ideal for ageing Beatlemaniacs or an embarrassing memory of some stupid craze for last year's wimps. Tall order.

The question is: can power pop exist as an end in itself? It's a peculiarly blighted genre. Apart from the one and only The Jam, past exponents have either died at the wayside — notably The Raspberries, who started the whole ballgame anyway — or only managed to hit it in brief spurts, almost by accident: Cheap Trick with 'Surrender', the Rods with 'Do Anything You Wanna Do', the Rollers with 'Rock'n'Roll Love Letter' . . .

Those last two songs in fact are of central significance to The Records' set, revolving as it does around the band's two singles — one of which, 'Starry Eyes', bears a strong resemblance to the Rods' greatest moment; while the other, their yet-to-be-released version of Tim Moore's 'Rock'n'Roll Love Letter', virtually defines the power pop style. Its irresistible, irresistibly young-sounding vocal lines, its earnest, naive sentiments, its power-packed guitar punctuations are power pop at its most ecstatic.

(The strangest thing about the song in fact is that the BCRs never released it as a single here — their biggest mistake, as it could conceivably have averted their slide into oblivion. Anyway, The Records are set to cash in, Tam . . . .)

Not, of course, that The Records are anything like the Rollers. In fact it's hard to think of anyone they *are* like. They aim for — and achieve — an ambitious blend of yer archetypal pop elements, too irksome to list here, and with a heavy helping of sheer volume — loud enough to pump the old adrenalin by brute force alone — they actually manage to carry it off, eight miles high ringing guitar and all.

They're still pretty rough around the edges — sometimes agreeably so — but the main impression as they strafe a modestly populated Music Machine is how much they've improved this past year. Stifftours, Rachel Sweet and America — you can tell the difference immediately. New confidence and control underpin every move.

Instrumentally, they've got it already. Ideologically committed to a four-piece with no front man, they handle it in traditional fashion, Johnny Wicks taking the brunt of the singing while his rhythm tangles with Huw Gower's stunning lead guitar — a player who bends his style to suit the nuances of each song, part of the unit despite his striking role.

Phil Brown's bass kicks surprisingly hard, and Will Birch, whose drumming often seemed strained and spartan with The Kursaal Flyers, now meshes so tight I hardly even notice him. (Somewhere out of sight, a pianist called Ian Gibbons tinkles away; I only found out about him later, so maybe Gower's not *quite* as ingenious as I thought at the time.)

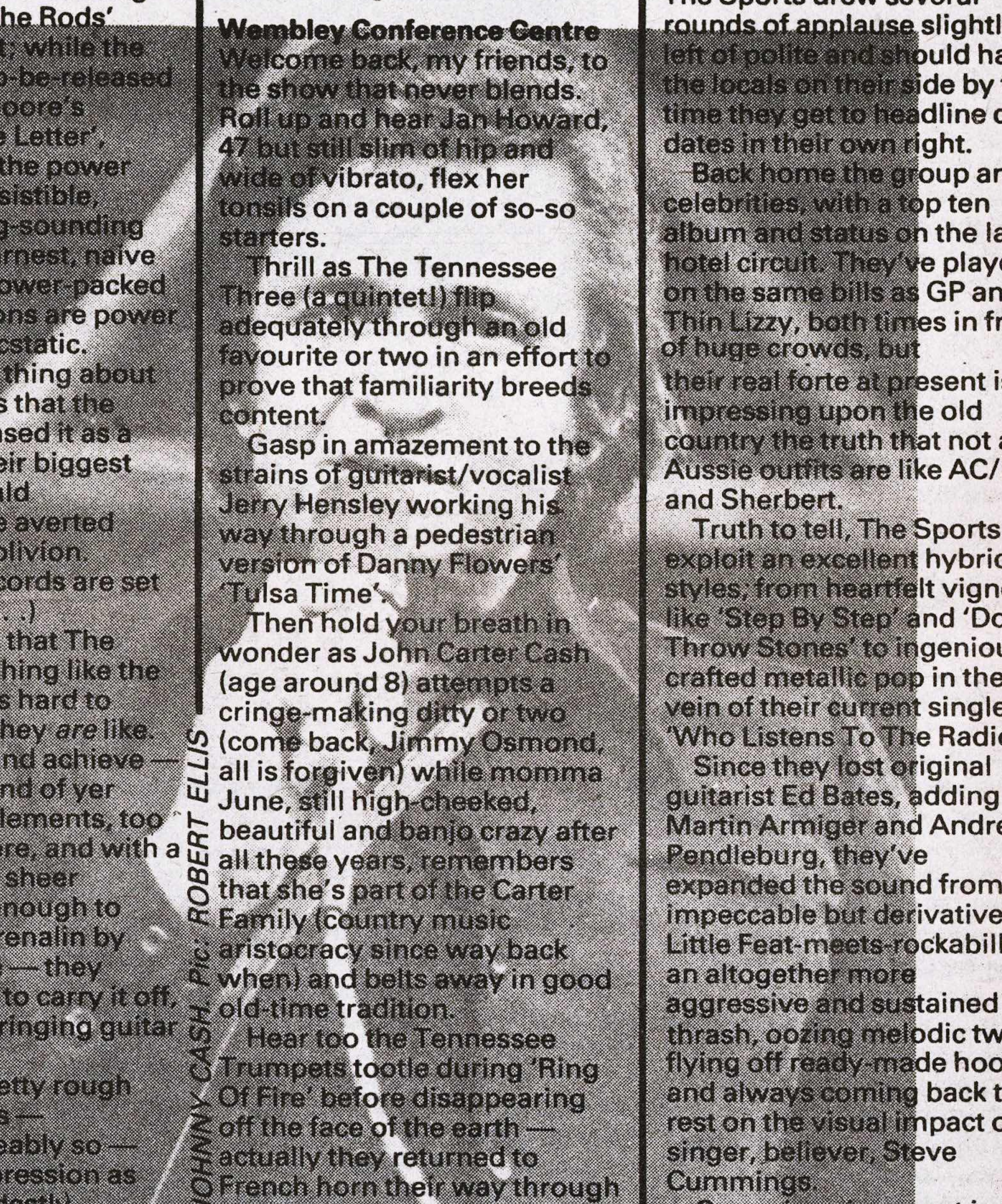
The most glaring weakness is the singing. Wicks and Brown are fine when the songs suit them — and any problems will easily be erased in the studio — but onstage it's painful to see Wicks stretching for the key scream line in 'Rock'n'Roll Love Letter' and even worse to hear Brown mutilate The Raspberries' brilliant celebration of rock stardom, 'Play On'.

Which makes me wonder . . If The Raspberries couldn't make it with outrageously excellent material like that, what price Will Birch & Co? Well, we shall see. Principal drawback commercially is their self-inflicted democracy, which makes them rather faceless, but musically — well they've got one of the best brains in rock'n'roll wielding the sticks: that bloke's time has to come. He's so full of great pop choons — the new arrangement of 'Girls That Don't Exist' is just one of several potential classics in The Records' set.

I just hope they aren't looking for an audience that doesn't exist.

Phil McNeill

Johnny Cash



JOHNNY CASH. Pic: ROBERT ELLIS

Wembley Conference Centre

Welcome back, my friends, to the show that never blends. Roll up and hear Jan Howard, 47 but still slim of hip and wide of vibrato, flex her tonsils on a couple of so-so starters.

Thrill as The Tennessee Three (a quintet!) flip adequately through an old favourite or two in an effort to prove that familiarity breeds content.

Gasp in amazement to the strains of guitarist/vocalist Jerry Hensley working his way through a pedestrian version of Danny Flowers' 'Tulsa Time'.

Then hold your breath in wonder as John Carter Cash (age around 8) attempts a cringe-making ditty or two (come back, Jimmy Osmond, all is forgiven) while momma June, still high-cheeked, beautiful and banjo crazy after all these years, remembers that she's part of the Carter Family (country music aristocracy since way back when) and belts away in good old-time tradition.

Hear too the Tennessee Trumpets tootle during 'Ring Of Fire' before disappearing off the face of the earth — actually they returned to French horn their way through 'Ghost Riders In The Sky' — and marvel as the Carter girls sing, play and generally try to re-kindle memories of ol' A.P. via 'Wildwood Flower' and other Carter classics.

Somewhere in there, amid back projected film of Folsom Prison, American railroads, auto funnies and suchlike, is John R. Cash, black frock-coated and crocodile-skin booted, who really needs such show-biz trimmings as much as Dave Edmunds (stalls-slumming along with Nick Lowe and Carlene and Rose Carter) needs guitar lessons.

Given quality songs such as 'Sunday Morning Coming Down', allied to that well-worn, blatantly simple but still effective Tennessee Three backing (yep — Sun vets W. S. Holland (drums) and Marshall Grant (bass) are still hanging in there) he remains the original Arkansas graveller, Dyess dust throated and as charismatic as ever — even though he performs such once-potent material as 'The Ballad Of Ira Hayes' with little of his original bitterness.

Certainly I wasn't the only one who was disappointed with the way Cash now comes Las Vegas wrapped. His mock-closer, a hand-clappin', assembled cast version of 'Let The Circle Be Unbroken' brought only warm applause from an audience that was almost bought and paid for.

If things had only been different that whole crowd would have been on their feet and cheering. So it seems that old Sun rockers never die, they just settle down and create family-size shows to go along with TV dinners. And what was once so right for Folsom and San Quentin could now fit neatly into an episode of *Crossroads*. Sad, innit?

Fred Dellar

The Sports

Bristol Coulston Hall

The Sports are six heavy duty rockers from Melbourne who impressed Graham Parker so much when they supported on a tour down under last year that it was no great effort persuading Stiff to inveigle them a contract, air fares and the job of warming up the English for GP.

The inhabitants of Coulston Hall were eager for the main attraction, but nevertheless The Sports drew several rounds of applause slightly left of polite and should have the locals on their side by the time they get to headline club dates in their own right.

Back home the group are celebrities, with a top ten album and status on the larger hotel circuit. They've played on the same bills as GP and Thin Lizzy, both times in front of huge crowds, but their real forte at present is impressing upon the old country the truth that not all Aussie outfits are like AC/DC and Sherbert.

Truth to tell, The Sports exploit an excellent hybrid of styles, from heartfelt vignettes like 'Step By Step' and 'Don't Throw Stones' to ingeniously crafted metallic pop in the vein of their current single, 'Who Listens To The Radio'.

Since they lost original guitarist Ed Bates, adding Martin Armiger and Andrew Pendleburg, they've expanded the sound from impeccable but derivative Little Feat-meets-rockabilly to an altogether more aggressive and sustained thrash, oozing melodic twists flying off ready-made hooks and always coming back to rest on the visual impact of singer, believer, Steve Cummings.

Cummings is so rapt in his work that his contortions and mannerisms, snapping on the beat, choreographing the instrumental punch, *demand* the listener's attention. This natural flair for illustration makes for an extremely pleasing focus, increased by a dynamic throat, equal parts raw and mesmeric.

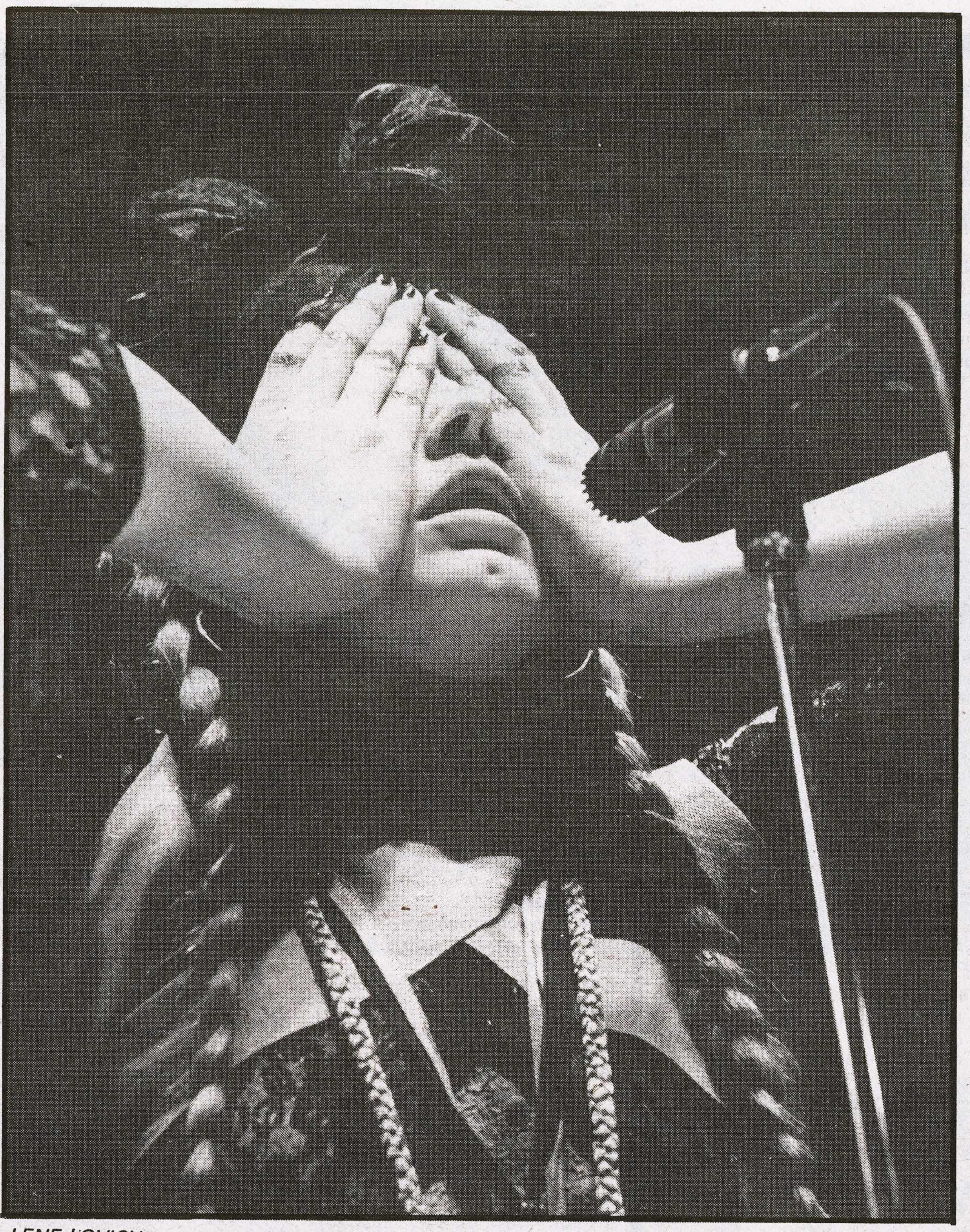
Behind him Armiger and Pendleburg combine in an effortlessly tight seam of economic breaks, the solos underlying this group's ability to create short, sharp statements with a flair that is original without being obscure.

Electric communication can only be furthered by material with the stand-out quality of 'Suspicous Minds' and the melting point 'Radio Show'.

Better still, The Sports are so evidently on top of their genre that even the relative risk of a slower ballad, "Reckless', fits without forcing into a set that I found more impassioned and refreshing than the main-man himself.

All credit though to Parker for reminding his audience of the support — "They're a bloody good band". They are that and more. The rhythm of the archipelago is banging on your door. Australian rebel rock and no jokes about poofters please.

Max Bell



LENE LOVICH: anyone for a pint of bull's blood? Pic: DAVID CORIO.

A Triumph For Orange Hair

Lene Lovich

Lyceum

Sorry, missed The Yachts, but caught the last 20 minutes of The Squeeze. A year ago The Squeeze were a threatful gaggle of Deptford street-heavy bar-room lizards. Now freshly returned from an American sojourn, they appear to have gained a quota of technology and polish at the expense of their original growling menace.

From my vantage point at the back of the auditorium, they sounded like a vigorous mainstream rock band. But from a distance of 300 feet without a telescope I cannot fairly assess whether they still squeeze or have squozen.

I risked my rib-cage and ruined my new shoes in the battle to get within grinning distance of Lene Lovich. Over the past few weeks this dame has had more in-depth press coverage than most musicians get in their entire career. Which is not to say she is not Fraught With Fabness.

For those untutored in things Lovich (people who haven't read recent rock scamsheets, don't eat T.V., or drink radio), here's a brief lowdown of on the lady in question as she appeared tonight — Gorgon-wrapped in a cumulus of vermillion lace, an exploded black mantilla, and 500 KW of plaited orange hair.

Graced with an ear-boggling voice that ranged from icy Dietrichean Lieder-Vamp to Moog-blip soprano, she twisted her larynx round a repertoire of very catchy, melodic bizzareries, with all the panache of a cheerleader at a medieval Bulls-Blood Bacchanalia-Fest.

You get the picture?

And a word about the band? As it has recently been mooted that Lene's unique talent has yet to find a compatible crew of back-up musicians, it only remains for me to give my tenpenne'th for Don Snow (keyboards), Ron Francois (bass), Bobby Irwin (drums), aka The Sinceros, plus Lene's stablemate Les Chappel on guitar, who between them supplied the dynamics and musical goulash with understated zest and stylishness.

Lovich & Co. have frequently been likened to Bowie, Costello, and Patti Smith, although any comparison ends with the co-incidental similarity of some of their respective songs, and on this score their set even reminded me of Sparks (aaagh!) in their more manic moments.

Lene's crash-landing into the lime-light owes as much to Stiff's uncanny penchant for launching the right face at the right time as it does to her own enigmatic wizardry; and judging from tonight's sardine-packed 3000-strong turn-out it would be hard to deny that she has struck a major chord in the public imagination.

Notwithstanding the dictates of fashion, the perils of publicity overkill, and whether she can get her saxophone serviced in time, Lene Lovich stands in good stead to become this century's answer to Joan of Arc.

Rick Joseph

Martha Reeves

Music Machine

Many Motown artists who surfaced in the '60s to proffer plenty of talent and good songs now seem fated to sink into a maelstrom of cabaret, emerging cleansed and purified, spouting Las Vegas patter, Disco and MOR Soul.

In other words, whatever fire and spirit they once possessed is wrung out of them, they are programmed, cellophane wrapped and re-presented to a brand new audience of mass consumerism.

Should Martha Reeves have followed a different path?

Well, The Vandellas have changed a little over the years: Patricia Mitchell and Harry Booker (recruited for her forthcoming album) serving the spot once occupied by Roselind Ashford and Betty Kelly, and Martha herself has been understandably affected by her proximity to The Greatest Bland-Out On Earth, but . . . The Music Machine? I ask you, what a place for a respectable lady to make a return.

Honky provided her with musical backing and indeed the first set of the evening, during which I distinctly remember having to be woken up — an ill omen. The soft soul shuffle and disco backing of the first two numbers 'Free Again' and 'So Many Memories' followed by her breathless cabaret chat prepared me for the worst, but then came 'Nowhere To Run', and the heat was on.

The crowd responded immediately, moving onto the dance floor until every space was filled with jostling, jiving kids having a real good time. Martha, in turn seemed to warm to the reaction, soaking it up and giving it back, so that every number took her farther away from the superficial trappings of her recent past and closer to the source of her original inspiration.

The balance of material was perfectly weighed, classic singles interspaced with new material and absolutely none of those medleys of truncated hit songs that tear the heart with fear and loathing.

Her new songs are more exotic than the old ones, bearing traces of jazz influence which worked best on 'Dedicated To Be Your Woman' and 'Special To Me', from the latest album, and the band's raison d'etre was clearly focused: tight, clever and unobtrusive, it provided the perfect setting for the vulnerable jewel of her voice.

Tall and willowy Martha's spare frame matched her voice; at times so wounded it hurt, at others, desperately powerful. 'Heatwave' preceded 'Jimmy Mack' and she closed the show with 'Dancing In The Street' and 'Forget Me Not Boy'. High times.

It wasn't perfect. There were times when new material let her down and she was constantly threatened by the all-pervading presence of MOR production. But her confidence grew from the audience and that was enough for the magic to shed its cobwebs and tumble through the crowd.

A Soul Sister has returned to us. There are few of them left. Keep her precious, hold her dear. The Lady's not for spurning.

Neil Norman

The Fall

Warrington

Some people think The Fall are the country's most enigmatic band. They're wrong, but it's certainly fair to say that The Fall save their best shots for the most unprestigious occasions.

This was another.

In reality, they're merely universally misunderstood. While every week artistic (sic) bands come along, promising to set rock n' roll on its head and saying, well, what? — *you* tell *me* — The Fall have retained their individual minimal but orthodox formula.

Personnel have come and gone, but other than a vast improvement in technical fluency the only real change since the early days has lain with the increasingly abstract development of Mark Smith's lyrics: he's turned away from merely bitterly reflecting upon the random crazyness of industrial life to explore the laughing madcap which exists hidden within us all.

Since The Fall's current material echoes the light, crash, smash, crash ringing of 'It's a New Thing' in terms of catchy accessibility it was hardly surprising that the chemical paranoia which infects such as 'I Go To Pieces,' 'A Figure Walks Behind You' and 'No Xmas For John Key' left most of the audience bewildered.

But by 'Rebellious Jukebox' the truth was obvious. It's the dance music of tomorrow today. A Donna Summer fantasy world turned outside in. A flat grey expanse of disco reality, with Mark Smith as DJ, the meaningless patter replaced by mocking self-analysis. That Mike Leigh, The Fall's new drummer, wore drapes and poked theatrical faces just added the final touch to the total absurdity.

I was stunned by the entire set, but 'Music Scene,' as now reworked, was a classic piece of rock 'n' roll from any viewpoint. It's The Fall's 'The End,' made up from a melody line copped off Dale Evan's 'Happy Trails,' a standard Motown bass riff and heavily overlaid with Martin Bramah's quite unique guitar improvisation. Every step was deftly drawn out to breaking point, Mark Smith assaulting the microphone with layer upon layer of bile and loathing, the tension only finally snapping when the set was over.

As a special favour to the audience, they disinterred 'Bingomasters.' it was anticlimactic. For The Fall have discovered what comes when the Wagnerian Disco stops.

Two steps back.

Ian Wood

Steve Hillage

Rainbow

At last, the 1984 Show . . .

Reviewing a Steve Hillage concert is fraught with danger, especially in the light of recent acrimonious articles in these very pages. What to do? Do I maintain the apparently traditional anti-Hillage stance, thereby alienating the artist and his followers even further; or do I attempt to highlight the positive aspects of the gig and so invite the old 'anti-backlash' accusation?

I'll try to be as honest as possible. Hillage freaks were enthusiastic, recent converts were disappointed and I hated it.

The music was uninspired and uninspiring, the new direction being great dollops of funk backbeat to bolster the chaotic song structures and Hillage's own immoderate playing. The band were an uncomfortable hybrid of modern styles: Andy Anderson and John McKenzie provided the black rhythm on drums and bass respectively, while Miquette Giraudy regularly injected synthesizer in a vain attempt at keeping the corpse on its feet. She also provided some effective little girl vocals and the only point of focal interest on the stage. Dave Stewart had a guitar strapped on but I couldn't be certain that he actually had it plugged in.

And then there was Steve who performed on electric and acoustic guitars and synthesizer and (for want of a better word) sang. Unfortunately, due to lack of vocal power and poor mixing, his singing sounded like tape-hiss, rendering most of the words totally unintelligible. This was a blessing as any lyrics that did escape seemed utter nonsense.

Clad in white boiler-suit, he wandered around onstage occasionally getting worked up enough to nod his head. Visually, he was about as exciting as an underdone poached egg.

The music was mostly a kind of futuristic funk — Amon Duul meets Stevie Wonder in a Battle of the Blands — and there was a token new wave number which caused a minor stir in the front. 'The Dervishes' was pure Greasy Truckers/Hawkwind, a mono-dirge beat under a series of pointless guitar solos; and 'Motivation' was based almost entirely on the riff from 'Sex & Drugs & Rock & Roll.' The saddest point of the evening for me was their rendition of the ethereal 'Hurdy-Gurdy Man' that made Vanilla Fudge sound like The Searchers.

There was one encore.

There's no doubt that Steve Hillage can play the guitar but tonight there was no inspiration and no invention in his playing. Doubtless there will be those who'll say I missed the point or that I'm just being plain miserable. But there was simply *nothing* to enjoy.

If Steve Hillage continues to do battle in the musical arena he may keep the mob on his side; just don't expect me to give the thumbs up at the end. Not for this musical trumpery.

Neil Norman

Stranglers Dug By Diggers

The Stranglers

Sydney

It was midweek but there were still about 400 people crowded into a place the size of a MacDonald's burger bar and the support band had warmed them up to such an extent that the smoke-filled atmosphere was enough to send you to sleep.

We were waiting for The Stranglers, the only new wave act apart from Elvis Costello to achieve something like general acceptance here possessing a crossover appeal — the suburban coffee-table concession to punk rock.

Their albums tend to make the lower reaches of the Australian Top 20.

At midnight they walked onto the tiny stage — carrying a young girl bound head to foot in masking tape. She was dumped in front of the drums as Hugh Cornwall boasted that back in the dressing room she'd said she wanted to get tied up with the band.

Ho Ho, what crazy guys.

They started from strength with 'I Feel Like A Wog', and rammed home song after song at such a staggeringly brisk pace that they scarcely had time between numbers to knock back a tube of Sydney's finest.

High energy was the keynote, with Jet Black becoming more of a metronome than a drummer, barely altering the rapid thump-blat rhythm.

Jean-Jacques and Hugh Cornwell were, predictably, the visual mainstays — nasty, smouldering, morose and uncommunicative.

Dave Greenfield visually and temperamentally he seemed out of place and Black lived up to his name by merging into the darkness behind his drum kit and remaining totally invisible.

They played it LOUD ... a swirling maelstrom mixture of Burnel's thundering, agile bass lines, Black's rock solid time-keeping, Cornwall's scratchy rhythm and Greenfield's rinky-dink embellishments.

Much of the potency of The Stranglers' sounds seems derived from the tension between the awesome power of the rhythm section and the lack of same between the lead instruments — the effect akin to driving a speed-boat with the engines of the Queen Mary.

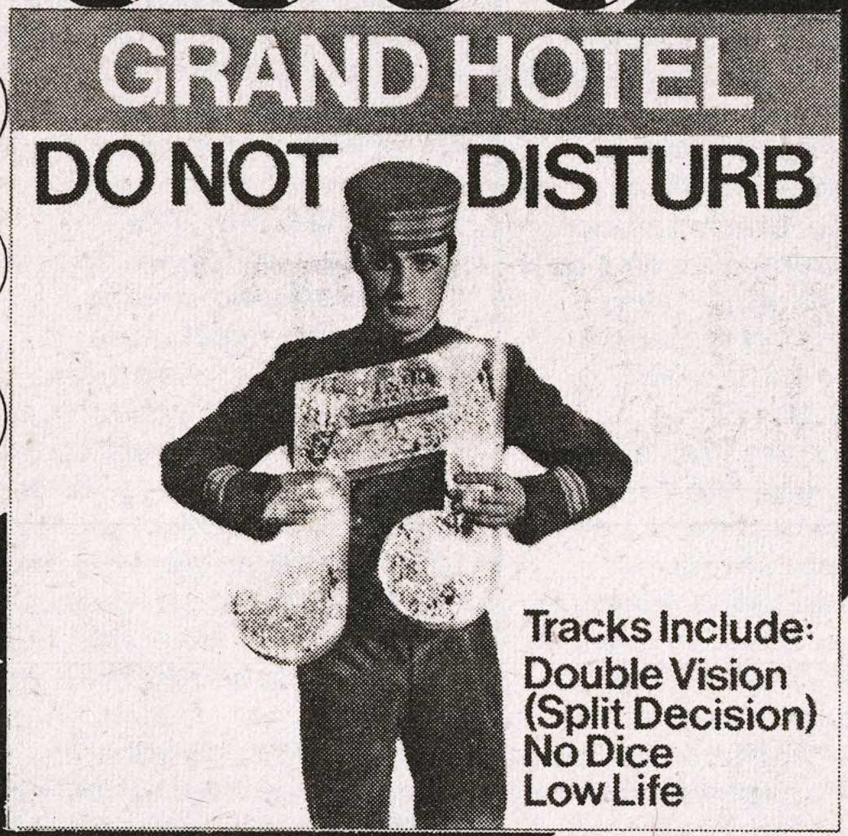
Hugh Cornwall was to me the musical weak-link — a surprisingly mediocre guitarist — but his snarled spat lyrics to 'Hanging Around' and 'No More Heroes' made up for it.

The audience lapped up this full-throated assault. Crammed shoulder to shoulder, they were mostly casually-dressed kids from the suburbs with very few committed punks. There were a few fights, at one point causing Cornwall to empty a bucket of ice into the crowd to help us "cool down", but generally a good time was had by all.

The Stranglers deserved their applause for delivering a fine blistering set, even if they didn't appear to be overly thrilled at being here. And full marks must go for playing to audienced in small venues like the Stagedoor Tavern, rather than opting for a single, convenient money-spinner at one of our really atrocious larger concert halls.

Stephen Dowse

GRAND HOTEL
NEW ALBUM
'DO NOT DISTURB'



Tracks Include:
Double Vision
(Split Decision)
No Dice
Low Life

83134
CBS
Record & Cassette

Rooming at:

Revolution Club, York	Wednesday 21st March
Kirklevington Country Club	Friday 23rd March
Manchester Polytechnic	Saturday 24th March
Fforde Green Hotel	Sunday 25th March
Hatfield Polytechnic	Thursday 29th March
Scarborough Penthouse	Friday 30th March

UK SUBS: Impossible to take seriously . . . impossible to ignore . . . Pic: NEIL ANDERSON

Rats In The Tuxedo Zone

Boomtown Rats

Los Angeles

The Coconut Grove is definitely not your average LA rock and roll venue.

Part of the Ambassador Hotel — an imposing, multi-storey building that resembles a forbidding school-dormitory and strives to affect an atmosphere of nobility — it's located amidst a cluster of insurance offices, travel agencies and banks closer to downtown LA proper than the *nouveau riche* strongholds of Beverly Hills and Westwood.

It's more in the tradition of Sammy Davis Jnr and Liza Minnelli than The Boomtown Rats.

After negotiating the hideous circular foyer and the two giant silver turds adorning a wall, you find a spacious room with a small open area that gives way to three symmetrical rows of tables circling the stage. The Rats had apparently asked for all the tables to be removed; they lost that battle but did succeed in transforming the bouncers into Fingers-type pyjama people for the evening.

But the Rats' plan to play unusual American venues (future gig sites include GM, US Steel and the Coca-Cola HQ as well as a freebie at Frederick's Of Hollywood) nearly backfired on them tonight.

After the local promoter did his best Ed Sullivan imitation and a boring routine from a Polish knife-thrower (no jokes, please, he already is one), the Rats bounded onstage and kicked off the set with 'Blind Date'. But with the PA angled out into the corners of the room, the sound up front was abysmal; so thin and muffled you had to strain to make out the basic outlines of the songs, let alone pick up any subtle nuances. The net result was to leave you bopping politely without getting that visceral kick you expect from rock 'n' roll.

Not that it fazed Mr Geldof one bit. The other Rats bounced around the stage, but it all comes down to the lanky, dishevelled and *not* (at least to these eyes) particularly Jaggeresque frontman.

Alternately haranguing and cajoling the audience, aiming barbs at the seated CBS execs checking out their latest investment (cue a mass of raised middle fingers from the floor), pulling people onstage to do the Rat, snapping a photo for his dad, he had punks, media-minions and your basic American hardrock kids firmly in the palm of his hand.

An immodest manipulator indeed, but he was so good-natured you didn't mind him doing it to you.

The set took off about halfway through as the sound improved marginally and the crowd increasingly warmed to Geldof's conversational manner. The 'Rat Trap'/'Kicks'/'Joey' medley, with Irish John Earle chipping in sax, got the first strong response of the evening, but the ice-breaker was 'Do The Rat' — utterly silly but still good fun.

The shift towards the R'n'B-influenced songs from the first LP helped too. As a band, the Rats seemed more in their natural element when locked into the raucous groove of 'She's So Modern' or 'Lookin' After No. One' than tackling the precisely structured, pop-inflected 'Tonic' material. First encore was 'Mary', with a squadron of fans invading the stage, and for the second the Rats unveiled 'I Don't Like Mondays'; a song about the 16 year old San Diego girl who shot up a school a while back and which had Costello overtones in its embryonic voice-piano form.

Of all the British bands that graduated from the classes of '76 and '77, the Rats have the best shot at breaking quickly in the States. They're only in it for a good time; the songs are packed with familiar touches that won't put-off the average FM listener; they're willing to play the music biz game to the necessary extent; and they don't look or sound alien or threatening to most American kids.

They've also got Geldof, and his extrovert cockiness and insistence on audience response should be more than enough to force the bland masses who pack the concert halls here out of their comatose stupor.

Don Snowden

UK Subs

Pegasus

Sign of the times (gone by), the Subs — led by ageing, one-of-the-lads Charlie Harper — play predictable, traditional music to a familiar audience, and prove once again that they really are a people's band. Croydon, Kilburn, Wood Green unite and fight and similar phrase book jargon suggests they're a working class band for working class youth: drummer Peter Davies' smashed symbol (sic) says it all.

Their inordinate, strong, fast, ear-splitting noise is as safe, homely and routine as Blackburn at three. The numbers are unforgettable, the choruslines stick in the throat like British Rail pastry. The single 'C.I.D.', played three times stood out as the most 'popular' number; there is more structure and channelling of the abundant power here, which is not utilised imaginatively or effectively in most of their material.

They'll put life into anyone's working week though. Impossible to take seriously; impossible to ignore.

Deanne Pearson

A Teardrop Explodes

Manchester

Intrigued by the idea of a band borrowing The Fall's keyboard shuffle, having much of Joy Division's sensurround attack, and able to match the surreal Gothism that Magazine can sometimes muster when Howie D isn't looking?

Sounds much too synthetic to be true, but these are merely broad reference points for an excellent new band caught at only their fifth gig, their first away from their native Liverpool.

Ultimately, A Teardrop Explodes have a melodic vision all their own. A four-piece, the bass sound is the central pivot, Julian Cope not only obtaining a fluid lubricous tonality which nears pure Motown but also handling vocal chores with winning charm.

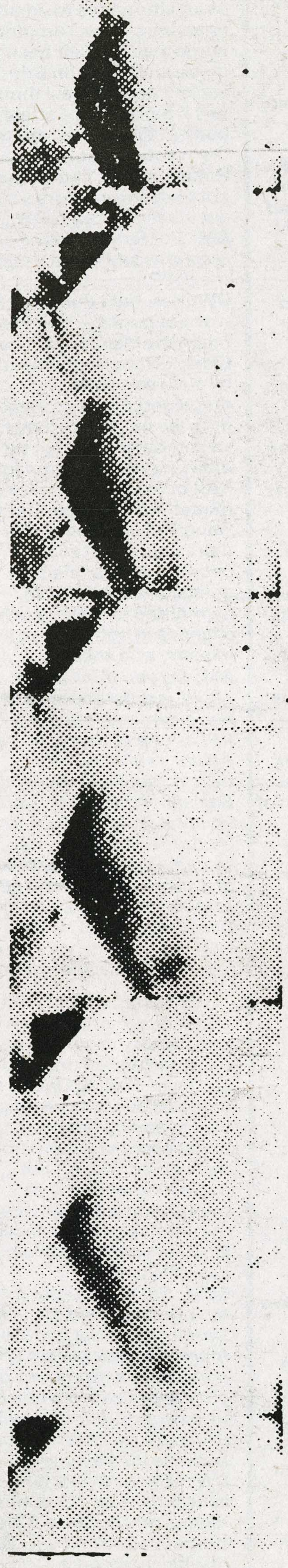
Michael Finkler (guitar), Paul Simpson (keyboards) and Gary Dwyer (drums) fall in behind with a sparse but supple back-up: no histrionics, but occasionally meshing with surprising strength. They have an understated alliance, based on minimal variation upon a densely layered foundation.

Numbers included the new Zoo Records single 'Sleeping Gas' and a series of quirky, catchy tunes which would make equally strong A sides — 'Wander Around', 'I Read It In Books', 'Didn't Wanna Do It', 'No One Tells Me Anything' plus some muted grey, modern instrumentals.

I think A Teardrop Explodes are the proof I've been awaiting that a new dawn has broken on the Liverpool Scene.

Ian Wood

MAGAZINE



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RAR

■ From page 25

AM: *What's your opinion of the infamous SWP equals NF equation — you know, that they're both as bad as each other?*

DW: It's ridiculous. I live round here and I know what the NF do; I've seen the broken skulls. I also know what the SWP do around here, and that they don't tear about attacking people in the dark. The SWP are by and large violent and forceful most reluctantly, I think. They spend most of their time campaigning against hospital closures, leafletting and supporting strikes. That equation is just vicious and thoughtless; the people who make it ought to be ashamed of themselves. The image of the SWP boot-boy is absurd.

AM: *Given that you write a large part of TH, how would you describe the political stance taken there?*

DW: It's punk Marxism. To me Punk and Rasta have rescued Marxism from the original badly translated Russian and put it into plain English prose, Old Testament prose in the case of Rasta. I'd much rather talk about 'down pressure' than 'capitalism', and the punks' way of talking about inner city reality is much better than *Socialist Worker's*.

The music and politics mix in the '60s was very forced, whereas now it isn't. Now it's real.

CSM: *But do you see RAR as a reformist or a revolutionary organisation?*

DW: A bit of both. If we want to do something that's agreed upon by a very wide section of society — like stop the persecution of black people in this country — then it's reformist. But it's more complicated than that ...

Racism, you see, is a code word for a whole lot of other conflicts that are going on in Britain, the whole direction Britain is going to go in the '80s and '90s. Thatcher put her finger on it when she used that phrase 'swamped by an alien culture', which is this image of a beautiful Anglo-Saxon maiden with green slime coming up her legs.

To me that decides the reform or revolution choice. That culture she talks about — and it's also the Callaghan culture, you know, we're all together on the medium wave band, we all over-cook our potatoes and like Tony Blackburn — that's a culture I'm against. I want to overthrow it.

I also think RAR feeds into all this, that RAR is asking very critical questions of Thatcher and what she represents through the racism angle. Racism has become the crunch issue.

You see the reason I think the NF is big is because the Labour Party is finished.

Amongst other things, the Front is the response of white working class people around here who feel they've wasted their lives. They feel that the party, the Labour Party, and the local Labour town council, both of whom used to support them, don't anymore. And somehow the blacks are made out to be responsible for all this, because they're the most visible index of change.

Therefore the blacks get blamed for something they're nothing to do with. They're sent to crummy schools and called stupid. They're given dead-end jobs and called lazy. If they don't fight back, they're called cowards. If they do, they're called vicious and are probably locked up.

Twenty-five years ago the Labour Party would have fought against all this. Now it's so caught up in being just another capitalist party for whom workers happen to vote, though with growing reluctance. So there's no alternative for that protest vote. White people are trying to solve the problems they feel in their guts by attacking somebody else.

AM: *So in a strange way it's not so much 'Hate blacks' as 'Hate government'?*

DW: Precisely. So anyway, all that says to me is that we've got to topple those two main political parties in whom there's been a massive haemorrhage of confidence in Britain. I see all the little left-wing groups in existence, also the gay and feminist movements — they're all interlinked — and I see them as an alternative to what's happening now. I wouldn't agree that The Left hasn't made an impact on British society as a whole. I think in fact it represents a sizeable body of dissenters, many of them young. I agree with John Rotten in that. You really have got to destroy before you find out what you can build ...

AM: *But Rotten's gone on record as saying he despises the SWP.*

DW: Yes, but I think that first wave of punks — and I really mean the Pistols and The Clash — they were impelled by such complete megalomania to do what they felt they had to do, they had such momentum that they didn't have much time for RAR or anything else for that matter. Whereas bands like Gang Of Four, Mekons — there you've got a lot of people who are talented artists, but who're also committed to making some changes in both the recording industry and society.

AM: *Do you think that the obvious differences between socialism and Rasta, which has as one of its many starting points a set of religious beliefs, can be ignored? Sexism, if that's how you want to describe the Rasta attitude towards women, is sexism — regardless of who's practising it. You can't operate a double standard, can you?*

DW: Well, first of all we started RAR and have kept our militant stance against racism.

We've had a lot of criticism about this, particularly when bands that are overtly sexist have performed on an RAR platform. Perhaps we're not being as purist as we might be by just saying our main task is to get people to stand up against racism, but not against other forms of oppression. I'd argue myself that you've got to be against all three: racism, sexism and capitalism.

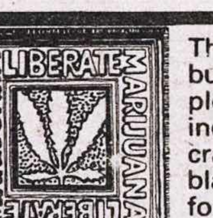
CSM: *But what about the headbangers and the disco freaks? There's a battle being fought against racism on the dancefloor everytime a black girl dances with a white boy or vice versa — but that battle isn't being acknowledged because it's being won.*

DW: I know. We've tended to concentrate on the punk and reggae mix because it's a simple and strong expression of white and black togetherness, and also because the reggae bands needed the exposure.

But we've had other people play for us too. It made me very happy when Graham Parker did an RAR gig. As far as I'm concerned we don't have any ideological bans on any kind of music, we've just found it easier to reach certain types of bands. Whereas now we've reached the stage where bands are finally coming to us, and we're in danger of becoming a glorified booking agency.

Blondie, for instance, approached us about doing a Carnival, the Brockwell Park one. But we don't want to get locked into the alternative Harvey Goldsmith syndrome. Part of the reason we've separated from the ANL a bit is that we don't want to go on producing bigger and bigger outdoor festivals. Some of us went through all that in the late '60s. Instead we made a very conscious decision to try and build up RAR clubs as local get-togethers, away from the whole superstar and superprofit thing.

■ Continues page 57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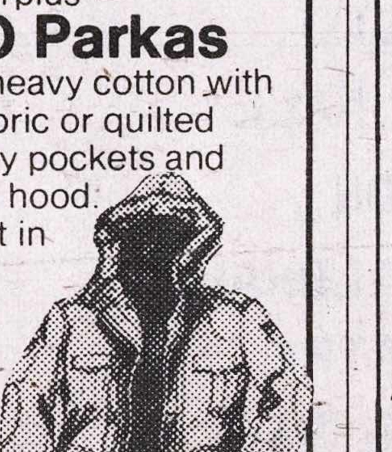
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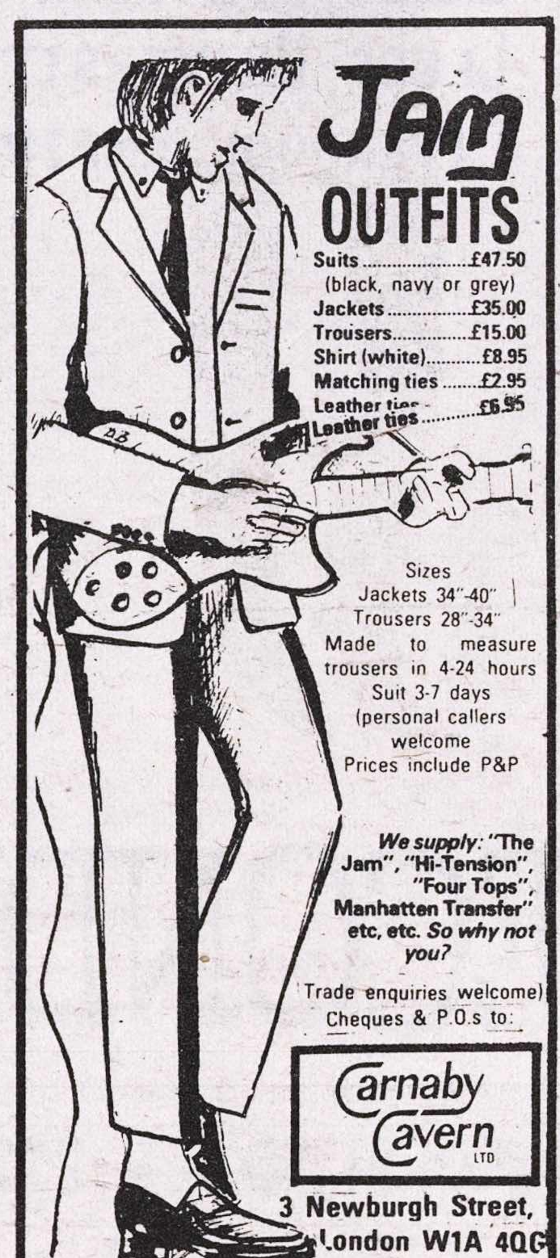
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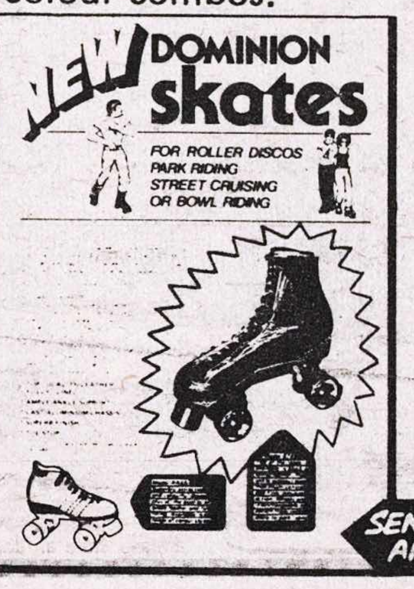

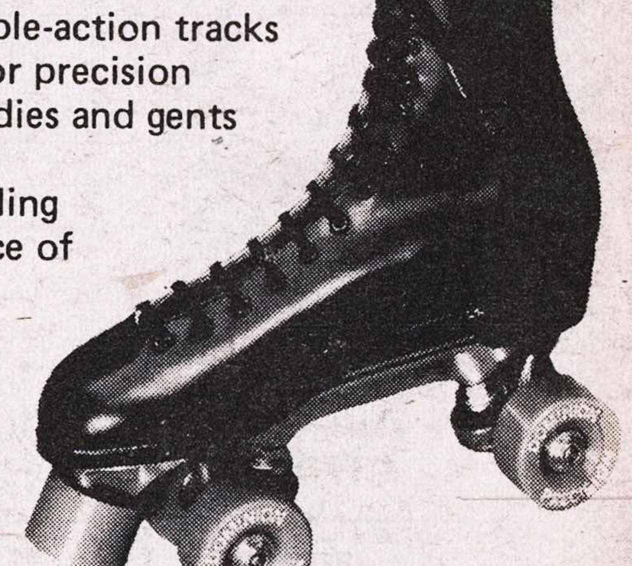
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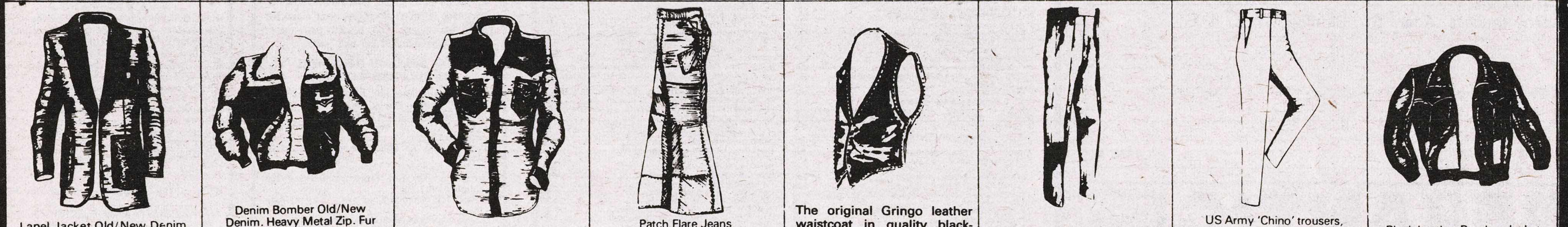

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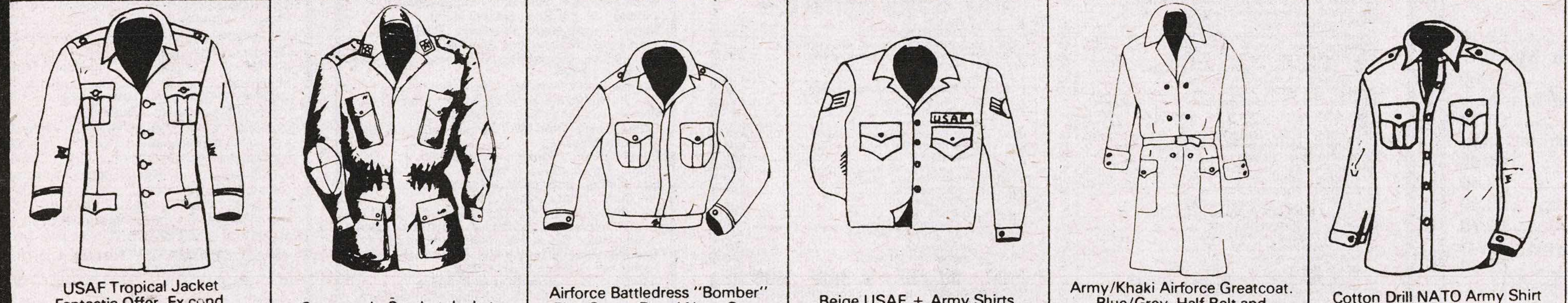

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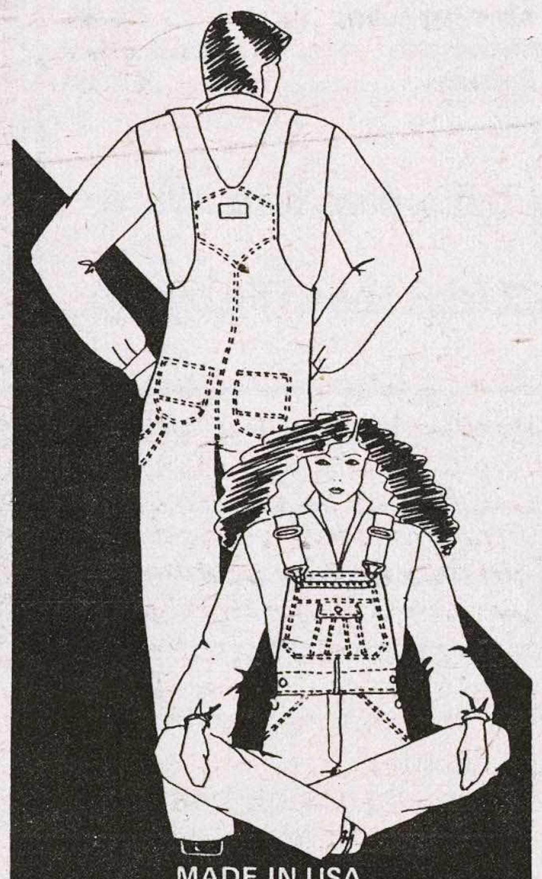

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Tom Robinson. Bully For You (P) 80p
Patrik Fitzgerald. All Sewn Up (P) 80p
Pop Group. Beyond Good & Evil (P) 80p
Roxy Music. Trash (P) 80p
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TUBEWAY ARMY Down in the park (pic) .80
VICTIMIZE Baby Buyer (pic) .75

BLONDIE Sunday Girl (BELGIAN IMPORT) (PIC) DUE IN NEXT WEEK probably at only 99p! Don't order yet — see next week's ad for confirmation of this one!

PLEASE NOTE: Some prices will have to be increased from April! Most "major-label" singles will be 85p and "independent label" singles will be 80p.

A WRETCHED APOLOGY! re last week's "Bunch of lies" quote — apparently Bonaparte's did get their hands on some pre-release copies of the discs mentioned and they weren't having you on! Sorry GUY and STEVE!!

WRETCHED ONLY ADVERTISES WHAT IT HAS IN STOCK or if it's due out soon we say so in the ad. OK!

SHOP OPEN 11 am to 6 pm MONDAY to SATURDAY

POSTAGE & PACKING: 7": 1 = 20p plus 5p for each extra one. LP/12": 1 = 40p plus 20p for each extra one. Count doubles as 2 discs! *(Overseas customers send 2× these rates — we'll credit any change left!)*

Send S.A.E. or I.R.C. for latest list

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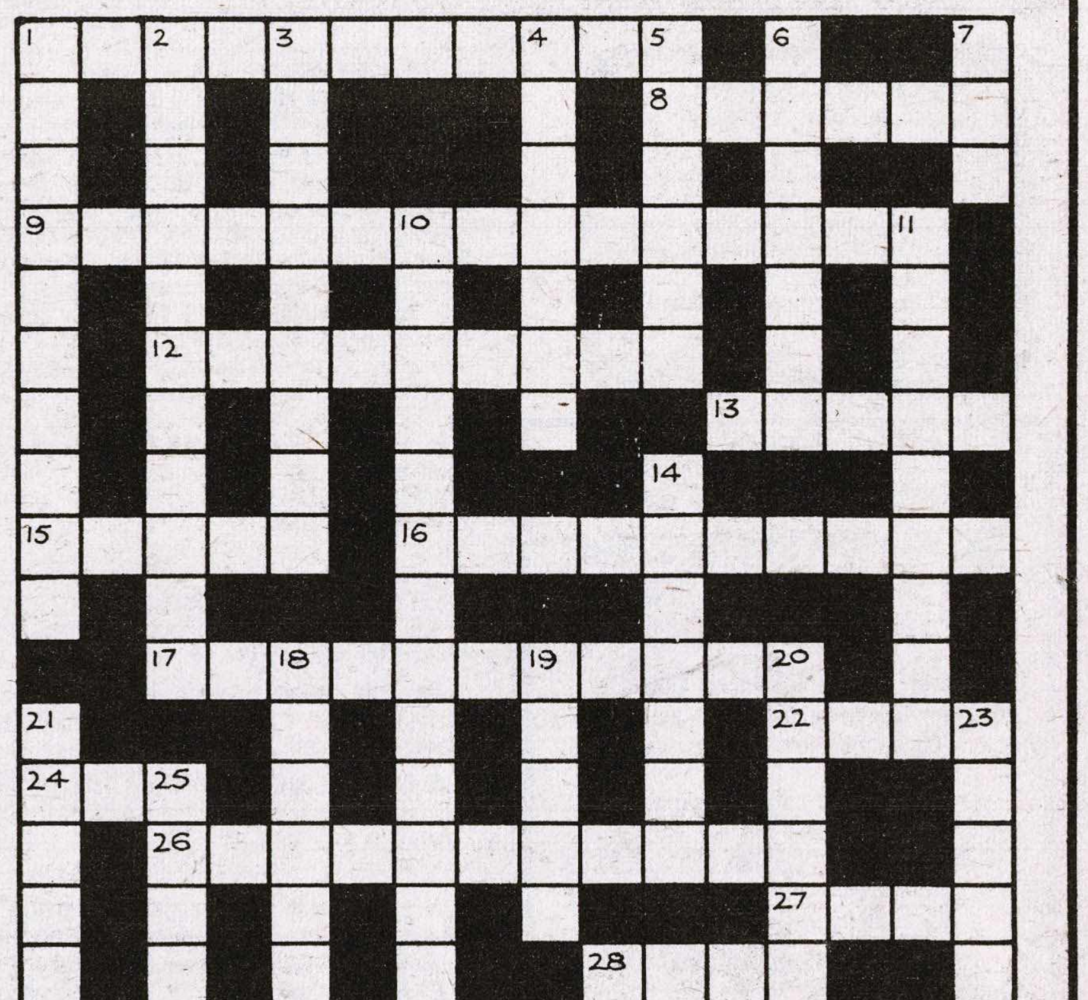
NME X-WORD



ACROSS

1 In which Marlene meets David, sort of (4,1,6)
8 Walk round half of a reggae band!
9 Jordanian rat mag (anag 2 words)
12 The new Lizzy (4,5)
13 Jimmy or Richard
15 Where to meet Ms Mulduar
16 Follow-up to "This Is The Modern World" (3,3,4)
17 Model Indian (anag 2 words)
22 Which ones?!
24 & 25 down. He was the other half of Stealers Wheel, with Gerry Rafferty
26 Left The Byrds because he disapproved of a South African tour (4,7)
27 John, Jethro Tull keyboardsman
28 Rats' fourth former

DOWN

1 Looks sharp, but is he just playing Donovan to Elvis Costello's Dylan? (3,7)
2 "— The Night" — heavy metal LP (9,2)
3 Not the sailors' favourite Mac oldie!
4 Thunderous applause etc
5 Moody Blues 'comeback' album
6 Abba LP/Also name of Brit vocal group who had a 1970 hit with "Friends"
7 & 20 down. Veteran U.S. R&B performer
10 American '60s vocal outfit who characterised the more commercial aspects of flower power (5,3,5)
11 Flung rake at a wimpy American!
14 Motycho's moll (4,3)
18 Chris Blackwell's label
19 Roy or Kevin
20 See 7 down
21 Backstabbers" was their first big UK hit
23 Angus of AC/DC
25 See 24 across

ACROSS: 3 Akron; 6 "A Single Man"; 8 "Lucky Number"; 11 Unit (4 + 2); 12 Eddie Cochran; 15 "Ticket To Ride"; 17 (Boomtown) Rats; 19 NME; 21 Connie; 22 Lonnie Mack; 24 Jon; 25 "Summer Nights."

DOWN: 1 "Valley Of The Dolls"; 2 Ritchie (Blackmore); 3 Anne (Nightingale); 4 RSO; 5 (Anne) Nightingale; 7 Gaye Advert; 9 Marc Bolan; 10 Rush; 13 Chiswick; 14 R. Dean (Taylor); 16 Cortinas; 18 "(The) Scream"; 20 "Mr Soft"; 23 Can.

SHADES

Best Of Bomp (Stooges, Weirdoes, DMZ) £4.00
Blondie—Heart Of Glass (US 5:50) 12" £2.55
Beefheart—Spotlight Kid £1.50
Catch A Wave (10" D/table, Richman etc.) £3.40
Hunter—American Alien Boy £1.50
Last Men/Marie et Garcons Attitudes 12" (each) £1.60
Magma—Inedits £2.70
Yoko Ono—Fly (D) £1.95
Sparrow Meets The Dragon £2.90
Rod Stewart Collection (D) £2.80
Cabaret Voltaire Extended Play (P) 75p
Stranglers—Black & White (b&w vinyl) £4.55
Stretch—Can't Beat Brain For Entertainment £1.35
Sheik Yerbouti (D) £4.55
Swindle (D) £5.25 Something Else 70p
Argent—Nexus/Circus (each) £1.50
Baez—Shadows/Winds/Rust/Best (each) £3.45

Post 7" 20p, 12" 40p, D 60p to max 80. Other LPs / singles: send wants lists, pay on delivery; any UK release, some imports. Order by letter or phone (041-334 2917)

Shades, 27 Lansdowne Cres, Glasgow G20

WEST 4 RECORD COVERS

LP Polythene (200G) 25 £1.20; 50 £2.25; 100 £3.00; 250 £6.55; 500 £12.00; 1,000 £20.20.
LP Polythene (400G) 25 £1.90; 50 £3.20; 100 £4.65; 250 £10.50; 500 £19.60; 1,000 £36.55.
LP Paper Polylined (inners) 30 £2.95; 100 £8.60.
LP White paper (inners) 50 £3.50; 100 £6.45.
PVC Double LP 1 @ 35p; 10 £3.50.
LP PVC (Heavy duty) 25 £3.55; 50 £6.90; 100 £13.55.
Singles Card Polylined 30 £3.20.
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RAR

■ *From page 52*

After all, RAR gigs are about mixing, about black and white people going to a gig together under the same banner. When Sham 69 and Misty played together, it was a hell of a night; we all lost about two stone. The British Movement were just waiting to tear it all apart. But when Jimmy Pursey put on a Rasta tam at the end and sang 'The Israelites' — it was musical and political magic, an amazing statement for him to make.

The Right isn't finished. The NF have got their headquarters just down the road. They're quietly stocking up their membership and John Tyndall is quite clearly still convinced he's going to seize power in Britain. We might think him mad, but that's his plan of action.

I think it's vital to understand this. The NF haven't unfortunately gone away for good. They're a symptom of the disease and they're alive and well, I'm afraid. Lewisham may have dealt a severe blow to their morale, but they're recouping and regrouping. They'll have a big election show going.

RAR is only a tiny part of something much bigger: anti-racism in music. It's been going on for years and years. Think back to Billie Holliday and her band refusing to book into hotels where they wouldn't serve her, and so on.

AM: *Agreed. So how exactly do you want a kid or whoever reading TH and regularly going to RAR gigs to react?*

DW: I want him or her to say that everything we do and stand for, that all this is an alternative to the British way of life in 1979. It's as simple as that. The one word 'Babylon' sums it all up for me — all the way from Thatcher to Callaghan to Jimmy Young. I've fought that particular view of Britain all my life in feeble, individual ways, but we're simply not going to change it on our own. So we have to work together — that's our political stance in RAR.

AM: *So Punk and so on was really a belated shot in the arm, so to speak, for people like yourself —*

DW: It was a fantastic breakthrough of energy. To me '74 - '76 were the most boring and depressing years of my life. It seemed like the world had come to a standstill, everything was so deadening. But it was Rotten who had the bottle and the gracefulness almost to stand up to all that and get 'God Save The Queen' to the top of the charts on the very week of the Queen's jubilee; that was wonderful.

Ever since then, people have been on the move again. Quite what form that movement will take I don't know. The Western economic system is slowly but surely disintegrating; it's no longer viable. I only have to walk down the street and look at the local hospital that's closed, the conditions of the housing people are forced to live in, the conditions of the public works and roads, the confused and terrified looks on my patients' faces — as a way of life and a civilisation our society is falling apart. It simply can't cope any longer.

The question is then — do we get them or do they get us?

AM: *Have we any choice?*

DW: I think so. When we hit the trough of the next depression, then we're going to see street fighting. I don't say that with any enthusiasm; it's not something I look forward to at all.

More important though, what Thatcher said about that 'alien' culture — that same culture is our music, our food, our friends, our whatever. She thinks we're being 'swamped' by it, but I want it to swamp her.

IN conclusion we find RAR to be a sincere and dedicated crew. We also find some of their attitudes condescending and elitist. Curiously enough, it's the dyed-in-the-wool Marxist Widgery whose ideas seem more flexible and positive than those of the theoretically only semi-political RAR collective.

Nevertheless RAR's fight against fascism and racism is well worthy of your support. We found ourselves disagreeing with them over issues, methods and assorted finer points; you might find the same.

If you consider RAR's activities in the short term, nobody but a member of the National Front, British Movement or Conservative Party could seriously dispute the righteousness of their cause. It should be remembered that RAR is *not a* political party asking to be put in power, but a group of people trying their damnedest to promote racial harmony in this country. If you view RAR in the long term, then you're quite entitled to question their specific stances on specific issues other than racism and fascism.

For the present though, they by no means deserve the suspicion they've aroused in so many overly paranoid quarters. In rock entertainment terms alone, their current nationwide tour offers excellent value, as indeed have many of their previous gigs. If you want to get in touch with RAR and find out more details for yourself, then contact them c/o RAR, BOX M, 27 CLERKENWELL CLOSE, LONDON E.C.1.

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NOT WITH massive frequency, but just often enough to lash the dying flickers of interest into a reluctant wakefulness, this task, of editing The Bag, can provide what Steve Hillage would doubtless call a peak experience.

Such occasions occur when what at first glance appears to be a Category A letter *(Category A: opinions engendered by direct reaction to recent NME feature or a review)* suddenly metamorphoses, without warning, into a priceless *non sequitur* of the rare Category X variety.

Perhaps significantly, it's the hapless Hillage himself who stimulated the upcoming example.

"Great," (writes **DICKY DOM,** of **Aberdare, Glamorganshire**). "It's about time the likes of Hillage and Bad Company were able to counter (*NME* criticism) in a constructive manner."

So far so normal. Reader stands up for hero's rights. But what's this?

"Very often, especially when I'm disturbed, I find myself psychically aware. Whether you take Hillage's view that such awareness is due to brushes with the supernatural, or Lene Lovich's idea that vivid imagination and mental troubles stem from powerful psychological processes (so far as I'm concerned they may well be synonymous), the resultant phenomena can be both terrifying and exhilarating.

"I've been thrown out of bed at 3 am by forces unknown and unseen, and in case you're wondering I do not frequently use drugs."

A gem! And how tempting, under the normal Bag format, to advise the psychically aware Taff to switch off his electric blanket before nodding out. This time, however, we marvel only, and, still in hot pursuit of the Hillage Code, pass on to **HUGH SYDER,** of **London NW3.**

"Three cheers," he warbles — guess who for? — assessing the Last Hippy Left Alive thuswise:

"His New Age philosophy is basically an assortment of practical and realistic answers to the world's problems. These are followed (sic) by a large number of people. But as Steve so rightly says, his ideas should be made available to everyone." Should they? Why? But HS closes with an unanswerable point. "To me and a great deal more people, variety is bliss so why shouldn't Steve Hillage be allowed to get on with it without undue bullshit from *NME*?"

I think I go along with that.

KNOCKED-OUT-IN-THE-FIFTH-ROW, writing from **England,** makes the same point even more didactically. "I saw Steve Hillage in concert last week and he was bloody fantastic so stop knocking him you bastards."

But Hillage is by no means alone in enjoying resolute defence by *NME* readers. Take Van Morrison, for example. In last week's interview, Tony Stewart's attempts to portray the surly *emigre* as Morrison doubtless *intended* to be portrayed receives little sympathy.

"Ten out of ten to Van Morrison for putting interviewers in their place," opines **S. WATSON** of **North Sheilds. ROGER H. BRAWLEY,** a man of **Kent,** uses this same angle to launch a full-blooded peroration of the old school. "Since when," he barks, "have any of you lot been 'caring journalists'? Clumsily exalting whoever you choose to be in vogue and then ignoring them like broken toys or used Durex. (Van) knows exactly what you're up to and he doesn't give a cuff about your amateur sociology games. You were out of your depth, and revealed" — wait for the timely apposition — "your shallow motives. Now we all know your incapability to grasp the real situation."

Here, clearly, we have a bitter man, doubtless an original thinker in his own way but nevertheless inclusible under the broad definition supplied so conveniently at this point by **MR BUMB** of **Whitley Bay, Yorkshire.**

"Every week there are letters from people of all shades of opinion who seem to have only one thing in common: they don't like *NME*."

How true — but, say I, let it serve as a common rallying cry until something more positive presents itself.

Accept in *lieu* what is positively the best letter of the week, a minor masterpiece of accurate dialect, superb pacing, mordant bathos and subtle comment — alas unsigned, except by the cryptic **I. SMOKE.**

"Ey mon. When I in de land of Jah, smoke de 'erb an' I fear no evil y'knoh? But when I come 'ere an' I smoke de 'erb, de polees mon come aroun' de carnar" (exquisite!) "an he kick de shit out of I.

"Ow lang Whitey 'ad dis strange custom eh?"

So many traps he could have fallen into, and not a foot wrong.

AS FOR one-liners, in their purest form perhaps *the* Bag letters, for at least four years these have been a crutch. It may have been noticed that these, too, tend to divide naturally: into two sorts. The Oblique Attack; and the Gormless Disarmer.

A good example of the latter is, "Dear Karin. Told you I would get a letter printed in *NME*. **HAMISH, The House, The Street, The Town, The Date.**" Here generally speaking, a determined clique of gagsters have (quite rightly) sussed that charm as well as content is a criterion for inclusion.

All the same, "My mum just read your paper and thought it was very good, yours, **E. D. Plus-Complex, Bishop's Stortford,**" just scrapes in, as does **MA** from **Tooting's** offering: "I haven't felt like reading much lately." (Very marginal, that one.)

Re-calibrate for Possible Hidden Statement and a few more possibilities present themselves. "What makes me sick," writes **ARTHUR CRUMPBUCKET** (how often the pseudonym fails to match the letter), "is the way you print letters like this one which don't say anything except 'What makes me sick is the way ...' " and so on for the best part of a paragraph.

But one-liners often verge on the personal. "Will the Shaar abdicate or are we doomed forever?" asks **DEAN JOHNSON** of **Newcastle.** "I thought a mentsrual cycle was a kind of racing bike until I read Julie Burchill" **(VAN ORDINARE, no address).** "If Tony Parsons and Julie Burchill think rock needs an obituary why do they flog a dead horse by writing for the *NME!*" **(PAUL SEERY, Lancaster).** Ouch! Twenty with one blow! And rock stars get it, too. "Is 'Armed Forces' Rhyme without Reason?" questions **IDI O'SINCRACY** (on a fetching postcard). **A MORON** of **Molesey, Surrey,** aims his niggle elsewhere. "If Tom Robinson supports minority groups why is he so mean to the Nazis?" I'll have to think about that. **A VILLA FAN** from **Birmingham,** opining that we at *NME* have the power to crush whom we like, begs us to do something about the continued existence of Birmingham City ("so that they go down for *ever*"). And, in a final sally from this zone of deadly fleabites, **C. LUNT** of **Rotherham** tells us, without shame, that he is a fan of "Zeppelin, Floyd, Sabbath, Hendrix, Rainbow, Hawkwind, ELP, AC/DC, Rush" (and a lot more besides — take my word for it) and I have nothing to say because you won't print it". But we *did*, C. Lunt, we *did* print it, which only goes to prove that you can even get in a plug on behalf of *those* toadstools — a *real plug!* — provided you seek out the necessary oblique approach and use it.

To me, one of the oddest things about The Bag is the exact similarity of tone of *all foreign letters,* whether they come from Scandinavia, Germany, France, anywhere. A xenophobe who based his view of foreign persons exclusively on what might be deduced from the occasional Bag letter would end up with an image of somebody very clean but not perhaps very bright, with lank blond hair and innocent blue eyes, purveying with hideous reasonableness a kind of all-purpose centrist viewpoint. And there's another quality I can't instantly identify. In addition the combination of fluent but oddly unidiomatic English, devout views and general sincerity, leads one to the conclusion that Abroad is ideal Steve Hillage country.

This week's Foreigner — who confesses that he's "not a very trendy person", so fair enough — is **GUNNAR KIHLSTEDT,** from, yes, **SWEDEN** (which is his problem).

"My only intention is to make a number of solicitous stands," he declares. And isn't that true of us all? "Contradictions" (in *NME*) "are glancing from every other page." True, and why not?

But what does *this* mean: "I consider plenty of reviews to be suspensive on a defensive level, unaccountable self-protection. Tony Parsons" (sorry about this TP but you must admit your name does come up a lot, even in Skandaland apparently) "when reviewing a bunch of American 12" singles, adapted to a misinterpretation where you alienate yourself and ominously rate things as art without receiving it the same way ... I admire people exposing themselves, prepared to face the outcome." All right, all right, settle down — but does anybody out there *understand* this man? (Next week the Bag will print possible solutions. Address letters to "Decode the Swede", GASBAG, etc.).

Anyway, at this point Gunnar realises his control is slipping slightly. "I don't want to get stuck in this mess" (At last! Coherence!) "so I refer to the singles reviews again. My comprehension is that you possess an attitude that is underrating and disregarding the effect ability of the singles division. My last grievance concerns this page." (i.e. Gasbag) "You're leaving a lot of letters without a decent reply, especially the eager ones."

That's the word I was trying to think of — "eager". Gunnar is "eager".

Finally, a heartfelt one: "Mike Patto was my hero and can I have a new one please?" **(BISH of Portsmouth),**

And a wry one: "I've just put more sugar in my coffee than Jesse Presley did in his entire life." **(VARNERY DAIN III, London),**

And to close, a viewpoint that, no matter how often it is said or written, can always count on a warm welcome at this particular hearthside: "Is it too early to say I hate the new series of *Rock Follies?"*

Yes, **DISTURBED** of **Tunbridge Wells,** it is, far too early; but say it anyway. The very formation of the words on paper hold, for me, an almost tantra-like quality. I never get tired of it. Never.

Next week the Bag returns to normal.

Composed by U. The Reader
Orchestrated by Antonio Tyler

Illustration: Raymundo Lowry

T-ZERS

FORMS A SUPERGROUP

OK Chaps. One foot on either side of the Meridian Line, huge bonfires on high points throughout the world . . the absolute quiet normally reserved exclusively for the end of a **Roy Carr** joke reigns supreme . . . and . . . and . . .OK!! British Summertime crashes triumphantly in amidst the whirling round of a million hour hands! Get out the **Beach Boys** albums! On with the Ambre Solaire! Umbrellas sprout outside pubs like so many zits on **John Lydon's** chin! Buy those Dayville shares now!! Show me an overcoat and I'll show you a sap! But wait . . . British Summer Time is dithering . . . it's shivering . . . it takes one look at the sleet and Vooom! Turning its heel, BST is back aboard the Pan Am juggernaut and returning to its winter retreat on the isle of Mustique before you can mumble "outdoor concert". Which leaves the rest of us clutching our Boots rubber waterbottles and turning to our reliable *T-Zers* page for a pointer to brighter days.

And *T-Zers* in the honoured style, has ze good news and ze bad news. We ponder the bad first.

Camden, siting of the most concentrated number of rock venues this side of Ho Chi Minh City, is feeling the breath of sinister manners coursing through its streets.

You may recall that the legendary, but oft naff, Roundhouse in the said borough has been closed to rock'n'roll for some while now — so the case of the Electric Ballroom last Friday begins to look grim. On said night the gig was on and off several times thanks to our nutty cousins of the GLC, who apparently feared that the line up of **George Thorogood, Albert Collins** and **Lew Lewis** would destroy the area with sheer volume. In the end the gig went ahead but the GLC insisted the bar stay closed. George, meanwhile, handed out cans of lager to the front rows saying "I hear y'll got a drink problem." Among other things.— yes, George . . .

Meanwhile in our House of Commons the subject of bouncers raises its extremely ugly head. Labour MP for Walsall South **Bruce George** has struck a blow for us all in raising the question of bouncer power. "At least one person has been killed and many have been injured," he informed the dozing house, going on to describe many bouncers as "six foot, six inch psychopaths". That was good news.

And now we introduce a **Mr. Paul Simonon**, who will tell us the state of play vizaviz the reports of a **Clash** movie. "Yeah it's nearly finished now. We done the soundtrack, took a big part in it, it's practically our film. Ain't got a title for it yet. What you been doing anyway? Just pissing about? Yeah, me too . . . just pissing about". Indeed sir! Pissing about my eye! *T-Zers* averts its gaze . . .

Meanwhile, at an address in West London . . . having seen "Lucky Number" go agonisingly close to the top of the heap after some drastic remake/remodel button shuffling, Stiff now plan to do similar overhaul on the rest of **Lene Lovich's** "Stateless" album, to replace the tinny fart-in-a-bucket sound with the full, rich, overflowing aural nirvana that braced the single and that good witch deserves, my pretty-pretties . .

Incidentally, plait pickers, the more astute among you will have no doubt noticed that the three chaps accompanying L.L. and her bald beau **Les Chappell** on the early *Top Of The Pops* and *Old Grey Whistle Test*

L—R: Mark Perry, Joe Strummer, Bruce Springsteen, Hugh Cornwell, Steve Jones — otherwise known as THE CHAMPS, a hot little combo on Challenge Records.

appearances are distinctly dissimilar to thise on recent *TOTP* and tour dates. Transpires, dunnit, that the previous incumbents were told "Thanks-but-no-thanks," and **Sinceros Don Snow, Ron Francois** and **Bobbi Irwin** graced the latter, latest "gigs" — including the overwhelmingly successful Big One last Sunday night at the Lyceum. Irwin, incidentally, also turned up playing drums for **Albert Collins** . . .

Here's a hot one: Canadian Hunky Metal ham **Pat Travers** spotted by our man in the **Styx** T-shirt and stars-and-stripes loons down King's Road wine bar Kennedy's "jamming" with the name that's on everyone's tongue, **Lino's Last Resort**. This next bit doesn't mean a thing to us dots who can't tell

He's never alone down the Strand. Or on page 19.

our crotchets from our quavers, but apparently the Yetti-like Travers was playing with a dinky 25-watt Davoli amp . . . It's all happening at the Mudd Club, New York's current centre of chic (it says here). Highlight of **Joe Stevens'** week: the debut of New Jersey soda pop band **Flash Fucker and the Foot Fetishists**. See you there, right? . . .

Sticking in the Mudd Club (sorry about that), the party celebrating **The Ramones'** New York concert was held in the upstairs room of said watering hole, **David Byrne** arrived arm-in-arm with **David Bowie** who told our man he was between parts at the moment before ditching Byrne and spending the evening sitting on a sofa gossiping with **Linda Stein** (spouse of Sire boss **Seymour Stein**). Also in attendance were **Deborah Harry** and **Chris Stein** (no relation), **Lenny Kaye**, members of the **B-52's** and **Si*k F*cks Tish** and **Snooky** . . .

A-well-ah, Sat-day naht an' ah jus gut paid, ah'm a no spring chicken but — ah ah ain't staid . . . they were really in Finsbury Park last Saturday night when **Bill Haley and the Comets** opened their European tour at the Rainbow. The seating area in front of the stage was shaked, rattled and wrecked like the Seven Sisters Road ain't seen since **The Clash** made their Rainbow debut some two years back now. Rainbow manager **Ray Brown** was remarkably *Comme Ci, Come Ca* about the whole thing. "Teds are much more violent than today's new wave or punk rock fans. There was a lot of dancing in the aisles, but we don't mind what they do really so long as they don't get out of line. The seats can be screwed back down.

Seems a welcome *volte-face* to the kind of bouncer rampages that many of us have witnessed at the Rainbow over the past few years. Could it possibly have owt to do with our buddy **Bruce George's** campaign? . . .

Suicide, whose Red Star label is currently without UK distribution, are planning to play three nights at the Palais in Paris early in April. They're working on the possibility of a British date around the same time . . .

Donna Destri, sister of **Blondie** keyboardist **Jimmy**, makes her debut with her new band tentatively entitled **Love Button** at Smax's Kansas City nut club in greater NY . . .

Roxy Music American tour completely sold out — which certainly wasn't the case in the band's heyday . . .

And still in foreign parts, **John Cale & Nico** packing them in (as they say in the trades) at CBGB's . . . Oh — and last year's next year's thing **The Erasers** have decided to call it a day. "It's a day" — **Susan Springfield** . . .

The much rumoured "songs" by **El Sid** written while languishing in Rikers Prison are said to be in the hands of an inmate there, who is holding on to them for "safe keeping". There you go **Mr. Branson**, visiting hours at Rikers are 2-4 pm Mon-Fri . . .

Incidentally, Sid wrote out a will before he bit the big one, leaving all and sundry (or is it laundry?) to **Jerry Nolan. Ma Vicious**, the keeper of Sid's "estate", will have something to say abah't that, sez us here 3 dots . . .

Unexpected praise for the **Vicious** version of "My Way" in last week's sex-starved *Star* . . .

US-Cuban relations hit all time low with **Steve Stills** boring the arse off the Cubanos at CBS sponsored music fest held in old Habana town. In the course of a scintillating three-hour set Mr. Stiles composed a song to Cuba onstage, inducing snores galore. No cigars for Stephen . . .

Got yer **Aerosmith** tickets then? No? Well, you're not the only one. Rumour has it Boston's busiest are set to blow out their Eurotour as a result . . .

Late flash: **CSM** leads off *Guardian* 'Home News" page shock, under cover of **Blast Furnace — Heatwave's** court case against the dynamos being the matter in hand. Results as they appear . . .

And finally, *T-Zers* dabs the eye for **Richard Beckinsale**, who died at 31, apparently of a heart attack. Messrs **Barker** and **Rossiter** have lost a great foil — and the world has lost a (sob) wonderful human being

The Award Winners — Lowry

BETTER BADGES

TOP TEN

This week		Last week
1.	Clash Police	(1)
2.	PiL	(2)
3.	Stiff Little Fingers	(3)
4.	Jam	(—)
5.	Jam Tube Station	(—)
6.	Mekons	(—)
7.	Great Rock'nRoll Swindle	(—)
8.	Yellow Costello	(8)
9.	Members	(10)
10.	Skids	(—)

New releases **20p**: Be Stiff, The Future is Female (Wayne County), Sex Pistols: Rock'n'Roll Swindle, Never Trust a Hippy, Cash From Chaos, Believe in the Ruins, The Only Notes That Matter, They Swindled Their Way to the Top, True Love (Jilted John), UK Subs CID.

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